b. 45. e. 5.

"Going! going! gone! The auctioneer's hammer is waving over the tenements on the west side of Inner Temple Lane. On the 1st of October the housebreakers will be masters of the situation, the bricks will go for what they will fetch, and, the site being cleared, the honourable benchers of the Inner Temple will proceed to improve their property by building better houses in the place of the rubbish removed. Ah! but is it all rubbish? Not quite. Some of it has a value; and, though we can scarcely offer an objection to its removal (benchers, like other people, will 'do what they like with their own,' and progress will not be stayed), at least let us keep a slight record of how it looked, and what it was associated with. On the transom of the doorway at No. 1 (there is a lamp projecting, and a large carved hood above) is written, 'Dr. Johnson's Staircase,' and up this, truly enough, he often went with Goldsmith, Reynolds, Boswell, and others, of whom this present generation are never tired of hearing. They belong to us, indeed, though they seem to have lived in a past age. We spoke, not long ago, to a hale and clear-headed gentleman, still in the like condition, who recollected, though he was a small child at the time, seeing the pursy Doctor with his arm round a post in Fleet-street, resting for breath after some exertion; and who, moreover, had been taken up into the arms of the kind-hearted Goldsmith. Dr. Johnson lived in this house between 1760 and 1765, and it was during this time that the association which afterwards became so renowned as the Literary Club took a regular form. Joshua Reynolds, Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Dr. Nugent, Langton, Topham, Beauclerc, Chamier, and Hawkins, were the original members. It was while Johnson occupied these rooms that the adventure occurred, as described by Boswell, when the dissipated but accomplished Beauclerc, returning once with Langton from supper, roused up the grave Doctor at three in the morning, and dared him to a ramble." Mr. Rogers, we suppose, is the 'hale old gentleman' who has left us the recollection of Doctor Johnson resting for breath with his arm round a post in Fleet-street. Boswell has told of another occasion when the Doctor figures in the same attitude, but from no painful exertion. It was to support himself during a roar of laughter that would have been worthy of Garagantua. "He was with Boswell at Chambers's rooms in the Temple, and had rallied the lawyer much about the making of Langton's will. Johnson could not stop his merriment, but continued it all the way till he got without the Temple-gate. He then burst into such a fit of laughter that he appeared to be almost in a convulsion, and, in order to support himself, laid hold of one of the posts at the side of the foot pavement, and sent forth peals so loud, that in the silence of the night his voice seemed to resound from Temple-bar to Fleet-ditch." (May 9, 1773.) The architects and stonemasons may alter the Temple courts, and the well-known staircases may disappear, but the whole of this site will be ever haunted with the memory of Johnson, Goldsmith, and their associates.

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Supl-26785 22 A 69

LETTERS

TO AND FROM THE LATE

Samuel Johnson, LL.D.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

SOME POEMS

NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.

PUBLISHED

FROM THE ORIGINAL MSS. IN HER POSSESSION,

BY HESTER LYNCH PIOZZI.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed for A. STRAHAN; and T. CADELL, in the Strand.

MDCCLXXXVIII.


BRITISH MUSEUM

Extract from William à Beckett's Univ. Biography
Vol. 1 pp. 340

Baretti (Joseph) was the son of an architect of reputation, and born at Turin about the year 1716. He received a good education, but squandered his patrimony in gaming. Being of a rambling and desultory disposition, he was frequently reduced, notwithstanding his talents and literary character, in circumstances of distress. In 1748 he was employed at Venice in teaching the Italian language to some English gentlemen; and in 1750 at the instigation of Lord Charlemont, he visited England, which was the place of his future residence. Possessing a wonderful facility in acquiring the knowledge of languages, as well as a critical acquaintance of his own, his talents were well adapted to the profession of a teacher of languages, in which he engaged. In 1753 he wrote a treatise in English, which was a defence of the Poetry of his native country against the censures of Voltaire. About this time an acquaintance commenced between Baretti and Dr. Johnson, which was kind and cordial on the part of the latter, and respectful in the highest degree on the part of the former. As he had acquired reputation by some works which he had published on the Italian language and Literature, he availed himself of his friend's English Dictionary, to compile a dictionary of the Italian and English languages, which first appeared in 1760, and which maintains its superiority over all other works of the same kind. In this year he visited his native country, with some prospects of preferment, in which he was disappointed; but, on his arrival, he published at Venice a periodical work, entitled "Frusta Literaria" under the character of an old complaining soldier who was returned to his country after long absence. His criticisms, however, in this work, which met with great success, were so severe, that he was obliged to leave the country; and after an absence of six years, he returned through Spain and Portugal to England. In 1768 he published "An account of the Manners and Customs of Italy", intended chiefly as a reply to the severe strictures of Mr. S. Sharp the surgeon, in his "Letters from Italy". By Dr. Johnson he was introduced into the family of Thrale, both as a teacher, and a literary guest.

guest. In 1769 he visited Spain, probably intending to complete his account of a tour in that country. Soon after his return an accident occurred, which was followed by very distressing consequences. Having engaged in an angry altercation with a woman of the town in the Haymarket, he was accosted by three men, who insulted and jostled him. Alarmed for his life Baretti took out of his pocket a French desert knife and attacked one of the assailants; and unfortunately pursuing the contest, and repeating the blows, he inflicted wounds which proved fatal. He was arrested and tried for murder at the Old Bailey. In this trial the public were much interested; and a number of men of the first literary eminence appeared to bear testimony to Baretti's character; among whom were Johnson, Burke, Garrick, Goldsmith, Reynolds and Beauclerk. The event was the acquittal of Baretti; but the charge very materially effected his reputation. In 1770 he published his "Journey from London to Genoa, through England, Portugal, Spain, and France 4 Vol. 8°. which was deservedly well received; and he continued publishing introductory works for the use of Students in the Italian and some other modern languages. Although he had been domesticated in the family of Mr. Thrale, he left it in 1776 in disgust, and by this sudden start of whim or ill humour involved the latter part of his life in many inconveniences and difficulties. His attempt in 1779 for introducing to the public a classical entertainment, which was the "Carmen Seculare" of Horace set to music, failed of success. Reduced to a state of precarious subsistence he obtained under Lord North's administration a pension of 80l. a year, but during the urgency of public wants this fell into arrear, and Baretti could scarcely preserve himself from absolute indigence. His last performance was published in 1786 and was entitled "Tolendron: Speeches to John Bartle upon his edition of Don Quixote; together with some accounts of Spanish literature. Oppressed by anxiety and uneasiness of mind, and with a constitution impaired by fits of the gout, he died May 5. 1789. Baretti, although he had a rough and somewhat cynical appearance, was formed for society, and his conversation was instructive, particularly to young persons, with whom he had much intercourse. Having lived much in the world, and having had no opportunity in early life of acquiring fixed principles, he indulged a considerable laxness and freedom of opinion. However his integrity was unimpeached, his morals were pure, and his manners were correct. His charity had no bounds, and by the imprudence with which he

he exercised it, he was himself involved in difficulties. His literary talents
though not of the highest order, were useful and agreeable. "I know no man"
said Dr. Johnson to Boswell, "who carries his head higher in conversation
than Baretti; there are strong powers in his mind; he has not, indeed
many hooks; but with what hooks he has, he grapples very forcibly."

GR

4

Extract from Sarah Josepha Hale's

Woman's Record; or Sketches of all distinguished Women, from "the beginning" until A. D. 1850. &c

Lond. S. Low & Co. 1853.

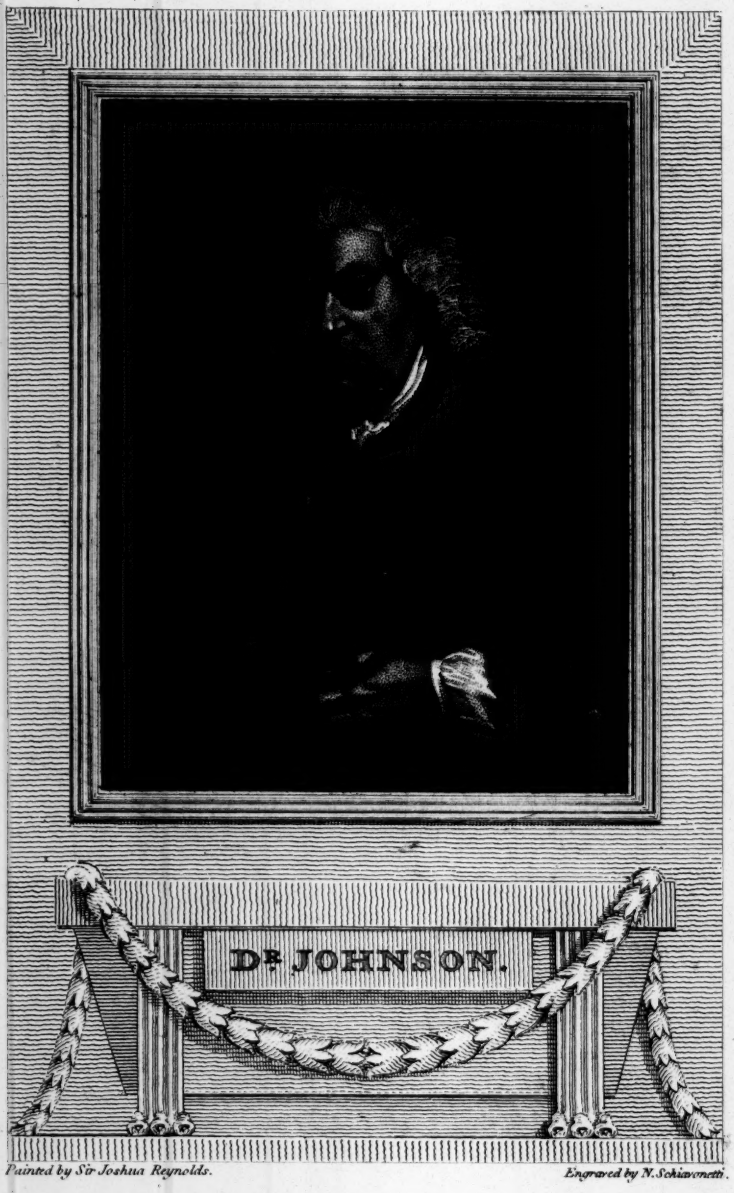
Piozzi, or Thrale (Esther Lynch) Distinguished for her intimacy with Dr. Johnson, was the daughter of John Salisbury Esq.r of Bodael in Carnarvonshire, England where she was born, in 1739. In 1763 she married Henry Thrale, an opulent brewer of Southwark. Her beauty, vivacity, and intelligence, made her house the resort of nearly all the literati of her time and Dr. Samuel Johnson was almost domesticated with them. Here follows a long suite of anecdotes; all of which are very much in favour of the fair Esther which I pass over to arrive at the one which more interests you and your interesting copy of Letters to and from Johnson &c

"Mrs Piozzi's nature was one of kindness." observes her friend; "she derived pleasure from endeavouring to please; and if she perceived a moderate good quality in another, she generally magnified it into an excellence; whilst she appeared blind to faults and foibles, which could not have escaped the scrutiny of one possessing only half her penetration. But as I have said her disposition was friendly. It was so; and to such an extent that during several years of familiar acquaintance with her, although I can recite many instances, I might say hundreds, of her having spoken of the characters of others, I have never heard one word of vituperation from her lips, of any person who was the subject of discussion; except once when Baretti's name was mentioned. Of him, she said he was a bad man; but on my hinting a wish for particulars; after so heavy a charge, she seemed unwilling to explain herself, and spoke of him no more.

The M:S: Notes in these two volumes are in the handwriting of Joseph Baretti, & are by him. They were written the last year of his life. They are most interesting & curious. & contain much of the secret history of the Thrale family, & their friends. They exhibit Mrs. Thrale in a very equivocal, & unamiable light, & her husband in a somewhat contemptible one. They also contain much that is personal & singular of Dr. Johnson. They are unpublished.

George Daniel,
Canonbury, April, 1857.

BRITISH
22 JY 69
MUSEUM



Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. *Engraved by N. Schiavonetti.*

Published by W. Suttaby, London:
May 1. 1809.

PREFACE.

THEY who ſolicit the favour of the Publick are often led to lament the inſtability of its regard; and volumes have been written to deter men from trying ever to obtain that which is acknowledged ſo difficult to keep: yet numbers ſtill endeavour, in ſpite of admonition, to fit upon themſelves that fairy garland, which they have ſo often ſeen ſnatched by malice from the head of the unwary, dropt by a ſudden toſs from the temples of the arrogant, and fading through mere negligence round the brows of the ſluggard. The obſidional crown however, compoſed only of that graſs which grew in the place beſieged, —may ſtill, as in the days of ancient Rome perhaps—be worn while it laſts without envy; nor can I form pretenſions to any higher reward, for having made known the true character of a dead friend, by printing his opinions, ſentences, and letters, which beſt explain it.

What means all this nonſenſe? a good Writer (and of them ſhe (ſpeaks) will by degrees, if not at once, obtain the favour of the publick. a good writer, 'tis true, will be envied, will be abuſed, will be vilified by many vile Pretenders to wit and learning: but what ſignifies that? Many of his own Coetemporaries will eſteem him, and Poſterity will grant him the rank he deſerves, for vile Prerenders ſay what they liſt.

An Editor is in no danger. If what he gives to the world is good, people will say thank you: If bad, people will say you are a fool, and forget him.

An Editor's duty is indeed that of moſt danger and leaſt renown through all the ranks of literary warfare; all merit is attributed (and juſtly) to the author; for faults, the perſon who publiſhes muſt be reſponſible.

It is difficult enough too, in a previous addreſs, to defend one's ſelf from cenſures, of which we yet know not the form or force; the firſt and greateſt danger is here indeed little to be dreaded: as theſe letters will doubtleſs be deemed authentick, even by thoſe who profeſs themſelves leaſt pleaſed with their peruſal—and he was accounted among the wiſeſt of the ancients, who choſe rather *to diſpleaſe by truth, than give delight by falſehood.*

None but domeſtick and familiar events can be expected from a private correſpondence; no reflexions but ſuch as they excite can be found there; yet whoever turns away diſguſted by the inſipidity with which this, and I ſuppoſe every correſpondence muſt naturally and almoſt neceſſarily begin—will here be likely to loſe ſome genuine pleaſure, and ſome uſeful knowledge of what our heroick Milton was himſelf contented to reſpect, as

That which before thee lies in daily life.

And

And ſhould I be charged with obtruding trifles on the Publick, I might reply, that the meaneſt animals preſerved in amber become of value to thoſe who form collections of natural hiſtory, that the fiſh found in Monte Bolca ſerve as proofs of ſacred writ, and that the cart-wheel ſtuck in the rock of Tivoli, is now found uſeful in computing the rotation of the earth.

I wish she had explained in a note the meaning of these fine similies or comparisons, which seem to me brought in merely for the sake of saying something pretty.

Were I diſpoſed to deprecate future criticiſm, I might here undertake the defence of Dr. Johnſon's ſentiments, as they will be found ſtrewed up and down theſe volumes; but for the Editor it is ſufficient, that they are the ſentiments of him who, when living, above all men knew how to compel acquieſcence, even from the few who forbore a loud and clamorous applauſe. The letters therefore remain juſt as he wrote them; and I did not like to mutilate ſuch as contained either ſallies of humour or precepts of morality, becauſe they might be mingled with family affairs; nor will I much extend myſelf in empty apologies for letting ſuch paſſages ſtand, which at worſt may ſerve to gratify petty curioſity, while readers who ſearch for ſomething better will not long be detained, and conſequently can complain but little.

If she had mutilated the precepts of morality what had she left?

It has been frequently lamented, that we have few letters in our language printed from genuine copies—ſcarce any from authors of eminence; ſuch as were prepared for the preſs by their writers, have forfeited all title to the name of letters; nor are I believe ever conſidered as familiar chat ſpread upon paper for the advantage or entertainment of a diſtant friend. Here might I add much about epiſtolary ſtyle, echoing perhaps with leſs novelty than pleaſure, the juſt praiſes of Sevigné's tenderneſs, and Maintenon's piety; but who could hope to add one uſeful obſervation to thoſe contained in No. 152 of the Rambler? It were eaſy to dilute the ſalt of Johnſon's expreſſions by pages of my own inſipidity; but very different is the compenſation deſerved by thoſe who received my Anecdotes with a degree of approbation I had not dared to hope.

To dilute ſalt by pages is an odd expreſſion.

May theſe letters in ſome meaſure pay my debts of gratitude! they will not ſurely be the *firſt*, the *only* thing written by Johnſon, with which our nation has not been pleaſed. The good taſte by which our countrymen are diſtinguiſhed, will lead them to prefer the native thoughts and unſtudied phraſes ſcattered over theſe pages, to the more laboured elegance of

Was it gratitude that induced her to publiſh theſe Letters? No: 'twas avarice, ſheer avarice. She ſold them for five hundred pounds to Cadell.

his other works—as bees have been obſerved to reject roſes, and fix upon the wild fragrance of a neighbouring heath. I have however been attentive to avoid paining many individuals, even for the gratification of that Publick to which I am much more obliged—for duty bids me defend an enemy from cenſure, while inclination eagerly brings forward the praiſes of every friend.

you lie: you have with malice enough endeavoured to give pain to many.

But on reviſal of theſe letters when at laſt they were collected, ſome notes began to appear almoſt neceſſary; partly therefore to avoid writing what could in that form have given little ſatisfaction, partly from finding in my own anſwers to him, a better comment on his meaning than I could *now* have written, I was induced to print trifles not originally intended for the Publick, on whoſe indulgence I depend for protection. Mean time, to ſuch of our intimate companions as have been ſpared by death, this correſpondence can ſcarcely fail to be intereſting—yet even from kindneſs ſome objections may be feared: for though all delight in hanging up a handſome portrait of their friends—many refuſe admiſſion in a fine apartment to waxen figures modelled from the life, and dreſſed with ſuch

what induced you to fwell this book with your trifles, was the price that Cadell would give you if you made of ſufficient ſize for his purpoſe.

minuteneſs of propriety—they ſtartle while they pleaſe.

The verſes from Boethius will be accepted as a literary rarity; it was about the year 1765 when our Doctor told me that he would tranſlate the Conſolations of Philoſophy, but ſaid, I muſt do the Odes for him, and produce one every Thurſday: he was obeyed; and in commending ſome, and correcting others, about a dozen Thurſdays paſſed away.—Of thoſe which are given here however, he did many entirely himſelf; and of the others— I ſuffered my own lines to be printed, that his might not be loſt. The work was broken off without completion, becauſe ſome gentleman, whoſe name I have forgotten, took it in hand; and againſt him, for reaſons of delicacy—— Johnſon did not chuſe to contend.

Here, however, ſhall ceaſe my explanations and apologies; the furling up of that curtain which keeps Shakeſpear and Siddons from our ſight—though the allegorical figures upon it were painted by Pouſſin, would be ever impatiently ſighed for: and the audience might be reaſonably enough expected to clatter their ſticks, till *As you like it* were preſented to their view.

This laſt paragraph is pretty quaint. He means, that her Preface is a curtain painted by Pouſſin, and Johnſon leaves are a play of Shakeſpeare acted by Siddons. If this is not wit, what the devil is it?

In this Preface ſhe has aimed at ſmart wit and floridneſs of ſtyle; yet I take it to be a very ſilly piece of writing.

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LET-

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

Samuel Johnſon, LL.D.

LETTER I.*

To Mrs. THRALE.

MADAM, London, Aug. 13, 1765.

IF you have really ſo good an opinion of me as you expreſs, it will not be neceſſary to inform you, how unwillingly I miſs the opportunity of coming to Brighthelmſtone in Mr. Thrale's company; or, ſince I cannot do what I wiſh firſt, how eagerly I ſhall catch the ſecond degree of pleaſure, by coming to

* This is the firſt letter ever received by the Editor from Dr. Johnſon, who was at that time engaged in preparing for the preſs his edition of Shakeſpeare.

you and him, as ſoon as I can diſmiſs my work from my hands.

I am afraid to make promiſes even to myſelf; but I hope that the week after the next will be the end of my preſent buſineſs. When buſineſs is done, what remains but pleaſure? and where ſhould pleaſure be ſought, but under Mrs. Thrale's influence?

Do not blame me for a delay by which I muſt ſuffer ſo much, and by which I ſuffer alone. If you cannot think I am good, pray think I am mending, and that in time I may deſerve to be,

DEAR MADAM,

Your moſt obedient, and
Moſt humble ſervant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

LETTER II.

To Mrs. SALUSBURY*.

MADAM, February 14, 1767.

I HOPE it will not be conſidered as one of the mere formalities of life, when I declare, that to have heard nothing of Mrs. Thrale for ſo long a time, has given me pain. My uneaſineſs is ſincere, and therefore deſerves to be relieved. I do not write to Mrs. Thrale, leſt it ſhould give her trouble at an inconvenient time. I beg, Dear Madam, to know how ſhe does; and ſhall honeſtly partake of your grief if ſhe is ill, and of your pleaſure if ſhe is well. I am,

MADAM,

Your moſt obliged, and
Moſt humble ſervant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

* Mother to the Editor.

LETTER III.

To Mrs. THRALE.

MADAM, Lichfield, July 20, 1767.

THOUGH I have been away ſo much longer than I purpoſed or expected, I have found nothing that withdraws my affections from the friends whom I left behind, or which makes me leſs deſirous of repoſing at that place which your kindneſs and Mr. Thrale's allows me to call my *home*.

Miſs Lucy * is more kind and civil than I expected, and has raiſed my eſteem by many excellencies very noble and reſplendent, though a little diſcoloured by hoary virginity. Every thing elſe recals to my remembrance years, in which I propoſed what, I am afraid, I have not done, and promiſed myſelf pleaſure which I have not found. But complaint can be of no uſe; and why then ſhould I depreſs your hopes by my lamentations? I ſuppoſe it is the condition of humanity to deſign what never

* Miſs Lucy Porter, daughter to Dr. Johnſon's wife by a former huſband.

will

will be done, and to hope what never will be obtained. But among the vain hopes, let me not number the hope which I have, of being long, Dear Madam,

Your, &c.

LETTER IV.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Lichfield, Oct. 3, 1767.

YOU are returned, I ſuppoſe, from Brighthelmſtone, and this letter will be read at Streatham.

—Sine me, liber, ibis in urbem.

I have felt in this place ſomething like the ſhackles of deſtiny. There has not been one day of pleaſure, and yet I cannot get away. But when I do come, I perhaps ſhall not be eaſily perſuaded to paſs again to the other ſide of Styx, to venture myſelf on the irremeable road. I long to ſee you, and all thoſe of whom the ſight is included in ſeeing you. *Nil mihi reſcribas*; for though I have no right to ſay, *ipſa veni*, I hope that *ipſe veniam*. Be pleaſed to make my compliments.

I am, &c

LETTER V.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, March 3, 1768.

I THOUGHT Mr. W— had been ſecured. Since what I have done is ineffectual, I doubt the power of my ſolicitation; but, to leave nothing undone, I have written to him.

Mr. Pennick I have ſeen, but with ſo little approach to intimacy that I could not have recollected his name; yet to him I have incloſed a letter, which, after this information, you may uſe as you think is beſt. I ſuppoſe it can do no harm.

Do you think there is any danger, that you are thus anxious for a ſingle vote? Pray let me know, as often as you can find a little time; for I love to ſee a letter.

Be pleaſed to make my compliments to Mr. Thrale and Mrs. Saluſbury, and Miſs Hetty, and every body. How does the poor little maid?

I am, *&c.*

Dr. JOHNSON's Letter to Mr. PENNICK in favour of Mr. THRALE.

SIR,

I AM flattered by others with an honour with which I dare not preſume to flatter myſelf, that of having obtained ſo much of your kindneſs or regard, as that my recommendation of a candidate for Southwark may have ſome influence in determining your vote at the approaching election. As a man is willing to believe well of himſelf, I now indulge my vanity, by ſoliciting your vote and intereſt for Mr. Thrale, whoſe encomium I ſhall make very compendiouſly, by telling you that you would moſt certainly vote for him if you knew him. I ought to have waited on you with this requeſt, even though my right to make it had been greater; but, as the election approaches, and I know not how long I ſhall be detained here, I hope you will not impute this unceremonious treatment to any want of reſpect in, Sir,

Your moſt obedient ſervant.

LETTER VI.

To Mrs. THRALE.

MADAM, March 14, 1768.

MY laſt letter came a day after its time, by being carried too late to the poſt. This I mention, that you may not ſuſpect me of negligence. I wrote at the ſame time to Mr. W. in more forcible terms than perhaps he thinks I had a right to: he has not anſwered me. He and his wife are on ſuch terms, that I know not whether his inclination can be inferred from her's.

If I can be of any uſe, I will come directly to London; but if Mr. Thrale thinks himſelf certain, I have no doubt. That they all expreſs the ſame certainty, has very little effect on thoſe who know how many men are confident without certainty, and poſitive without confidence. We have not any reaſon to ſuſpect Mr. Thrale of deceiving us or himſelf.

I hope all our friends at Streatham are well; and am glad to hope that the poor maid will recover. When the mind is drawn toward a dying

dying bed, how ſmall a thing is an election? But on death we cannot be always thinking, and, I ſuppoſe, we need not. The thought is very dreadful!

This little dog does nothing, but I hope he will mend; he is now reading Jack the Giant-killer. Perhaps ſo noble a narrative may rouſe in him the ſoul of enterpriſe.

I am, &c.

This kind of reflections had no effect on Mr or Mrs. Thrale's minds, and Johnson might have spared them when talking to such ambitious folks, who look on an Election carried as the highest gratification they could obtain.

LETTER VII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

MADAM, March 18, 1768.

NO part of Mr. Thrale's troubles would have been troubleſome to me, if any endeavours of mine could have made them leſs. But I know not that I could have done more for him, than, in your approaching danger, I can do for you. I wiſh you both well, and have little doubt of ſeeing you both emerge from your difficulties.

When the election is decided, I entreat to be immediately informed; and when you retreat to Streatham, if I ſhall not have returned

turned to town, I hope that Mrs. Saluſbury will favour me now and then with an account of you, when you can leſs conveniently give it of yourſelf. To be able to do nothing in the exigence of a friend is an uneaſy ſtate, but in the moſt preſſing exigencies it is the natural ſtate of humanity, and in all has been commonly that of, Dear Madam,

Your, *&c.*

LETTER VIII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Oxford, March 24, 1768.

YOU ſerve me very ſorrily. You may write every day to this place; and yet I do not know what is the event of the Southwark election, though, I am ſure, you ought to believe that I am very far from indifference about it. Do; let me know as ſoon as you can.

Our election was yeſterday. Every poſſible influence of hope and fear was, I believe, enforced on this occaſion; the ſlaves of power, and the ſolicitors of favour, were driven hither from

from the remoteſt corners of the kingdom, but *judex honeſtum prætulit utili.* The virtue of Oxford has once more prevailed.

The death of Sir Walter Bagot, a little before the election, left them no great time to deliberate, and they therefore joined to Sir Roger Newdigate their old repreſentative, an Oxfordſhire gentleman, of no name, no great intereſt, nor perhaps any other merit, than that of being on the right ſide. Yet when the poll was numbered, it produced

She proteſted in the Preface, that ſhe intended no pain to any body, and here ſhe attributes no merit to Sir Roger merely to give pain to his family.

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Of this I am ſure you muſt be glad; for, without enquiring into the opinions or conduct of any party, it muſt be for ever pleaſing to ſee men adhering to their principles againſt their intereſt, eſpecially when you conſider that theſe voters are poor, and never can be much leſs poor but by the favour of thoſe whom they are now oppoſing.

I am, &c.

LETTER IX.

To Mrs. THRALE.

MADAM, Oxford, April 19, 1768.

IF I ſhould begin with telling you what is very true, that I have of late been very much diſordered, you might perhaps think that in the next line I ſhould impute this diſorder to my diſtance from you; but I am not yet well enough to contrive ſuch ſtratagems of compliment. I have been really very bad, and am glad that I was not at Streatham, where I ſhould have been troubleſome to you, and you could have given no help to me.

I am not, however, without hopes of being better, and therefore hear with great pleaſure of the welfare of thoſe from whom I always expect to receive pleaſure when I am capable of receiving it, and think myſelf much favoured that you made ſo much haſte to tell me of your recovery.

I deſign to love little Miſs Nanny very well; but you muſt let us have a Beſſy ſome other time. I ſuppoſe the Borough bells rung for the

young lady's arrival. I hope ſhe will be happy. I will not welcome her with any words of ill omen. She will certainly be happy, if ſhe be as ſhe and all friends are wiſhed to be by, Madam,

Your, &c.

LETTER X.

To Mrs. THRALE.

MADAM, Oxford, April 28th, 1768.

IT is indeed a great alleviation of ſickneſs to be nurſed by a mother, and it is a comfort in return to have the proſpect of being nurſed by a daughter, even at that hour when all human attention muſt be vain. From that ſocial deſire of being valuable to each other, which produces kindneſs and officiouſneſs, it proceeds, and muſt proceed, that there is ſome pleaſure in being able to give pain. To roll the weak eye of helpleſs anguiſh, and ſee nothing on any ſide but cold indifference, will, I hope, happen to none whom I love or value; it may tend to withdraw the mind from life, but has no tendency to kindle thoſe affections

affections which fit us for a purer and a nobler ſtate.

Yet when any man finds himſelf diſpoſed to complain with how little care he is regarded, let him reflect how little he contributes to the happineſs of others, and how little, for the moſt part, he ſuffers from their pains. It is perhaps not to be lamented, that thoſe ſolicitudes are not long nor frequent, which muſt commonly be vain; nor can we wonder that, in a ſtate in which all have ſo much to feel of their own evils, very few have leiſure for thoſe of another. However, it is ſo ordered, that few ſuffer for want of aſſiſtance; and that kindneſs which could not aſſiſt, however pleaſing, may be ſpared.

Theſe reflections do not grow out of any diſcontent at C—'s behaviour: he has been neither negligent nor troubleſome; nor do I love him leſs for having been ill in his houſe. This is no ſmall degree of praiſe. I am better, having ſcarce eaten for ſeven days. I ſhall come home on Saturday.

I am, &c.

LETTER XI.

To Mrs. THRALE.

MADAM, May 23d, 1768.

THOUGH I purpoſe to come home to-morrow, I could not omit even ſo long, to tell you how much I think myſelf favoured by your notice. Every man is deſirous to keep thoſe friends whom he is proud to have gained, and I count the friendſhip of your houſe among the felicities of life.

I thank God that I am better, and am at leaſt within hope of being as well as you have ever known me. Let me have your prayers.

I am, &c.

LETTER XII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

MADAM, June 17, 1768.

I KNOW that you were not diſpleaſed to find me gone abroad, when you were ſo kind as to favour me with a viſit. I find it uſeful

to be moving; but whitherſoever I may wander, I ſhall not, I hope, leave behind me that gratitude and reſpect, with which your attention to my health, and tenderneſs for my weakneſs, have impreſſed my heart. May you be long before you want the kindneſs which you have ſhown to, Madam,

Your, &c.

LETTER XIII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

MADAM, Nov. 11, 1768.

I AM ſincerely ſorry for you both; nor is my grief diſintereſted; for I cannot but think the life of Mrs. Saluſbury ſome addition to the happineſs of all that know her. How much ſoever I wiſh to ſee you, I hope you will give me no pleaſure at the expence of one to whom you have ſo much greater reaſon to be attentive.

I am, &c.

LETTER XIV.

To Mrs. THRALE.

MADAM, Dec. 2, 1768.

I CAN readily find no paper that is not ruled for juridical uſe. You will wonder that I have not written, and indeed I wonder too; but I have been oddly put by my purpoſe. If my omiſſion has given you any uneaſineſs, I have the mortification of paining that mind which I would moſt wiſh to pleaſe. I am not, I thank God, worſe than when I went; and you have no hope that I ſhould grow better here. But I will ſhow myſelf to-morrow, and only write in hope that my letter will come before me, and that you will have forgiven the negligence of, Madam,

Your, &c.

LETTER XV.

To Miſs FLINT.*

MADEMOISELLE, A Londres, Mars 31, 1769.

IL faut avouer que la lettre que vous m'avez fait l'honeur de m'ecrire, a eté long-tems ſans rêponſe. Voici mon apologie. J'ai eté affligé d'une maladie de violence peu ſupportable, & d'un lenteur bien ennuiant. Tout êtat a ſes droits particuliers. On compte parmi les droits d'un malade ce de manquer aux offices de reſpect, et aux devoirs de reconoiſſance. Géné par ſes douleurs, il ne ſcait veiller qu'à ſoi-même. Il ne penſe qu'à ſe ſoulager, et à ſe retablir, peu attentif à tout autre ſoin, et peu ſenſible à la gloire d'etre traduit d'une main telle que la vôtre.

Neanmoins, Mademoiſelle, votre merite auroit exigé que je m'efforçaſſe à vous rendre graces de vos egards, ſe je l'aurois pu faire ſans y meler des querelles. Mais comment

* Miſs Flint was a *very* young lady, who had tranſlated his Strictures at the end of Shakeſpeare's Plays.

m'em-

m'empeſcher de me plaindre de ces appas par leſquelles vous avez gagné ſur l'eſprit de Mademoiſelle Reynolds juſqu'a ce qu'elle ne ſe ſouvient plus ni de ſa patrie ni de ſes amis. C'eſt peu de nous louer, c'eſt peu de répandre nos ouvrages par des traductions les plus belles, pendant que vous nous privez du plaiſir de voir Mademoiſelle Reynolds & de l'ecouter. Enfin, Mademoiſelle, il faut être moins aimable, afin que nous vous aimions plus.

Je ſuis,

MADEMOISELLE,

Vôtre tres humble, &

Obeiſſant Serviteur.

LETTER XVI.

To Mrs. THRALE.

MADAM, May 18, 1769.

NOW I know you want to be forgetting me, but I do not want to be forgotten, and would rather ſend you letters, like * *Preſto*'s, than ſuffer myſelf to ſlip out of your memory.

* Dean Swift, who ſigns himſelf *Preſto* in his Familiar Letters.

That I ſhould forget you, there is no danger; for I have time enough to think both by night and day; and he that has leiſure for any thing that is not preſent, always turns his mind to that which he likes beſt.

One reaſon for thinking on you is, that I muſt for a while be content with thinking, for our affairs will not ſuffer me to come home till Saturday.

I am, &c.

LETTER XVII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, New Inn Hall, June 27, 1769.

I HAD your note ſent hither; and can eaſily ſpare the pineapple, and be ſatisfied with the reaſon for which it was ſent. Though I hope I ſhall never want any new memorials to keep you in my mind, yet I am glad to find you ſolicitous not to be forgotten, though I ſhould not deſerve to be remembered if there could be any reaſon for ſuch ſolicitude.

The pain and ſickneſs which you ſuffer, you may bear to feel and I to think on with leſs impatience

impatience on your part, and leſs grief on mine, becauſe the criſis is within view. I will not encreaſe you uneaſineſs with mine. I hope I grow better. I am very cautious, and very timorous. Whether fear and caution do much for me, I can hardly tell. Time will perhaps do more than both.

I purpoſe to come to town in a few days, but I ſuppoſe I muſt not ſee you. I will, however, call on Mr. Thrale in the Borough, and ſhall hope to be ſoon informed that your trouble is over, and that you are well enough to reſume your care for that which yet continues, and which your kindneſs may ſometimes alleviate.

I am, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

MADAM, Oxford, June 29, 1769.

HESIOD, who was very wiſe in his time, though nothing to ſuch wiſe people as we, ſays, that the evil of the worſt times has

ſome good mingled with it. Heſiod was in the right. Theſe times are not much to my mind; I am not well; but in theſe times you are ſafe, and have brought a pretty little Miſs. I always wiſhed it might be a Miſs, and now that wiſh is gratified, nothing remains but that I entreat you to take care of yourſelf; for whatever number of girls or boys you may give us, we are far from being certain that any of them will ever do for us what you can do; it is certain that they cannot now do it, and the ability which they want, they are not likely to gain but by your precepts and your example; by an example of excellence, and by the admonitions of truth.

a fine example of excellence has she at last given her Daughters by marrying a Singing Fellow

Mr. Thrale tells me, that my furlough is ſhortened; I am always ready to obey orders; I have not yet found any place from which I ſhall not willingly depart to come back to you. I am, Deareſt Lady,

Your, &c.

LETTER XIX.

To Mr. THRALE.

SIR, New Inn Hall, Oxford, June 29, 1769.

THAT Mrs. Thrale is ſafely paſt through her danger is an event at which nobody but yourſelf can rejoice more than I rejoice. I think myſelf very much honoured by the choice that you have been pleaſed to make of me to become related to the little maiden. Let me know when ſhe will want me, and I will very punctually wait on her.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER XX.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAREST MADAM, July 6, 1769.

THOUGH I am to come home to-morrow, I would not let the alarming letter which I received this morning be without notice.

Dear Madam, take all poſſible care of your health. How near we always are to danger! I hope your danger is now paſt; but that fear, which is the neceſſary effect of danger, muſt remain always with us. I hope my little Miſs is well. Surely I ſhall be very fond of her. In a year and half ſhe will run and talk. But how much ill may happen in a year and half! Let us however hope for the better ſide of poſſibility, and think that I may then and afterwards continue to be, Madam,

Your, *&c.*

LETTER XXI.

To Mrs. THRALE.

MADAM, Lichfield, Auguſt 14, 1769.

I SET out on Thurſday morning, and found my companion, to whom I was very much a ſtranger, more agreeable than I expected. We went cheerfully forward, and paſſed the night at Coventry. We came in late, and went out early; and therefore I did not ſend for my couſin Tom; but I deſign to make him ſome amends for the omiſſion.

Next

Next day we came early to Lucy, who was, I believe, glad to ſee us. She had ſaved her beſt gooſeberries upon the tree for me; and, as Steele ſays, *I was neither too proud nor too wiſe* to gather them. I have rambled a very little *inter fontes et flumina nota*, but I am not yet well. They have cut down the trees in George Lane. Evelyn, in his book of Foreſt Trees, tells us of wicked men that cut down trees, and never proſpered afterwards; yet nothing has deterred theſe audacious aldermen from violating the Hamadryads of George Lane. As an impartial traveller I muſt however tell, that in Stow-ſtreet, where I left a draw-well, I have found a pump; but the lading-well in this ill-fated George Lane lies ſhamefully neglected.

all this idle ſtuff might have been ſpared without any detriment to the publication: but this obſervation might be ſo often repeated, that it will be better to leave it off in future.

I am going to-day or to-morrow to Aſhbourne; but I am at a loſs how I ſhall get back in time to London. Here are only chance coaches, ſo that there is no certainty of a place. If I do not come, let it not hinder your journey. I can be but a few days behind you; and I will follow in the Brighthelmſtone coach. But I hope to come.

I took care to tell Miſs Porter, that I have got another Lucy. I hope ſhe is well. Tell Mrs.

Mrs. Saluſbury, that I beg her ſtay at Streatham, for little Lucy's ſake.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Lichfield, July 7, 1770.

I THOUGHT I ſhould have heard ſomething to-day about Streatham; but there is no letter; and I need ſome conſolation, for Rheumatiſm is come again, though in a leſs degree than formerly. I reckon to go next week to Aſhbourne, and will try to bring you the dimenſions of the great bull. The ſkies and the ground are all ſo wet, that I have been very little abroad; and Mrs. Aſton is from home, ſo that I have no motive to walk. When ſhe is at home, ſhe lives on the top of Stow Hill, and I commonly climb up to ſee her once a-day. There is nothing there now but the empty neſt. I hope Streatham will long be the place.

To write to you about Lichfield is of no uſe, for you never ſaw Stow-pool, nor Borowcop-

rowcop-hill. I believe you may find Borow or Boroughcop-hill in my Dictionary, under *cop* or *cob*. Nobody here knows what the name imports.

I have taken the liberty to encloſe a letter; for, though you do not know it, three groats make a ſhilling. I am, Deareſt Madam,

Your, *&c.*

LETTER XXIII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

MADAM, Lichfield, July 11, 1770.

SINCE my laſt letter nothing extraordinary has happened. Rheumatiſm, which has been very troubleſome, is grown better. I have not yet ſeen Dr. Taylor, and July runs faſt away. I ſhall not have much time for him, if he delays much longer to come or ſend. Mr. Grene, the apothecary, has found a book, which tells who paid levies in our pariſh, and how much they paid, above an hundred years ago. Do you not think we ſtudy this book hard? Nothing is like going to the bottom of things. Many families that paid

paid the pariſh-rates are now extinct, like the race of Hercules. *Pulvis et umbra ſumus.* What is neareſt us touches us moſt. The paſſions riſe higher at domeſtic than at imperial tragedies. I am not wholly unaffected by the revolutions of Sadler-ſtreet; nor can forbear to mourn a little when old names vaniſh away, and new come into their place.

Do not imagine, Madam, that I wrote this letter for the ſake of theſe philoſophical meditations; for when I began it, I had neither Mr. Grene, nor his book, in my thoughts; but was reſolved to write, and did not know what I had to ſend, but my reſpects to Mrs. Saluſbury, and Mr. Thrale, and Harry, and the Miſſes. I am, Deareſt Madam,

Your, *&c.*

LETTER XXIV.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Lichfield, July 14, 1770.

WHEN any calamity is ſuffered, the firſt thing to be remembered is, how much has been eſcaped. The houſe might have been

been entered by ruffians when Mrs. Saluſbury had been in it, and who can tell what horrours might have followed!

I thought you would in time compliment your compliments away. Nothing goes well when I am from you, for when I am from you the houſe is robbed *. You muſt therefore ſuppoſe, that if I had been with you, the robbery would not have been. But it was not our gang. I ſhould have had no intereſt.

Your loſs, I am afraid, is very great; but the loſs of patience would have been greater.

My rheumatiſm torments me very much, though not as in the winter. I think I ſhall go to Aſhbourne on Monday or Tueſday.

You will be pleaſed to make all my compliments.

I am, &c.

* Mrs. Saluſbury's houſe in town was robbed of goods and linen to a large amount, while ſhe was abſent at Streatham.

not a very large amount, because she was far from rich: but putting in a note costs but little.

LETTER XXV.

Mrs. THRALE to Dr. JOHNSON.

SIR, July 17, 1770.

IT is unlucky enough that my power of acknowledging and returning civility ſhould fail juſt now, when you are daily giving me occaſion to exert it; unmercifully indeed, and I fear with ſome wicked intention, to wear it quite out.

I ſee your gang;—the heads of it, however, have for this time, as you ſay, avoided ſuſpicion. You have an *alibi* ready to prove; and Mr. Baretti's book ſhews, that he has been employed among more entertaining papers: 'tis a moſt pleaſing performance, and meets with eager readers in our houſe: even Mrs. * * * * * is ſure that *ſuch* a gentleman muſt keep a carriage, though not ſo fine a one, *no ſure*, as Mr. Thrale's.

poor Mr. Baretti would be very glad to have a carriage while he ſcribbles theſe ſtories with the gout in his feet: but unluckily never could keep one: yet, who cares?

I have been very bad of an odious ſore throat, which few eſcape: all the little ones are well though; ſo is my mother, ſo is my maſter. All ſend their beſt compliments to Mr.

Mr. Johnſon; and Mr. Thrale particularly vexes leſt you ſhould not ſee Matlock on a moon-light night.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXVI.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Aſhbourne, July 20, 1770.

I HOPE your complaint, however troubleſome, is without danger; for your danger involves us all. When you were ill before, it was agreed that if you were loſt, hope would be loſt with you; for ſuch another there was no expectation of finding.

I came hither on Wedneſday, having ſtaid one night at a lodge in the foreſt of Nedewood. Dr. Taylor's is a very pleaſant houſe, with a lawn and a lake, and twenty deer and five fawns upon the lawn. Whether I ſhall by any light ſee Matlock I do not yet know.

Let us not yet have done rejoicing that Mrs. Saluſbury was not in the houſe. The robbery will be a noble tale when we meet again.

That Baretti's book would pleaſe you all I made no doubt. I know not whether the world has ever ſeen ſuch Travels before. Thoſe whoſe lot it is to ramble can ſeldom write, and thoſe who know how to write very ſeldom ramble. If Sidney had gone, as he deſired, the great voyage with Drake, there would probably have been ſuch a narrative as would have equally ſatisfied the poet and philoſopher.

Johnson does not tell it, but he never could think that the many adventures told in it were true: they are however all true to a tittle in ſpight of his incredulity.

I have learned ſince I left you, that the names of two of the Pleiades were Coccymo and Lampado *.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXVII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAREST MADAM, Aſhbourne, July 23, 1770.

THERE had not been ſo long an interval between my two laſt letters, but that when I came hither I did not at firſt underſtand the hours of the poſt.

* The alluſion is to a ſearch made at that time by the Streatham Coterie, for female names ending in O.

I never heard a word of that Coterie.

I have

I have ſeen the great bull; and very great he is. I have ſeen likewiſe his heir apparent, who promiſes to inherit all the bulk and all the virtues of his ſire. I have ſeen the man who offered an hundred guineas for the young bull, while he was yet little better than a calf. Matlock, I am afraid, I ſhall not ſee, but I purpoſe to ſee Dovedale; and after all this ſeeing, I hope to ſee you.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER XXVIII.

To Mr. THRALE.

DEAR SIR, March, 1771.

IN the Shrewſbury, an Eaſt India ſhip, commanded by Captain Jones, there is one Thomas Coxeter, who lately enliſted as a ſoldier in the Company's ſervice. He repents of his adventure, and has written to his ſiſter, who brings this letter, to procure him his diſcharge. He is the ſon of a gentleman, who was once my friend; and the boy was himſelf a favourite with my wife. I ſhall therefore think it a great favour, if you will be pleaſed to uſe

your influence with Sir George Colebrook, that he may be discharged. The request is not great; for he is slight and feeble, and worth nothing but to those who value him for some other merit than his own.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXIX.

To Madame la Comtesse de ———.

May 16, 1771.

Oui, Madame, le moment est arrivé, et il faut que je parte, mais pourquoi faut il partir? est ce que je m'ennuye? je m'ennuyerai ailleurs. Est ce que je cherche ou quelque plaisir ou quelque soulagement? Je ne cherche rien, je n'espère rien. Aller, voir ce que j'ai vû, être un peu rejoué, un peu degouté, me resouvenir que la vie se passe & qu'elle se passe en vain, me plaindre de moi, m'enducir aux dehors, voici le tout de ce qu'on compte pour les delices de l'année.

réjoui

I understand not this phrase.

Que Dieu vous donne, Madame, tous les agremens de la vie, avec un esprit qui peut en jouir, sans s'y livrer trop.

This is another very poor French letter, that might have been spared.

LETTER XXX.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, June 15, 1771.

IT ſeems ſtrange that I ſhould live a week ſo near you, and yet never ſee you. I have been once to enquire after you, and when I have written this note am going again. The uſe of the pamphlet the letter will ſhew, which lies at the proper page. When Mr. L——— ſhews ſo much attention, it cannot become me to ſhew leſs. What to think of the caſe I know not; the relation has all appearance of truth; and one great argument is, that the only danger is in not believing. The water can, I think, do no harm; Dr. Wall thinks it may do good. If Mrs. Saluſbury ſhould think fit to go before you can go with her, I will attend her, if ſhe will accept of my company, with great readineſs, at my own expence, and if I am in the country will come back.

I need not tell you, that I hope you are with the neceſſary exceptions all well, or that

I am, &c.

LETTER XXXI.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Thurſday, June 20, 1771.

He means his own black Servant Frank.

THIS night, at nine o'clock, Sam. Johnſon and Francis Barber Eſquires, ſet out in the Lichfield ſtage; Francis is indeed rather upon it. What adventures we may meet with who can tell?

I ſhall write when I come to Lichfield, and hope to hear in return, that you are ſafe, and Mrs. Saluſbury better, and all the reſt as well as I left them.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXXII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Lichfield, June 22, 1771.

LAST night I came ſafe to Lichfield; this day I was viſited by Mrs. Cobb. This afternoon I went to Mrs. Aſton, where I found Miſs T——, and waited on her home. Miſs T—— wears ſpectacles, and can hardly climb the ſtiles. I was not tired at all, either laſt night or to-day. Miſs Porter is very kind to me. Her dog and cats are all well.

In all this there is nothing very memorable, but *ſands form the mountain.* I hope to hear from Streatham of a greater event, that a new being is born that ſhall in time write ſuch letters as this, and that another being is ſafe that ſhe may continue to write ſuch. She can indeed do many other things; ſhe can add to the pleaſure of many lives, and among others to that of

Her moſt obedient, and

Moſt humble ſervant.

LETTER XXXIII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, June 25, 1771.

ALL your troubles, I hope, are now paſt, and the little ſtranger ſafe in the cradle. You have then nothing to do but ſurvey the lawn from your windows, and ſee Lucy try to run after Harry.

Here things go wrong. They have cut down another tree, but they do not yet grow very rich. I enquired of my barber after another barber; that barber, ſays he, is dead, and his ſon has left off, to turn maltſter. Maltſters, I believe, do not get much money. The price of barley and the king's duty are known, and their profit is never ſuffered to riſe high.—— But there is often a riſe upon ſtock.—There may as well be a fall—Very ſeldom. There are thoſe in this town that have not a farthing leſs this year than fifty pounds by the riſe upon ſtock. Did you think there had been yet left a city in England, where the gain of fifty pounds in a year would be mentioned with emphaſis?

I am, &c.

LETTER XXXIV.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Aſhbourne, July 3, 1771.

LAST Saturday I came to Aſhbourne; the dangers or the pleaſures of the journey I have at preſent no diſpoſition to recount; elſe might I paint the beauties of my native plains; might I tell of "the ſmiles of nature, "and the charms of art:" elſe might I relate how I croſſed the Staffordſhire canal, one of the great efforts of human labour, and human contrivance; which, from the bridge on which I viewed it, paſſed away on either ſide, and loſes itſelf in diſtant regions, uniting waters that nature had divided, and dividing lands which nature had united. I might tell how theſe reflections fermented in my mind till the chaiſe ſtopped at Aſhbourne, at Aſhbourne in the Peak. Let not the barren name of the Peak terrify you; I have never wanted ſtrawberries and cream. The great bull has no diſeaſe but age. I hope in time to be like the great bull; and hope you will be like him too a hundred years hence.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXXV.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Aſhbourne, July 7, 1771.

NO news yet of *******. Our expectations were premature.

Poor Dr. Taylor is ill, and under my government; you know that the act of government is learned by obedience; I hope I can govern very tolerably.

The old rheumatiſm is come again into my face and mouth, but nothing yet to the lumbago; however, having ſo long thought it gone, I do not like its return.

Miſs Porter was much pleaſed to be mentioned in your letter, and is ſure that I have ſpoken better of her than ſhe deſired. She holds that both Frank and his maſter are much improved. The maſter, ſhe ſays, is not half ſo *lounging* and *untidy* as he was, there was no ſuch thing laſt year as getting him off his chair.

Be pleaſed to make my compliments to every body.

 I am, &c.

LETTER XXXVI.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Lichfield, July 7, 1771.

ONCE more I ſit down to write, and hope you will once more be willing to read it.

Laſt Sunday an old acquaintance found me out, not, I think, a ſchool-fellow, but one with whom I played perhaps before I went to ſchool. I had not ſeen him for forty years, but was glad to find him alive. He has had, as he phraſed it, *a matter of four wives*, for which neither you nor I like him much the better; but after all his marriages he is poor, and has now, at ſixty-ſix, two very young children.

Madam was then ſo ſtiff a prude, that ſhe hated even thoſe who married twice. She thought them ſo indelicate!

Such, Madam, are the ſtrange things of which we that travel come to the knowledge. We ſee *mores hominum multorum*. You that waſte your lives over a book at home, muſt take life upon truſt.

This is good raillery enough againſt himſelf.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER XXXVII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAREST MADAM, Aſhbourne, July 8, 1771.

INDIFFERENCE is indeed a ſtrange word in a letter from me to you. Which way could it poſſibly creep in? I do not remember any moment, for a very long time paſt, when I could uſe it without contradiction from my own thoughts.

This naughty baby ſtays ſo long that I am afraid it will be a giant, like king Richard. I ſuppoſe I ſhall be able to tell it, "Teeth "hadſt thou in thy head when thou wert "born." I wiſh your pains and your danger over.

Dr. Taylor is better, and is gone out in the chaiſe. My rheumatiſm is better too.

I would have been glad to go to Hagley, in compliance with Mr. Littelton's kind invitation, for beſide the pleaſure of his converſation, I ſhould have had the opportunity of recollecting paſt times, and wandering *per montes notos et flumina nota*, of recalling the images

Here Johnſon does not write like himſelf, as I know he never was pleaſed a moment with the preſent L^d. W.'s converſation, which indeed is dull enough.

images of ſixteen, and reviewing my converſations with poor Ford *. But this year will not bring this gratification within my power. I promiſed Taylor a month. Every thing is done here to pleaſe me; and his ill health is a ſtrong reaſon againſt deſertion.

I return all the compliments, and hope I may add ſome at laſt to this wicked, tireſome, dilatory bantling.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER XXXVIII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAREST MADAM, Aſhbourne, July 10, 1771.

I AM obliged to my friend Harry, for his remembrance; but think it a little hard that I hear nothing from Miſs.

There has been a man here to-day to take a farm. After ſome talk he went to ſee the bull, and ſaid that he had ſeen a bigger. Do you think he is likely to get the farm?

Toujours ſtrawberries and cream.

* Cornelius Ford, his mother's nephew.

Dr.

Dr. Taylor is much better, and my rheumatiſm is leſs painful. Let me hear in return as much good of you and of Mrs. Saluſbury. You deſpiſe the Dog and Duck; things that are at hand are always ſlighted. I remember that Dr. Grevil, of Glouceſter, ſent for that water when his wife was in the ſame danger; but he lived near Malvern, and you live near the Dog and Duck. Thus, in difficult caſes, we naturally truſt moſt what we leaſt know.

Why Bromfield, ſuppoſing that a lotion can do good, ſhould deſpiſe laurel-water in compariſon with his own receipt, I do not ſee; and ſee ſtill leſs why he ſhould laugh at that which Wall thinks efficacious. I am afraid philoſophy will not warrant much hope in a lotion.

Be pleaſed to make my compliments from Mrs. Saluſbury to Suſy.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXXIX.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Aſhbourne, July 15, 1771.

WHEN we come together to practiſe chymiſtry *, I believe we ſhall find our furnaces ſufficient for moſt operations. We have a gentleman here reading philoſophical lectures, who performs the chymical part with furnaces of the ſame kind with ours, but much leſs; yet he ſays, that he can in his little furnace raiſe a fire that will melt iron. I ſaw him ſmelt lead; and ſhall bring up ſome ore for our operations. The carriage will coſt more than the lead perhaps will be worth; but a chymiſt is very like a lover;

"And ſees thoſe dangers which he cannot ſhun."

I will try to get other ore, both of iron and copper, which are all which this country affords, though *feraciſſima metallorum regio*.

* It was about this time that a laboratory was fitted up at Streatham, for Mr. Johnſon's amuſement.

The

The doctor has no park, but a little enclosure behind his house, in which there are about thirty bucks and does; and they take bread from the hand. Would it not be pity to kill them? It seems to be now out of his head.

I am, &c.

LETTER XL.

To Mrs. THRALE.

MADAM, Ashbourne, July 17, 1771.

AT Lichfield I found little to please me. One more of my few school-fellows is dead; upon which I might make a new reflection, and say, *Mors omnibus communis*. Miss Porter was rather better than last year; but I think Miss Aston grows rather worse. I took a walk in quest of juvenile images, but caught a cloud instead of Juno.

Verdad de Pero Grulla.

I longed for Taylor's chaise; but I think Lucy did not long for it, though she was not sorry to see it. Lucy is a philosopher; and considers me as one of the external and acci-

dental

dental things that are to be taken and left without emotion. If I could learn of Lucy would it be better? Will you teach me?

I would not have it thought that I forget Mrs. Saluſbury; but nothing that I can ſay will be of uſe; and what comfort ſhe can have, your duty will not fail to give her.

What is the matter that Queeney uſes me no better? I ſhould think ſhe might have written to me; but ſhe has neither ſent a meſſage nor a compliment. I thank Harry for remembring me.

which was what he did not care a pin for.

Rheumatiſm teazes me yet.

I am, &c.

LETTER XLI.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Aſhbourne, July 20, 1771.

SWEET meat and ſour ſauce.—With your letter which was kind, I received another from Miſs *****, to let me know with what *frigidity* I have anſwered her; and to tell me, that ſhe neither hopes nor deſires to excite

miſs Porter, that he would not yet call Mrs. Porter, though already old enough for that.

excite greater warmth. That my firſt ſalutation *Madam* ſurpriſed her, as if an old friend, newly meeting her, had thrown a glaſs of cold water in her face; and that ſhe does not deſign to renew our converſations when I *condeſcend* to viſit them, after * * * * gets up.

Johnſon wrote purſue; but many women will write perſue.

'Tis not for nothing that we life perſue.

I have certainly now ſuch a letter as I never had before, and ſuch as I know not how to anſwer. I dare neither write with *frigidity*, nor with fire. Our intercourſe is ſomething

Which good and bad does equally confound,
And either horn of fate's dilemma wound.

There was formerly in France a *cour de l'amour*; but I fancy nobody was ever ſummoned before it after threeſcore: yet in this court, if it now ſubſiſted, I ſeem likely to be nonſuited.

Porter

I am not very ſorry that ſhe is ſo far off. There can be no great danger in writing to her.

Of long walks I cannot tell you; for I have no companion; and the rheumatiſm has taken away ſome of my courage: but laſt night I ſlept well.

To

To ſtrawberries and cream which ſtill continue, we now add cuſtard and bilberry pye.

Our two laſt fawns are well; but one of our ſwans is ſick. Life, ſays Foreſight, is chequer-work.

I am, &c.

LETTER XLII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, July 22, 1771.

NOTHING new has happened, and yet I do not care to omit writing. Laſt poſt I had four letters, all female. Beſides yours, I had one from Mrs. Hervey, Miſs * * * *, and Mrs. Williams. Mrs. Hervey muſt ſtay; and what to ſay to * * * * I cannot deviſe.

My rheumatiſm continues to perſecute me moſt importunately; and how to procure eaſe in this place, where there are no hot rooms, I do not ſee; but I always hope next day, or next night, will be better, and am not always diſappointed.

Queeney has not written yet; perhaps ſhe deſigns that I ſhould love Harry beſt.

I am, &c.

LETTER XLIII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Aſhbourne, July 24, 1771.

WE have no news here but about health and ſickneſs. I am miſerably haraſſed. Dr. Taylor is quite well. The ſick ſwan is dead; and dead without an elegy, either by himſelf or his friends. The other ſwan ſwims about ſolitary, as Mr. Thrale, and I, and others ſhould do, if we loſt our miſtreſs.

The great bull, and his four ſons, are all well. We call the firſt of the young bulls the Dauphin; ſo you ſee, *non deficit alter aureus*. Care is taken of the breed.

Naughty Queeny! no letter yet. I hope we ſhall teach little Lucy better.

Be pleaſed to make my compliments to Mr. Thrale; and deſire that his builders will leave

about a hundred looſe bricks. I can at preſent think of no better place for chymiſtry, in fair weather, than the pump-ſide in the kitchen garden.

I am, &c.

LETTER XLIV.

To Mr. THRALE.

DEAR SIR, July 31, 1771.

I AM this morning come to Lichfield, a place which has no temptations to prolong my ſtay; but if it had more, would not have ſuch as could withhold me from your houſe when I am at liberty to come to it. I hope our dear miſtreſs is got up, and recovering. Pray tell her to mind, whether I am not got quite wild for want of government. My thoughts are now about getting to London. I ſhall watch for a place; for our carriages are only ſuch as paſs through the place, ſometimes full, and ſometimes vacant.

I am, &c.

LETTER XLV.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Lichfield, Sat. Aug. 3, 1771.

IF you were well enough to write laſt Tueſday, you will ſurely be well enough to read on Monday; and therefore I will now write to you as before.

Having ſtayed my month with Taylor, I came away on Wedneſday, leaving him, I think, in a diſpoſition of mind not very uncommon, at once weary of my ſtay, and grieved at my departure.

What was ſurpriſing enough after her complaining of his frigidity.

My purpoſe was to have made haſte to you and Streatham; and who would have expected that I ſhould be ſtopped by Lucy? Hearing me give Francis orders to take us places, ſhe told me that I ſhould not go till after next week. I thought it proper to comply; for I was pleaſed to find that I could pleaſe, and proud of ſhewing you that I do not come an univerſal outcaſt. Lucy is likewiſe a very peremptory maiden; and if I had gone without

without permiſſion, I am not very ſure that I might have been welcome at another time.

When we meet, we may compare our different uſes of this interval. I ſhall charge you with having lingered away, in expectation and diſappointment, two months, which are both phyſically and morally conſidered as analogous to the fervid and vigorous part of human life; two months, in which Nature exerts all her powers of benefaction, and graces the liberality of her hand by the elegance of her ſmile; two months, which, as Doodle ſays, "you never ſaw before," and which, as La Bruyere ſays, "you ſhall never "ſee again."

But complaints are vain; we will try to do better another time.—To-morrow and to-morrow.—A few deſigns and a few failures, and the time of deſigning will be paſt.

Mr. Seward left Lichfield yeſterday, I am afraid, not much mended by his opium. He purpoſes to wait on you; and if envy could do much miſchief, he would have much to dread, ſince he will have the pleaſure of ſeeing you ſooner than, Dear Madam,

Your, &c.

LETTER XLVI.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Lichfield, Aug. 5, 1771.

THOUGH I have now been two poſts without hearing from you, I hope no harm has befallen you. I have juſt been with the old Dean, if I may call him old who is but ſeventy-eight; and find him as well, both in mind and body, as his younger neighbours. I went with my Lucy this morning to a philoſophical lecture; and have been this evening to ſee Mr. Green's curioſities, both natural and artificial; and I am come home to write to my dear lady.

So rolls the world away.

The days grow viſibly ſhorter.—*Immortalia ne ſperes monet annus.*—I think it time to return. Do you think that after all this roving you ſhall be able to manage me again? I ſuppoſe, like * * * * , that you are thinking how to reduce me; but you may ſpare your contrivances; and need not fear that I find any

any reception that gives me pleaſure equal to to that of being, Madam,

Your, &c.

LETTER XLVII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, October 19, 1772.

I SET out on Thurſday night at nine, and arrived at Lichfield on Friday night at eleven, no otherwiſe incommoded than with want of ſleep, which however I enjoyed very comfortably the firſt night. I think a ſtage-coach is not the worſt bed.

It wears one out to hear ſo often in theſe letters of his going to Lichfield and to Aſhbourne, and of his coming from Lichfield and from Aſhbourne to little or no purpoſe.

I am here at preſent a little wind-bound, as the paper will ſhow you, and Lichfield is not a place of much entertainment; yet, though I have ſome thoughts of rambling a little, this is to be my home long enough to receive a letter, which will, I hope, tell me that you are buſy in reformation, that dear Mrs. Saluſbury is eaſy, that all the young people are well, and that Mr. Thrale brews at leſs expence than fourteen ſhillings a quarter. They have had in this county a very proſperous hay-

This was ſurely a moſt important piece of information. No reader would have been pleaſed with the ſuppreſſion of it.

hay-harveſt; but malt is five-and-ſixpence a ſtrike, or two pounds four ſhillings a quarter. Wheat is nine-and-ſixpence a buſhel. Theſe are prices which are almoſt deſcriptive of a famine. Fleſh is likewiſe very dear.

In this wide-extended calamity let us try what alleviation can be found in our kindneſs to each other.

I am, &c.

LETTER XLVIII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

MADAM, Lichfield, October 24, 1772.

Sir Thomas Salusbury, uncle to Mrs. Thrale

I WOULD have you conſider whether it will not be beſt to write to Sir T——, not taking notice of any thing propoſed to Mr. B——; and only letting him know, that the report which terrified you ſo much has had little effect; and that you have now no particular need of his money. By this you will free him from ſolicitude; and, having nothing to fear from you, he will love you as before. It will abate any triumph of your enemies, and diſpoſe them leſs to cenſure, and him leſs to regard cenſure.

When

When you wrote the letter which you call injudicious, I told you that it would bring no money; but I do not ſee how, in that tumult of diſtreſs, you could have forborn it, without appearing to be too tender of your own perſonal connections, and to place your uncle above your family. You did what then ſeemed beſt, and are therefore not ſo reaſonable as I wiſh my miſtreſs to be, in imputing to yourſelf any unpleaſing conſequences. Your unkle, when he knows that you do not want, and mean not to diſturb him, will probably ſubſide in ſilence to his former ſtagnation of unactive kindneſs.

Do not ſuffer little things to diſturb you. The brewhouſe muſt be the ſcene of action, and the ſubject of ſpeculation. The firſt conſequence of our late trouble ought to be, an endeavour to brew at a cheaper rate; an endeavour not violent and tranſient, but ſteady and continual, proſecuted with total contempt of cenſure or wonder, and animated by reſolution not to ſtop while more can be done. Unleſs this can be done, nothing can help us; and if this be done, we ſhall not want help.

Surely there is ſomething to be ſaved; there is to be ſaved whatever is the difference between

tween vigilance and neglect, between parſimony and profuſion.

The price of malt has riſen again. It is now two pounds eight ſhillings the quarter. Ale is ſold in the public houſes at ſixpence a quart, a price which I never heard of before.

This weather, if it continues, will certainly ſave hay; but it can but little balance the misfortune of the ſcanty harveſt. This, however, is an evil which we only ſhare with the whole nation, and which we did not bring upon ourſelves.

I fancy the next letter may be directed to Aſhbourne. Pray write word how long I may have leave to ſtay.

I ſincerely wiſh Mrs. Saluſbury continuance and increaſe of eaſe and comfort; and wiſh all good to you all.

I am, &c.

LETTER XLIX.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Aſhbourne, Oct. 29, 1772.

IN writing to your unkle you certainly did well; but your letter was hardly confident enough. You might have ventured to ſpeak with ſome degree of indifference, about money which you know that you ſhall not have. I have no doubt of the preſent perverſeneſs of his intention; but, if I miſtake not his character, his intention and execution are not very near each other; and, as he acts by mere irritation, when the diſturbance is over, he will lie ſtill.

that is, to Sir Thomas Salusbury.

What have I committed that I am to be left behind on Saturdays? The coach, I think, muſt go twice with the reſt; and at one of the times you might make room for me, if you cared for me. But ſo am I ſerved, that ſit thinking and thinking of you, and all of you.

Poor dear Mrs. Saluſbury! Is the place then open? I am however glad to hear, that

She had a cancer in her breaſt, that by breaking out, gave her ſome eaſe.

that her vigour of mind is yet undiminiſhed. I hope ſhe will now have leſs pain.

We are here as we uſed to be. Our bulls and cows, if there is any change, ſeem to grow bigger.

Little more had he to ſay when writing from Aſhbourne, than ſomething about Dr. Taylor's Bulls and cows.

That you are to go to the other houſe I am inwardly pleaſed, however I may pretend to pity you; and I am of Mamma's opinion, that you may find yourſelf ſomething to do there, and ſomething of importance.

I am, &c.

LETTER L.

To Mrs. THRALE.

MADAM, October 31, 1772.

THOUGH I am juſt informed, that, by ſome accidental negligence, the letter which I wrote on Thurſday was not given to the poſt, yet I cannot refuſe myſelf the gratification of writing again to my miſtreſs; not that I have any thing to tell, but that by ſhowing how much I am employed upon you, I hope to keep you from forgetting me.

Doctor

Doctor Taylor aſked me this morning on what I was thinking? and I was thinking on Lucy. I hope Lucy is a good girl. But ſhe cannot yet be ſo good as Queeney. I have got nothing yet for Queeney's cabinet.

I hope dear Mrs. Saluſbury grows no worſe. I wiſh any thing could be found that would make her better. You muſt remember her admonition, and buſtle in the brewhouſe. When I come you may expect to have your hands full with all of us.

Our bulls and cows are all well; but we yet hate the man that had ſeen a bigger bull. Our deer have died; but many are left. Our waterfall at the garden makes a great roaring this wet weather.

Damn the bulls and the cows will every reader ſay. We have too much of them.

And ſo no more at preſent from, Madam,

Your, &c.

LETTER LI.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Aſhbourne, Nov. 4, 1772.

WE keep writing to each other when, by the confeſſion of both, there is nothing to be ſaid; but, on my part, I find it very pleaſing to write; and what is pleaſing is very willingly continued.

I hope your preſcriptions have been ſucceſsful, and Mr. Thrale is well. What pity it is that we cannot do ſomething for the dear lady! Since I came to Aſhbourne I have been out of order. I was well at Lichfield. You know ſickneſs will drive me to you; ſo perhaps you very heartily wiſh me better: but you know likewiſe that health will not hold me away; and I hope you think that, ſick or well,

I am, &c.

LETTER LII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Aſhbourne, Nov. 7, 1772.

SO many days and never a letter!—*Fugere fides, pietaſque pudorque.* This is Turkiſh uſage. And I have been hoping and hoping. But you are ſo glad to have me out of your mind.

I think you were quite right in your advice about the thouſand pounds, for the payment could not have been delayed long; and a ſhort delay would have leſſened credit, without advancing intereſt. But in great matters you are hardly ever miſtaken.

We have here very rainy weather; but it makes the graſs grow, and makes our water-fall roar. I wiſh Queeney heard it; ſhe would think it very pretty. I go down to it every day, for I have not much to do; and have not been very well; but by phyſick am grown better. You and all your train may be ſuppoſed to keep me company in my walks. I wiſh I could know how you brew, and how you go on; but you tell me nothing.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER LIII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Nov. 9, 1772.

AFTER I had ſent away my laſt letter, I received your's, which was an anſwer to it; but, being not fully directed, had lain, I think, two days at the office.

I am glad that you are at laſt come home, and that you exert your new reſolution with ſo much vigour. But the fury of houſewifery will ſoon ſubſide; and little effect will be produced but by methodical attention and even frugality; nor can theſe powers be immediately attained. You have your own habits, as well as thoſe of others, to combat: you have yet the ſkill of management to learn, as well as the practice to eſtabliſh. Do not be diſcouraged either by your own failures, or the perverſeneſs of others; you will, by reſolution frequently renewed, and by perſeverance properly excited, overcome in time both them and yourſelf.

Your letter to Sir * * * * will, I doubt not, have the effect intended. When he is not pinched he will ſleep. *Sir Thomas Salisbury.*

Mr. Thrale's money, to pay for all, muſt come from the ſale of good beer. I am far from deſpairing of ſolid and durable proſperity. Nor will your ſucceſs exceed my hopes, or my opinion of your ſtate, if, after this tremendous year, you ſhould annually add to your fortune three thouſand pounds. This will ſoon diſmiſs all incumbrances; and, when no intereſt is paid, you will begin annually to lay up almoſt five thouſand. This is very ſplendid; but this, I think, is in your power.

Dear mamma, I hope, continues to be cheerful. Do the ———s take her houſe furniſhed? I think it a very proper habitation for them, out of the ſmoke of the city, and yet not in the blaze of the court.

I am much obliged to you for your deſire of my return; but if I make haſte, will you promiſe not to ſpoil me? I do not much truſt yet to your new character, which I have had only from yourſelf.

Be pleaſed to direct your next letter to Lichfield; for I ſhall, I think, be contriving to find my way back.

I am, &c.

LETTER LIV.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Nov. 19, 1772.

I LONGED for your letter to-day; for till that came I could not make any promiſes, or form any determinations. You need not doubt my readineſs to return, but it is impoſſible to foreſee all occaſions of interruption, or all neceſſities of compliance.

Be pleaſed to tell poor dear Mrs. Saluſbury, that I wiſh her better; and to wiſh is all the power that we have. In the greateſt exigencies we can only regret our own inability. I think Mrs. Queeney might write again.

This year will undoubtedly be an year of ſtruggle and difficulty; but I doubt not of getting through it; and the difficulty will grow yearly leſs and leſs. Suppoſing that our former mode of life kept us on the level, we ſhall, by the preſent contraction of expence, gain upon fortune a thouſand a-year, even though no improvements can be made in the conduct of the trade. Every two thouſand pounds

pounds ſaves an hundred pound intereſt, and therefore as we gain more we pay leſs. We have a rational hope of ſucceſs; we have rather a moral certainty, with life and health. Let us therefore not be dejected. Continue to be a houſewife, and be as frolickſome with your tongue as you pleaſe.

I am, deareſt Lady, *&c.*

LETTER LV.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Nov. 23, 1772.

I AM ſorry that none of your letters bring better news of the poor dear lady. I hope her pain is not great. To have a diſeaſe confeſſedly incurable and apparently mortal is a very heavy affliction; and it is ſtill more grievous when pain is added to deſpair.

Every thing elſe in your letter pleaſed me very well, except that when I come I entreat I may not be flattered, as your letters flatter me. You have read of heroes and princes ruined by flattery, and I queſtion if any of them had a flatterer ſo dangerous as you.

Pray keep ſtrictly to your character of governeſs.

I cannot yet get well; my nights are flatulent and unquiet, but my days are tolerably eaſy, and Taylor ſays that I look much better than when I came hither. You will ſee when I come, and I can take your word.

Our houſe affords no revolutions. The great bull is well. But I write not merely to think on you, for I do that without writing, but to keep you a little thinking on me. I perceive that I have taken a broken piece of paper, but that is not the greateſt fault that you muſt forgive in, Madam,

Your, *&c.*

LETTER LVI.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Nov. 27, 1772.

IF you are ſo kind as to write to me on Saturday, the day on which you will receive this, I ſhall have it before I leave Aſhbourne. I am to go to Lichfield on Wedneſday, and purpoſe

purpoſe to find my way to London through Birmingham and Oxford.

I was yeſterday at Chatſworth. It is a very fine houſe. I wiſh you had been with me to ſee it; for then, as we are apt to want matter of talk, we ſhould have gained ſomething new to talk on. They complimented me with playing the fountain, and opening the caſcade. But I am of my friend's opinion, that when one has ſeen the ocean, caſcades are but little things.

I am in hope of a letter to-day from you or Queeney, but the poſt has made ſome blunder, and the packet is not yet diſtributed. I wiſh it may bring me a little good of you all.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER LVII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Lichfield, Dec. 3, 1772.

I FOUND two letters here, to recompenſe my diſappointment at Aſhbourne. I ſhall not now be long before I hope to ſettle, for it is a

fine thing to be ſettled. When one parts from friends it is uncertain when one ſhall come back, and when one comes back it is not very certain how long one ſhall ſtay. But hope, you know, was left in the box of Prometheus.

Miſs Aſton claims kin to you, for ſhe ſays ſhe is ſomehow a-kin to the Cottons. In a little time you ſhall make them all yet prouder of their kindred. Do not be depreſſed. Scarce years will not laſt for ever; there will ſometime be good harveſts. Scarcity itſelf produces plenty by inciting cultivation. I hope we ſhall ſoon talk theſe matters over very ſeriouſly, and that we ſhall talk of them again much leſs ſeriouſly many years hence.

Not now that ſhe is married to the Singing-Maſter.

My love to all,
Both great and ſmall.

Theſe verſes I made myſelf, though perhaps they have been made by others before me.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER LVIII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

MADAM, Tueſday, Jan. 26, 1773.

THE inequalities of human life have always employed the meditation of deep thinkers, and I cannot forbear to reflect on the difference between your condition and my own. You live upon mock turtle, and ſtewed rumps of beef; I dined yeſterday upon crumpets. You ſit with pariſh officers, careſſing and careſſed, the idol of the table, and the wonder of the day. I pine in the ſolitude of ſickneſs, not bad enough to be pitied, and not well enough to be endured. You ſleep away the night, and laugh or ſcold away the day. I cough and grumble, and grumble and cough. Laſt night was very tedious, and this day makes no promiſes of much eaſe. However I have this day put on my ſhoe, and hope that Gout is gone. I ſhall have only the cough to contend with, and I doubt whether I ſhall get rid of that without change of place. I

She was often scolding their children than laughing with her friends.

caught cold in the coach as I went away, and am diſordered by very little things. Is it accident or age?

I am, deareſt Madam, *&c.*

LETTER LIX.

To Mrs. THRALE.

MADAM, Feb. 19, 1773.

I THINK I am better, but cannot ſay much more than that I think ſo. I was yeſterday with Miſs Lucy Southwell and Mrs. Williams, at Mr. Southwell's. Miſs Frances Southwell is not well.

I have an invitation to dine at Sir Joſhua Reynolds's on Tueſday. May I accept it?

Do not think I am going to borrow the Roller. I have undertaken to beg from you the favour of lending to Miſs Reynolds Newton on the Prophecies, and to Miſs Williams Burney's Muſical Journey. They are, I believe, both at Streatham.

Be pleaſed to make my moſt reſpectful compliments to dear Mrs. Saluſbury. I wiſh I could ſend her any thing better.

Diverſas hominum ſortes. Here am I, ſitting by myſelf, uncertain whether I ſhall dine on veal or mutton; and there are you with the top diſh and the bottom diſh, all upon a card, and on the other ſide of the card Tom Liſgow*. Of the reſt that dwell in darker fame why ſhould I make mention. Tom Liſgow is an aſſembly. But Tom Liſgow cannot people the world. Mr. K—— muſt have a place. The lion has his jackall. They will ſoon meet.

And when they talk, ye gods! how they will talk.

Pray let your voice and my maſter's help to fill the pauſes.

I am, *&c.*

* Tom Liſgow was a voter at the Southwark election. Mr. K—— was another. When they were entertained at Mr. Thrale's table, the Editor of theſe letters uſed to write the bill of fare on one ſide of a large blank card in a ſmall character, the names of the company on the other ſide, and refer to it from time to time as it lay by her plate, that no miſtakes might be made, or offence given from ignorance or forgetfulneſs; to this practice Mr. Johnſon laughingly alludes.

LETTER LX.

To Mrs. THRALE.

Johnſon's Court, Fleet-ſtreet,
DEAREST MADAM, March 9, 1773.

DR. JAMES called on me laſt night, deep, I think, in wine. Our dialogue was this:

—You find the caſe hopeleſs?—Quite hopeleſs.—But I hope you can procure her an eaſier diſmiſſion out of life?—That, I believe, is in our power.

The reſt of his talk was about other things.

If it can give the dear lady any comfort, be pleaſed to let her know that my grief for her is very ſerious and very deep. If I could be uſeful as you can be, I would devote myſelf to her as you muſt do. But all human help is little; her truſt muſt be in a better Friend.

You will not let me burſt in ignorance of your tranſaction with A———. Surely my

heart is with you in your whole ſyſtem of life.

I am, dear Madam, *&c.*

I had written this letter before yours came. God bleſs you all.

LETTER LXI.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, March 11, 1773.

YOUR negotiation will probably end as you deſire. I wiſh your pious offices might have the ſame ſucceſs, but death is neceſſary, and your tenderneſs will make it leſs painful. I am ſorry that I can do nothing. The dear lady has my wiſhes, and ſometimes my prayers. I hope our prayers will be heard for her, and her prayers for herſelf.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER LXII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, March 17, 1773.

TO tell you that I am ſorry both for the poor lady and for you is uſeleſs. I cannot help either of you. The weakneſs of mind is perhaps only a caſual interruption or intermiſſion of the attention, ſuch as we all ſuffer when ſome weighty care or urgent calamity has poſſeſſion of the mind. She will compoſe herſelf. She is unwilling to die, and the firſt conviction of approaching death raiſed great perturbation. I think ſhe has but very lately thought death cloſe at hand. She will compoſe herſelf to do that as well as ſhe can, which muſt at laſt be done. May ſhe not want the Divine aſſiſtance.

You, Madam, will have a great loſs; a greater than is common in the loſs of a parent. Fill your mind with hope of her happineſs, and turn your thoughts firſt to Him who gives and takes

takes away, in whoſe preſence the living and dead are ſtanding together. Then remember, that when this mournful duty is paid, others yet remain of equal obligation, and, we may hope, of leſs painful performance. Grief is a ſpecies of idleneſs, and the neceſſity of attention to the preſent preſerves us, by the merciful diſpoſition of Providence, from being lacerated and devoured by ſorrow for the paſt. You muſt think on your huſband and your children, and do what this dear lady has done for you.

Not to come to town while the great ſtruggle continues is undoubtedly well reſolved. But do not haraſs yourſelf into danger; you owe the care of your health to all that love you, at leaſt to all whom it is your duty to love. You cannot give ſuch a mother too much, if you do not give her what belongs to another.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER LXIII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

MADAM, March 20, 1773. The Equinox.

I HAVE now heard twice to-day how the dear lady mends; twice is not often enough for ſuch news. May ſhe long and long continue mending. When I ſee her again, how I ſhall love her. If we could keep a while longer together, we ſhould all, I hope, try to be thankful. Part we muſt at laſt; but the laſt parting is very afflictive. When I ſee her I ſhall torment her with careſſing her. Has ſhe yet been down ſtairs?

On Tueſday morning I hope to ſee you. I have not much to tell you, but will gather what little I can.

I ſhall be glad to ſee you, for you are much in my head, notwithſtanding your negotiations for my maſter, he has mended his ſhare for one year, you muſt think of cutting in pieces and boiling him. We will at leaſt keep him out

out of J—ck—n's * copper. You will be at leiſure now to think of brewing and negotiating, and a little of, Madam,

Your, &c.

LETTER LXIV.

To Mrs. THRALE.

MADAM, March 25, 1773.

IF my letters can do you any good it is not fit that you ſhould want them. You are always flattering me with the good that I do, without knowing it.

The return of Mrs. Saluſbury's appetite will undoubtedly prolong her life; I therefore wiſh it to continue or to improve. You did not ſay whether ſhe went down ſtairs.

* H—ph—y J—ck—n was a pretender to chymiſtry, who obtaining much of Mr. T.'s confidence, uſed it to his own emolument only, not his friend's, who ſuffered exceedingly from the experiments made by him at the brewhouſe, in conſequence of a notion that he had ſome ſecret to preſerve wood from decay, and brew at a ſmaller expence than was poſſible with malt or hops.

Here is a reflection on her former husband, who countenanced an artful projector, who promised to make him brew at a cheaper rate. Was it fair in her to give this hint of his folly and his avarice?

Harry

Harry will be happier now he goes to ſchool and reads Milton. Miſs will want him for all her vapouring.

Did not I tell you that I thought I had written to Boſwell? he has anſwered my letter.

I am going this evening to put young Otway to ſchool with Mr. Elphinſton.

Cumberland

C—— is ſo diſtreſſed with abuſe about his play, that he has ſolicited Goldſmith to *take him off the rack of the newſpapers.*

Murphey
Goldsmith

M—— is preparing a whole pamphlet againſt G——, and G—— is, I ſuppoſe, collecting materials to confute M——.

Steevens, the Ditor of Shakeſpeare

Jennens has publiſhed Hamlet, but without a preface, and S—— declares his intention of letting him paſs the reſt of his life in peace. Here is news.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER LXV.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, April 27, 1773.

HOPE is more pleaſing than fear, but not leſs fallacious; you know, when you do not try to deceive yourſelf, that the diſeaſe which at laſt is to deſtroy, muſt be gradually growing worſe, and that it is vain to wiſh for more than that the deſcent to death may be ſlow and eaſy. In this wiſh I join with you, and hope it will be granted. Dear, dear lady, whenever ſhe is loſt ſhe will be miſſed, and whenever ſhe is remembered ſhe will be lamented. Is it a good or an evil to me that ſhe now loves me? It is ſurely a good; for you will love me better, and we ſhall have a new principle of concord; and I ſhall be happier with honeſt ſorrow, than with ſullen indifference; and far happier ſtill than with counterfeited ſympathy.

As much will not be ſaid of the Daughter when her day comes.

Johnſon could not much bear Mrs. Saliſbury, nor Mrs. Saliſbury him, when they firſt knew each other. But her cancer moved his compaſſion, and made them friends.

I am reaſoning upon a principle very far from certain, a confidence of ſurvivance. You or I, or both, may be called into the preſence

of the Supreme Judge before her. I have lived a life of which I do not like the review. Surely I ſhall in time live better.

I ſat down with an intention to write high compliments, but my thoughts have taken another courſe, and ſome other time muſt now ſerve to tell you with what other emotions, benevolence, and fidelity,

I am, *&c.*

LETTER LXVI.

To Mrs. THRALE.

MADAM, May 17, 1773.

NEVER imagine that your letters are long; they are always too ſhort for my curioſity. I do not know that I was ever content with a ſingle peruſal.

Of dear Mrs. Saluſbury I never expect much better news than you ſend me; *de pis en pis* is the natural and certain courſe of her dreadful malady. I am content when it leaves her eaſe enough for the exerciſe of her mind.

Why

Why ſhould Mr. * * * * * ſuppoſe, that what I took the liberty of ſuggeſting was concerted with you? He does not know how much I revolve his affairs, and how honeſtly I deſire his proſperity. I hope he has let the hint take ſome hold of his mind.

Your declaration to Miſs * * * * is more general than my opinions allow. I think an unlimited promiſe of acting by the opinion of another ſo wrong, that nothing, or hardly any thing, can make it right. All unneceſſary vows are folly, becauſe they ſuppoſe a preſcience of the future which has not been given us. They are, I think, a crime, becauſe they reſign that life to chance which God has given us to be regulated by reaſon; and ſuperinduce a kind of fatality, from which it is the great privilege of our nature to be free. Unlimited obedience is due only to the Univerſal Father of Heaven and Earth. My parents may be mad or fooliſh; may be wicked and malicious; may be erroneouſly religious, or abſurdly ſcrupulous. I am not bound to compliance with mandates either poſitive or negative, which either religion condemns, or reaſon rejects. There wanders about the world a wild notion, which extends

over marriage more than over any other tranſaction. If Miſs * * * * followed a trade, would it be ſaid that ſhe was bound in conſcience to give or refuſe credit at her father's choice? And is not marriage a thing in which ſhe is more intereſted, and has therefore more right of choice? When I may ſuffer for my own crimes, when I may be ſued for my own debts, I may judge by parity of reaſon for my own happineſs. The parent's moral right can ariſe only from his kindneſs, and his civil right only from his money.

Conſcience cannot dictate obedience to the wicked, or compliance with the fooliſh; and of intereſt mere prudence is the judge.

If the daughter is bound without a promiſe, ſhe promiſes nothing; and if ſhe is not bound, ſhe promiſes too much.

What is meant by tying up money in trade I do not underſtand. No money is ſo little tied as that which is employed in trade. Mr. * * * * perhaps only means, that in conſideration of money to be advanced, he will oblige his ſon to be a trader. This is reaſonable enough. Upon ten thouſand pounds diligently occupied, they may live in great plenty and ſplendour, without the miſchiefs of idleneſs.

I can

I can write a long letter as well as my miſtreſs; and ſhall be glad that my long letters may be as welcome as her's.

My nights are grown again very uneaſy and troubleſome. I know not that the country will mend them; but I hope your company will mend my days. Though I cannot now expect much attention, and would not wiſh for more than can be ſpared from the poor dear lady, yet I ſhall ſee you and hear you every now and then; and to ſee and hear you, is always to hear wit, and to ſee virtue.

Poor Johnſon! How careleſs in examining the nature and the conduct of his friends!

I ſhall, I hope, ſee you to-morrow, and a little on the two next days; and with that little I muſt for the preſent try to be contented.

I am, &c.

LETTER LXVII.

Mrs. THRALE to DR. JOHNSON.

SIR,

SO many things happening all at once oppreſs me, and I cannot judge rightly of any;—'tis therefore I beg counſel from you.

This dear ſweet lady is willing I ſhould come to town; and I *will* come, and try the *gutta cavat lapidem* upon A———'s heart. I believe talking in high terms would be better; but how can I when my hopes are low? Meantime * * * * perſecutes me for advice, as if I had nobody tothink on but her; and you ſay, I am wrong there again; yet I cannot repent what I ſaid about parental authority, and am only amazed at your little veneration for it.—All appears to me as if it would end *your* way, in this particular caſe; yet 'tis ſtrange that a man of your notions ſhould think that way uniformly right. When I have heard you treat regal claims to power as things too high and too-ſacred even for diſpute, how could I expect to read under your hand ſuch ſentiments as I now receive concerning an authority elder than the regal one, if not equally venerable?—for men were fathers certainly before they were kings. Might I be more ſerious, I could remind thoſe who deſpiſe upon principle a title which God himſelf diſdains not to accept,—that the eighth part of the Poſt-diluvian world was curſed for a mere breach of filial reverence, not diſobedience of command,—but a merry or malicious deſire only of propagating the diſgrace of a parent.

She has now lived long enough to ſee, if ſhe were wiſe but for a ſingle moment, that Parents are not always entitled to the veneration of their children.

Parental authority will always be venerable when parents do not go mad as ſhe has done.

What puff! Does the Wench now really think herſelf intitled to any veneration from her children?

All

All this, however, will ſerve for us to diſpute about at night, when I ſit up in the next room to my poor ſuffering mother, whoſe miſtaken tenderneſs drives me from her bedſide at twelve o'clock; and my maſter will keep us from ſcolding *loud*; for 'tis aſtoniſhing how quick ſhe hears every thing,—quicker than ever,—ay, and ſees quicker too; for ſhe knew Mr. Hale as he rode by yeſterday, and ſaid, What a lean horſe he had!

This is a diſmal houſe, and that A———'s callous cruelty makes the other no relief to me; but Mr. Thrale will come home now. I am really hurried, like the fallen ſpirits in Milton, from froſt to fire, and from fire to froſt; nor can get down a drop of the oblivious water on the road, though you will find the waſh-way, as we call it, ſadly out ſince theſe ſudden rains. This letter goes by the early morning cart. Don't tell my maſter that I write low-ſpirited; the cold bath will refreſh me before he comes.—You muſt depend on *his* coach for carriage home, not *mine*. Do not believe that I ſhall neglect my huſband's affairs out of fondneſs for my mother. Indeed you cannot think how poorly my negociation with that hard-hearted fellow has hitherto ſucceeded.

Farewell, my dear Sir, and do all you can for us; and ſettle with Mr. Thrale about theſe lovers, for it would be really a choice thing to ſee *ſomebody* happy.—Yet I hope I do not precipitate their affairs for the ſake of taking a little additional weight off the already oppreſſed mind of

Your, *&c.*

LETTER LXVIII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR LADY, May 22, 1773.

DR. Lawrence is of your mind about the intermiſſion, and thought the bark would be beſt; but I have had ſo good a night as makes me wonder. Dr. Lawrence is juſt gone. He ſays I have no fever, and may let bark alone, if I will venture, but it is *meo periculo.*

Make my compliments to the dear lady.

Mr. Thrale
Miss Fanny & Plumb
Mr. Rice's

I think Mr. T—— has done right in not prohibiting at leaſt F——'s flight with her lover. There is no danger of Mr. R——'s taking care of his ſon, and of his ſon's wife; and

and as he is willing to receive a daughter-in-law without a fortune, he has a right to provide for her his own way. The great motive to his conſent is, that his ſon will engage in trade; and therefore no doubt can be made but he will enable him to do it; and whether at Midſummer, or Michaelmas, we have no need to care, nor right to preſcribe.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER LXIX.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAREST LADY, May 23, 1773.

STILL flatter, flatter! Why ſhould the poor be flattered? The doctor was with me again to-day, and we both think the fever quite gone. I believe it was not an intermittent, for I took of my own head phyſick yeſterday; and Celſus ſays, it ſeems, that if a cathartick be taken the fit will return *certo certius*. I would bear ſomething rather than Celſus ſhould be detected in an error. But I ſay it was a *febris continua*, and had a regular criſis.

What

What poor * * * * ſaid, is worthy of the greateſt mind, ſince the greateſt mind can get no further. In the higheſt and the loweſt things we all are equal.

As to Mr. * * * *, let him ſee a couple of fellows within call; and if he makes a ſavage noiſe, order them to come gradually nearer, and you will ſee how quiet he will grow.

Let the poor dear lady know that I am ſorry for her ſorrows, and ſincerely and earneſtly wiſh her all good.

Write to me when you can, but do not flatter me. I am ſorry you can think it pleaſes me. It is enough for me to be, as Mr. * * * * phraſes it,

MADAM,

Your friend and ſervant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

LETTER LXX.

Mrs. THRALE to Dr. JOHNSON.

May 23, 1773.

I WRITE again, Dear Sir, though the time of meeting is ſo near, and ſhould be ſorry to think my flattery did *not* pleaſe you—if flattery it

it is—but I call it honeſt praiſe. Other people make more buſtle about your merits every day, and you bear them patiently enough; pray let my incenſe-pot have a place among the reſt. Mr. Thrale ſwears he found you one morning laſt week in the midſt of a heap of men, who, he ſays, carried each a braſs-headed cane in his hand, and that they were all flattering away *a qui mieux mieux*. Surely there was not in the whole company one to be found who uttered expreſſions of eſteem with more ſincerity than myſelf; none of them think you as much exalted over the common herd of mortals as I think you; and none of them can praiſe you from a purer motive. It is my conſolation to have a wiſe friend, my delight to declare that I know him ſuch; nor is this a time when I can afford to loſe either delight or conſolation. Should a man proteſt indeed, that a fever-fit would be more welcome to him than the detecting me in an error, I might reaſonably enough begin to be alarmed, and fear that he was flattering me groſsly—but I never did vent my partiality in any terms half as violent as thoſe; and yet dear Mr. Johnſon, who gravely ſays *that* of old Celſus, has the courage to reprove me for flattering.

Is this wit? If it is, it comes in rather awkwardly.

Well!

Well! I was told this morning, that G—— O—— ſpeaks very highly of our maſter up and down; as I believe he hates us all, *he* cannot be accuſed of playing the ſycophant: the extorted praiſe of an enemy however, though in many reſpects grateful enough, has ſomewhat offenſive in it too, like the coarſe perfume obtained by chymical operations on a poiſonous ſubſtance, while the natural emanation of a friend's good will, reſembles the reviving ſcent of vegetable fragrance. I am glad, at all events, that he is forced to ſpeak reſpectfully, and even my poor mother enjoys the thought.

What a loſs am I about to endure in her death! Let me hope that your kindneſs may prompt you to ſoothe the pain, and as far as it is poſſible to fill up the chaſm; though you ſhall permit me to add my firm perſuaſion that all endeavours will be inſufficient. If the Emperor of China ſhould take from one of his ſlaves the liberty of ever more taſting water, rice, or tea, he would be very ill compenſated, poor ſoul! by the free uſe of every dainty his maſter's magnificent table could afford him. No companion however wiſe, no friend however uſeful, can be to me what my mother

She is mighty fond of ſplendid comparisons: but this is ſurely unfit for the preſent purpoſe.

mother has been: her image will long purſue my fancy; her voice for ever hang in my ears: may her precepts but ſink into my heart! When fortune is taken away, chance or diligence may repair it; fame likewiſe has been found not wholly irrecoverable.—*My* loſs alone can neither be reſtored nor ſupplied in this world; I will try to turn my beſt thoughts upon another. Meanwhile, a million of things preſs upon me *here*, and force me to defend a poſt ſcarcely tenable; give me your company, your counſel, and your prayers, for I am ever,

Your truly faithful ſervant.

Fine ſentences in the Johnſonian ſtyle: but where is the wonder that an old mother ſhould die? Do not all old mothers do the ſame all the world over?

LETTER LXXI.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, May 24, 1773.

MY fever has departed; but has left me a very ſevere inflammation in the ſeeing eye. I take phyſick, and do not eat.

Recommend me to the poor dear lady, whom I hope to ſee again, however melancholy muſt be the interview. She has now quickly

quickly to do, what I cannot reaſonably hope to put off long,

Res ſiqua diu mortalibus ulla eſt;

and which is at no great diſtance from the youngeſt. I have the ſame hope with poor N——.

You do not tell me whither the young lovers are gone. I am glad * * * * is gone with them. What a life do they image in futurity! how unlike to what they are to find it! But to-morrow is an old deceiver, and his cheat never grows ſtale. I ſuppoſe they go to Scotland. Was * * * * * dreſſed *a la Neſbitienne?*

I ſhall not, I think, go into the country till you are ſo kind as to fetch me, unleſs ſome ſtronger invitation ſhould be offered than I have yet found.

The difference between praiſe and flattery is the ſame as between that hoſpitality that ſets wine enough before the gueſt, and that which forces him to be drunk. If you love me, and ſurely I hope you do, why ſhould you vitiate my mind with a falſe opinion of its own merit? why ſhould you teach it to be unſatisfied with the civility of every other place? You know how

how much I honour you, and you are bound to uſe your influence well.

Do not let your own dear ſpirits forſake you. Your taſk at preſent is heavy, and yet you purpoſe to take me; but I hope I ſhall take from it one way what I add another. I purpoſe to watch the *mollia tempora fandi*, and to talk, as occaſions offer, to * * * *.

I am, &c.

LETTER LXXII.

Mrs. THRALE to Dr. JOHNSON.

Friday.

I ENCLOSE my letter to our new married man.—Bring it me home at night *, and ſay you like it at leaſt as well as Swift's, which you do *not* like, to the lady.

Adieu.

* He did bring it the ſame evening, and honoured it with his approbation.

Young Rice, who with Mr. Thrale's conſent, if not by his advice, went away to France with Fanny, the daughter of Mr. Thrale, Brother in law to Mr. Thrale, and there married her. The old Gripus would not conſent ſhe ſhould marry during his life-time.

(COPY.)

Young Rise.

Mrs. THRALE to Mr. ———, incloſed in the foregoing Letter to Dr. JOHNSON.

MY DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED the news of your marriage with infinite delight, and hope that the ſincerity with which I wiſh your happineſs, may excuſe the liberty I take in giving you a few rules whereby more certainly to obtain it. I ſee you ſmile at my wrong-headed kindneſs, and reflecting on the charms of your bride, cry out in a rapture, that you are happy enough without my rules. I know you are; but after one of the forty years, which I hope you will paſs pleaſingly together, are over, this letter may come in turn, and rules for felicity may not be found unneceſſary, however ſome of them may appear impracticable.

I think there is ſomething in this period is wanting to make it grammatical.

Could that kind of love be kept alive through the marriage ſtate, which makes the charm of a ſingle one, the ſovereign good would no longer be ſought for; in the union of two faithful lovers it would be found: but reaſon

ſhews us that this is impoſſible, and experience informs us that it never was ſo; we muſt preſerve it as long, and ſupply it as happily as we can.

When your preſent violence of paſſion ſubſides however, and a more cool and tranquil affection takes its place, be not haſty to cenſure yourſelf as indifferent, or to lament yourſelf as unhappy; you have loſt that only which it was impoſſible to retain, and it were graceleſs amid the pleaſures of a proſperous ſummer to regret the bloſſoms of a tranſient ſpring. Neither unwarily condemn your bride's inſipidity till you have recollected that no object however ſublime, no ſounds however charming, can continue to tranſport us with delight when they no longer ſtrike us with novelty. The ſkill to renovate the powers of pleaſing are ſaid indeed to be poſſeſſed by ſome women in an eminent degree, but the artifices of maturity are ſeldom ſeen to adorn the innocence of youth; you have made your choice, and ought to approve it.

Satiety follows quick upon the heels of poſſeſſion; and to be happy, we muſt always have ſomething in view. The perſon of your lady is already all your own, and will not grow

I ſuppoſe this to be her preſent caſe.

more pleaſing in your eyes I doubt, though the reſt of your ſex will think her handſomer for theſe dozen years. Turn therefore all your attention to her mind, which will daily grow brighter by poliſhing. Study ſome eaſy ſcience together, and acquire a ſimilarity of taſtes while you enjoy a community of pleaſures. You will, by this means, have many images in common, and be freed from the neceſſity of ſeparating to find amuſement; nothing is ſo dangerous to wedded love as the poſſibility of either being happy out of the company of the other; endeavour therefore to cement the preſent intimacy on every ſide; let your wife never be kept ignorant of your income, your expences, your friendſhips, or averſions; let her know your very faults, but make them amiable by your virtues; conſider all concealment as a breach of fidelity; let her never have any thing to *find out* in your character, and remember, that from the moment one of the partners turns ſpy upon the other, they have commenced a ſtate of hoſtility.

Piozzi never turned his attention but to her money, and she bent to his battering-ram.

Seek not for happineſs in ſingularity; and dread a refinement of wiſdom as a deviation into folly. Liſten not to thoſe ſages who ad-

viſe you always to ſcorn the counſel of a woman, and if you comply with her requeſts pronounce you to be wife-ridden. Think not any privation, except of poſitive evil, an excellence, and do not congratulate yourſelf that your wife is not a learned lady, that ſhe never touches a card, or is wholly ignorant how to make a pudding. Cards, cookery, and learning, are all good in their places, and may all be uſed with advantage.

With regard to expence, I can only obſerve that the money laid out in the purchaſe of diſtinction is ſeldom or ever profitably employed. We live in an age when ſplendid furniture and glittering equigage are grown too common to catch the notice of the *meaneſt* ſpectator, and for the *greater* ones they only regard our waſteful folly with ſilent contempt, or open indignation.—This may perhaps be a diſpleaſing reflection, but the following conſideration ought to make amends. The age we live in, pays, I think, peculiar attention to the higher diſtinctions of wit, knowledge, and virtue, to which we may more ſafely, more cheaply, and more honourably aſpire. The giddy flirt of quality frets at the reſpect ſhe ſees paid to Lady Edgecumbe, and the gay

few flirts of quality fret on that account, as L. Edg. is only respectable on the account of muſick, But she had her reasons for inserting here a compliment to that Lady of whom she knew nothing of at the time that she wrote this Letter to Rice.

This is wit, and will prove acceptable to Jones, who, maugre his Oriental knowledge, has a good deal of the Beau-Maître.

dunce ſits pining for a partner, while Jones the orientaliſt leads up the ball.

This proves, if true, that they are all poor beings, poor deſpicable beings.

I ſaid that the perſon of your lady would not grow *more* pleaſing to you, but pray let her never ſuſpect that it grows *leſs* ſo: that a woman will pardon an affront to her underſtanding much ſooner than one to her perſon is well known; nor will any of us contradict the aſſertion. All our attainments, all our arts, are employed to gain and keep the heart of man; and what mortification can exceed the diſappointment, if the end be not obtained? There is no reproof however pointed, no puniſhment however ſevere, that a woman of ſpirit will not prefer to neglect; and if ſhe can endure it without complaint, it only proves that ſhe means to make herſelf amends by the attention of others for the ſlights of her huſband. For this, and for every reaſon, it behoves a married man not to let his politeneſs fail, though his ardour may abate, but to retain, at leaſt, that general civility towards his *own* lady which he is ſo willing to pay to *every other*, and not ſhew a wife of eighteen or twenty years old, that every man in company can treat her with more complaiſance than he who ſo often vowed to her eternal fondneſs.

She verified her words a few years after. Mr. Thrale made lewd by an apoplectick fit, was guilty even in the preſence of Johnſon of ſome indecent attouchement with the proxy Miſs Sh——, which Johnſon reſented; but was appeaſed by the Bitch, who cuckolded her husband preſently by the help of Piozzi. Johnſon, who told me the firſt part of this ſtory, turned it to the great praiſe of Mrs. Thrale, that could put up ſo with ſuch ſlights from her huſband as labouring under a diſeaſe: but I knew her better, and was far from giving her credit for her pretended magnanimity, as the ſimple Johnſon did.

It is not my opinion that a young woman ſhould be indulged in every wild wiſh of her gay heart or giddy head, but contradiction may be ſoftened by domeſtic kindneſs, and quiet pleaſures ſubſtituted in the place of noiſy ones. Public amuſements are not indeed ſo expenſive as is ſometimes imagined; but they tend to alienate the minds of married people from each other. A well choſen ſociety of friends and acquaintance, more eminent for virtue and good ſenſe than for gaiety and ſplendour, where the converſation of the day may afford comment for the evening, ſeems the moſt rational pleaſure this great town can afford; and to this, a game at cards now and then gives an additional reliſh.

There never was any card-playing at Thrale's, but the laſt year of his life when he want to live in Grosvenor-Square. She never could learn to play Whiſt, or any other game, but a little of Backgammon: but now that ſhe lived in town, ſhe thought of being faſhionable, and have cards.

That your own ſuperiority ſhould always be ſeen, but never felt, ſeems an excellent general rule. A wife ſhould outſhine her huſband in nothing, not even in her dreſs. If ſhe happens to have a taſte for the trifling diſtinction that finery can confer, ſuffer her not for a moment to fancy, when ſhe appears in public, that Sir Edward or the Colonel are finer gentlemen than her huſband. The bane of married happineſs among the *city* men in general has been, that finding themſelves unfit

for polite life, they transferred their vanity to their ladies, dreſſed them up gaily, and ſent them out a gallanting, while the good man was to regale with port wine or rum punch, perhaps among mean companions, after the compting-houſe was ſhut; this practice produced the ridicule thrown on them in all our comedies and novels ſince commerce began to proſper. But now that I am ſo near the ſubject, a word or two on Jealouſy may not be amiſs, for though not a failing of the preſent age's growth, yet the ſeeds of it are too certainly ſown in every warm boſom for us to neglect it as a fault of no conſequence. If you are ever tempted to be jealous, *watch* your wife narrowly—but never *teize* her; tell her your *jealouſy*, but conceal your *ſuſpicion*; let her, in ſhort, be ſatisfied that it is only your odd temper, and even troubleſome attachment, that makes you follow her; but let her not dream that you ever doubted ſeriouſly of her virtue even for a moment. If ſhe is diſpoſed towards jealouſy of *you*, let me beſeech you to be always explicit with her and never myſterious: be above delighting in her pain of all things,—nor do your buſineſs, nor pay your viſits with an air of concealment, when all you

are

are doing might as well be proclaimed perhaps in the pariſh veſtry. But I will hope better than this of your tenderneſs and of your virtue, and will releaſe you from a lecture you have ſo very little need of, unleſs your extreme youth and my uncommon regard will excuſe it. And now farewel; make my kindeſt compliments to your wife, and be happy in proportion as happineſs is wiſhed you by,

Dear Sir, *&c.*

LETTER LXXIII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Auguſt 12, 1773.

WE left London on Friday the ſixth, not very early, and travelled without any memorable accident through a country which I had ſeen before. In the evening I was not well, and was forced to ſtop at Stilton, one ſtage ſhort of Stamford, where we intended to have lodged.

On the 7th, we paſſed through Stamford and Grantham, and dined at Newark, where

I had only time to obſerve that the market-place was uncommonly ſpacious and neat. In London we ſhould call it a ſquare, though the ſides were neither ſtraight nor parallel. We came, at night, to Doncaſter, and went to church in the morning, where Chambers found the monument of Robert of Doncaſter, who ſays on his ſtone ſomething like this:—What I gave, that I have; what I ſpent, that I had; what I left, that I loſt.—So ſaith Robert of Doncaſter, who reigned in the world ſixty-ſeven years, and all that time lived not one. Here we were invited to dinner, and therefore made no great haſte away.

We reached York however that night; I was much diſordered with old complaints. Next morning we ſaw the Minſter, an edifice of loftineſs and elegance equal to the higheſt hopes of architecture. I remember nothing but the dome of St. Paul's that can be compared with the middle walk. The Chapter-houſe is a circular building, very ſtately, but I think excelled by the Chapter-houſe of Lincoln.

I then went to ſee the ruins of the Abbey, which are almoſt vaniſhed, and I remember nothing of them diſtinct.

The

The next viſit was to the jail, which they call the Caſtle; a fabrick built lately, ſuch is terreſtrial mutability, out of the materials of the ruined Abbey. The under jailor was very officious to ſhew his fetters, in which there was no contrivance. The head jailor came in, and ſeeing me look I ſuppoſe fatigued, offered me wine, and when I went away would not ſuffer his ſervant to take money. The jail is accounted the beſt in the kingdom, and you find the jailor deſerving of his dignity.

We dined at York, and went on to Northallerton, a place of which I know nothing, but that it afforded us a lodging on Monday night, and about two hundred and ſeventy years ago gave birth to Roger Aſcham.

Next morning we changed our horſes at Darlington, where Mr. Cornelius Harriſon, a couſin-german of mine, was perpetual curate. He was the only one of my relations who ever roſe in fortune above penury, or in character above neglect.

The church is built croſſwiſe, with a fine ſpire, and might invite a traveller to ſurvey it, but I perhaps wanted vigour, and thought I wanted time.

The

The next ſtage brought us to Durham, a place of which Mr. Thrale bad me take particular notice. The Biſhop's palace has the appearance of an old feudal caſtle, built upon an eminence, and looking down upon the river, upon which was formerly thrown a drawbridge, as I ſuppoſe to be raiſed at night, leſt the Scots ſhould paſs it.

The cathedral has a maſſyneſs and ſolidity ſuch as I have ſeen in no other place; it rather awes than pleaſes, as it ſtrikes with a kind of gigantick dignity, and aſpires to no other praiſe than that of rocky ſolidity and indeterminate duration. I had none of my friends reſident, and therefore ſaw but little. The library is mean and ſcanty.

At Durham, beſide all expectation, I met an old friend: Miſs Fordyce is married there to a phyſician. We met, I think, with honeſt kindneſs on both ſides. I thought her much decayed, and having ſince heard that the banker had involved her huſband in his extenſive ruin, I cannot forbear to think that I ſaw in her withered features more impreſſion of ſorrow than of time.

Qua terra patet, fera regnat Erinnys.

He

He that wanders about the world ſees new forms of human miſery, and if he chances to meet an old friend, meets a face darkened with troubles.

though this is not always the caſe, the Doctor was always ready to draw ſuch melancholy inferences.

On Tueſday night we came hither; yeſterday I took ſome care of myſelf, and to-day I am *quite polite*. I have been taking a view of all that could be ſhewn me, and find that all very near to nothing. You have often heard me complain of finding myſelf diſappointed by books of travels; I am afraid travel itſelf will end likewiſe in diſappointment. One town, one country, is very like another: civilized nations have the ſame cuſtoms, and barbarous nations have the ſame nature: there are indeed minute diſcriminations both of places and of manners, which perhaps are not wanting of curioſity, but which a traveller ſeldom ſtays long enough to inveſtigate and compare. The dull utterly neglect them, the acute ſee a little, and ſupply the reſt with fancy and conjecture.

I ſhall ſet out again to-morrow, but I ſhall not, I am afraid, ſee Alnwick, for Dr. Percy is not there. I hope to lodge to-morrow night at Berwick, and the next at Edinburgh, where I ſhall

I ſhall direct Mr. Drummond, bookſeller at Oſſian's head, to take care of my letters.

I hope the little dears are all well, and that my dear maſter and miſtreſs may go ſomewhither, but wherever you go do not forget,

MADAM,

Your moſt humble ſervant.

I am pretty well.

Auguſt 15.

Thus far I had written at Newcaſtle. I forgot to ſend it. I am now at Edinburgh; and have been this day running about. I run pretty well.

LETTER LXXIV.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Edinburgh, Auguſt 17, 1773.

ON the 13th, I left Newcaſtle, and in the afternoon came to Alnwick, where we were treated with great civility by the Duke: I went through the apartments, walked on the wall,

wall, and climbed the towers. That night we lay at Belford, and on the next night came to Edinburgh. On Sunday (15th) I went to the Engliſh chapel. After dinner, Dr. Robertſon came in, and promiſed to ſhew me the place. On Monday I ſaw their public buildings: the cathedral, which I told Robertſon I wiſhed to ſee becauſe it had once been a church, the courts of juſtice, the parliament-houſe, the advocate's library, the repoſitory of records, the college and its library, and the palace, particularly the old tower where the king of Scotland ſeized David Rizzio in the queen's preſence. Moſt of their buildings are very mean; and the whole town bears ſome reſemblance to the old part of Birmingham.

If a Roman Catholick had ſaid the ſame of a Church of England man with regard to Weſtminſter-Abbey, how angry Johnſon would have been!

Boſwell has very handſome and ſpacious rooms; level with the ground on one ſide of the houſe, and on the other four ſtories high.

At dinner on Monday were the Ducheſs of Douglas, an old lady, who talks broad Scotch with a paralytick voice, and is ſcarce underſtood by her own countrymen; the Lord Chief Baron, Sir Adolphus Oughton, and many more. At ſupper there was ſuch a conflux of company that I could ſcarcely ſupport the tumult. I have never been well in the whole

whole journey, and am very eaſily diſordered.

This morning I ſaw at breakfaſt Dr. Blacklock, the blind poet, who does not remember to have ſeen light, and is read to, by a poor ſcholar, in Latin, Greek, and French. He was originally a poor ſcholar himſelf. I looked on him with reverence. To-morrow our journey begins; I know not when I ſhall write again. I am but poorly.

I am, &c.

LETTER LXXV.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Bamff, Auguſt 25, 1773.

IT has ſo happened that though I am perpetually thinking on you, I could ſeldom find opportunity to write; I have in fourteen days ſent only one letter; you muſt conſider the fatigues of travel, and the difficulties encountered in a ſtrange country.

Auguſt

Auguſt 18th, I paſſed, with Boſwell, the Frith of Forth, and began our journey; in the paſſage we obſerved an iſland, which I perſuaded my companions to ſurvey. We found it a rock ſomewhat troubleſome to climb, about a mile long, and half a mile broad; in the middle were the ruins of an old fort, which had on one of the ſtones—Maria Re. 1564. It had been only a blockhouſe one ſtory high. I meaſured two apartments, of which the walls were entire, and found them twenty-ſeven feet long, and twenty-three broad. The rock had ſome graſs and many thiſtles, both cows and ſheep were grazing. There was a ſpring of water. The name is Inchkeith. Look on your maps. This viſit took about an hour. We pleaſed ourſelves with being in a country all our own, and then went back to the boat, and landed at Kinghorn, a mean town, and travelling through Kirkaldie, a very long town meanly built, and Cowpar, which I could not ſee becauſe it was night, we came late to St. Andrew's, the moſt ancient of the Scotch univerſities, and once the ſee of the Primate of Scotland. The inn was full, but lodgings were provided for us at the houſe of the profeſſor of rhetorick, a man of elegant manners, who

who ſhowed us, in the morning, the poor remains of a ſtately cathedral, demoliſhed in Knox's reformation, and now only to be imaged by tracing its foundation, and contemplating the little ruins that are left. Here was once a religious houſe. Two of the vaults or cellars of the ſubprior are even yet entire. In one of them lives an old woman, who claims an hereditary reſidence in it, boaſting that her huſband was the ſixth tenant of this gloomy manſion, in a lineal deſcent, and claims by her marriage with this lord of the cavern an alliance with the Bruces. Mr. Boſwell ſtaid a while to interrogate her, becauſe he underſtood her language; ſhe told him, that ſhe and her cat lived together; that ſhe had two ſons ſome where, who might perhaps be dead; that when there were quality in the town notice was taken of her, and that now ſhe was neglected, but did not trouble them. Her habitation contained all that ſhe had; her turf for fire was laid in one place, and her balls of coal duſt in another, but her bed ſeemed to be clean. Boſwel aſked her if ſhe never heard any noiſes, but ſhe could tell him of nothing ſupernatural, though ſhe often wandered in the night among the graves and ruins, only ſhe had ſometimes notice

The man, to be like Johnſon, gave more than little credit to apparitions.

notice by dreams of the death of her relations. We then viewed the remains of a caſtle on the margin of the ſea, in which the archbiſhops reſided, and in which Cardinal Beatoun was killed.

It had been a wonder, if a woman who lived in ſolitude, had not talked ſome nonſenſe.

The profeſſors who happened to be reſident in the vacation made a publick dinner, and treated us very kindly and reſpectfully. They ſhewed us their colleges, in one of which there is a library that for luminouſneſs and elegance may vie at leaſt with the new edifice at Streatham. But learning ſeems not to proſper among them; one of their colleges has been lately alienated, and one of their churches lately deſerted. An experiment was made of planting a ſhrubbery in the church, but it did not thrive.

Why the place ſhould thus fall to decay I know not; for education, ſuch as is here to be had, is ſufficiently cheap. Their term, or, as they call it, their ſeſſion, laſts ſeven months in the year, which the ſtudents of the higheſt rank and greateſt expence may paſs here for twenty pounds, in which are included board, lodging, books, and the continual inſtruction of three profeſſors.

20th, We left St. Andrew's, well ſatisfied with our reception, and, croſſing the Frith of Tay, came to Dundee, a dirty, deſpicable town. We paſſed afterwards through Aberbrothick, famous once for an abbey, of which there are only a few fragments left, but thoſe fragments teſtify that the fabrick was once of great extent, and of ſtupendous magnificence. Two of the towers are yet ſtanding, though ſhattered; into one of them Boſwell climbed, but found the ſtairs broken: the way into the other we did not ſee, and had not time to ſearch; I believe it might be aſcended, but the top, I think, is open.

We lay at Montroſe, a neat place, with a ſpacious area for the market, and an elegant town-houſe.

21ſt, We travelled towards Aberdeen, another univerſity, and in the way dined at Lord Monboddo's, the Scotch judge, who has lately written a ſtrange book about the origin of language, in which he traces monkeys up to men, and ſays that in ſome countries the human ſpecies have tails like other beaſts. He enquired for theſe long-tailed men of Banks, and was not well pleaſed that they had not been found in all his peregrination. He talked nothing

a Man of literature enough, but wrong-headed.

Sir Joſeph Banks, who went round the world with Captain Cook.

nothing of this to me, and I hope we parted friends; for we agreed pretty well, only we diſputed in adjuſting the claims of merit between a ſhopkeeper of London, and a ſavage of the American wilderneſſes. Our opinions were, I think, maintained on both ſides without full conviction; Monboddo declared boldly for the ſavage, and I, perhaps for that reaſon, ſided with the citizen.

We came late to Aberdeen, where I found my dear miſtreſs's letter, and learned that all our little people were happily recovered of the meaſles. Every part of your letter was pleaſing.

There are two cities of the name of Aberdeen: the old town, built about a mile inland, once the ſee of a biſhop, which contains the King's College, and the remains of the cathedral, and the new town, which ſtands, for the ſake of trade, upon a frith or arm of the ſea, ſo that ſhips reſt againſt the key.

The two cities have their ſeparate magiſtrates, and the two colleges are in effect two univerſities, which confer degrees independently on each other.

New Aberdeen is a large town, built almoſt wholly of that granite which is uſed for the new pavement in London, which, hard as it

is, they ſquare with very little difficulty. Here I firſt ſaw the women in plaids. The plaid makes at once a hood and cloak, without cutting or ſewing, merely by the manner of drawing the oppoſite ſides over the ſhoulders. The maids at the inns run over the houſe barefoot, and children, not dreſſed in rags, go without ſhoes or ſtockings. Shoes are indeed not yet in univerſal uſe, they came late into this country. One of the profeſſors told us, as we were mentioning a fort built by Cromwell, that the country owed much of its preſent induſtry to Cromwell's ſoldiers. They taught us, ſaid he, to raiſe cabbage and make ſhoes. How they lived without ſhoes may yet be ſeen; but in the paſſage through villages, it ſeems to him that ſurveys their gardens, that when they had not cabbage they had nothing.

Yet the Scotch are as proud of their Country as the French of theirs.

Education is here of the ſame price as at St. Andrews, only the ſeſſion is but from the 1ſt of November to the 1ſt of April. The academical buildings ſeem rather to advance than decline. They ſhewed their libraries, which were not very ſplendid, but ſome manuſcripts were ſo exquiſitely penned that I wiſhed my dear miſtreſs to have ſeen them. I had an unexpected pleaſure, by finding an old acquaintance now

now profeſſor of phyſick in the King's College: we were on both ſides glad of the interview, having not ſeen nor perhaps thought on one another for many years; but we had no emulation, nor had either of us riſen to the other's envy, and our old kindneſs was eaſily renewed. I hope we ſhall never try the effect of ſo long an abſence, and that I ſhall always be, Madam,

Your, *&c.*

LETTER LXXVI.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Inverneſs, Aug. 28, 1773.

AUGUST 23d, I had the honour of attending the Lord Provoſt of Aberdeen, and was preſented with the freedom of the city, not in a gold box, but in good Latin. Let me pay Scotland one juſt praiſe! there was no officer gaping for a fee; this could have been ſaid of no city on the Engliſh ſide of the Tweed. I wore my patent of freedom *pro more* in my hat, from the new town to the old, about a mile. I then dined with my friend the profeſſor of phyſick at his houſe,

throughout England nothing is done for nothing. Stop a moment to look at the ruſticks mowing a field, and they will preſently quit their work to come to you, and aſk ſomething to drink.

and ſaw the King's College. Boſwell was very angry that the Aberdeen profeſſors would not talk. When I was at the Engliſh church in Aberdeen I happened to be eſpied by Lady Di. Middleton, whom I had ſometime ſeen in London; ſhe told what ſhe had ſeen to Mr. Boyd, Lord Errol's brother, who wrote us an invitation to Lord Errol's houſe, called Slanes Caſtle. We went thither on the next day (24th of Auguſt), and found a houſe, not old, except but one tower, built upon the margin of the ſea upon a rock, ſcarce acceſſible from the ſea; at one corner a tower makes a perpendicular continuation of the lateral ſurface of the rock, ſo that it is impracticable to walk round; the houſe incloſed a ſquare court, and on all ſides within the court is a piazza or gallery two ſtories high. We came in as we were invited to dinner, and after dinner offered to go; but Lady Errol ſent us word by Mr. Boyd, that if we went before Lord Errol came home we muſt never be forgiven, and ordered out the coach to ſhew us two curioſities. We were firſt conducted by Mr. Boyd to Dunbuys, or the yellow rock. Dunbuys is a rock conſiſting of two protuberances, each perhaps one hundred yards round, joined together by a narrow neck, and ſeparated from the land by a very narrow

narrow channel or gully. Theſe rocks are the haunts of ſea-fowl, whoſe clang, though this is not their ſeaſon, we heard at a diſtance. The eggs and the young are gathered here in great numbers at the time of breeding. There is a bird here called a coote, which though not much bigger than a duck lays a larger egg than a gooſe. We went then to ſee the Buller or Boulloir of Buchan: Buchan is the name of the diſtrict, and the Buller is a ſmall creek or gulf into which the ſea flows through an arch of the rock. We walked round it, and ſaw it black at a great depth. It has its name from the violent ebullition of the water, when high winds or high tides drive it up the arch into the baſon. Walking a little further I ſpied ſome boats, and told my companions that we would go into the Buller and examine it. There was no danger; all was calm; we went through the arch, and found ourſelves in a narrow gulf ſurrounded by craggy rocks, of height not ſtupendous, but to a Mediterranean viſitor uncommon. On each ſide was a cave, of which the fiſhermen knew not the extent, in which ſmugglers hide their goods, and ſometimes parties of pleaſure take a dinner.

I am, *&c.*

*** I think I grow better.

LETTER LXXVII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAREST MADAM, Skie, Sept. 6, 1773.

I AM now looking on the ſea from a houſe of Sir Alexander Macdonald in the iſle of Skie. Little did I once think of ſeeing this region of obſcurity, and little did you once expect a ſalutation from this verge of European life. I have now the pleaſure of going where nobody goes, and ſeeing what nobody ſees. Our deſign is to viſit ſeveral of the ſmaller iſlands, and then paſs over to the ſouth weſt of Scotland.

That is, of ſeeing what is not worth the trouble of twenty ſcamps.

I returned from the ſight of Buller's Buchan to Lord Errol's, and, having ſeen his library, had for a time only to look upon the ſea, which rolled between us and Norway. Next morning, Auguſt 25th, we continued our journey through a country not uncultivated, but ſo denuded of its woods, that in all this journey I had not travelled an hundred yards between hedges, or ſeen five trees fit for the carpenter. A few ſmall plantations may be found,

found, but I believe ſcarcely any thirty years old; at leaſt, as I do not forget to tell, they are all poſteriour to the Union. This day we dined with a country gentleman, who has in his grounds the remains of a Druid's temple, which when it is complete is nothing more than a circle or double circle of ſtones, placed at equal diſtances, with a flat ſtone, perhaps an altar, at a certain point, and a ſtone taller than the reſt at the oppoſite point. The tall ſtone is erected I think at the ſouth. Of theſe circles there are many in all the unfrequented parts of the iſland. The inhabitants of theſe parts reſpect them as memorials of the ſepulture of ſome illuſtrious perſon. Here I ſaw a few trees. We lay at Bamff.

to vex the poor Scotch out of mere maligning. Johnson was a real true-born Englishman. He hated the Scotch, the French, the Dutch, the Hanoverians, and had the greatest contempt for all other European nations: such were his early prejudices, which he never attempted to conquer.

Auguſt 26th, We dined at Elgin, where we ſaw the ruins of a noble cathedral; the chapter-houſe is yet ſtanding. A great part of Elgin is built with ſmall piazzas to the lower ſtory. We went on to Foris, over the heath where Macbeth met the witches, but had no adventure; only in the way we ſaw for the firſt time ſome houſes with fruit-trees about them. The improvements of the Scotch are for immediate profit, they do not yet think it quite worth their while to plant what will not

apples, I suppose, and those not very good.

not produce ſomething to be eaten or ſold in a very little time. We reſted at Foris.

A very great proportion of the people are barefoot, and if one may judge by the reſt of the dreſs, to ſend out boys without ſhoes into the ſtreets or ways; there are however more beggars than I have ever ſeen in England, they beg, if not ſilently, yet very modeſtly.

Next day we came to Nairn, a miſerable town, but a royal burgh, of which the chief annual magiſtrate is ſtyled Lord Provoſt. In the neighbourhood we ſaw the caſtle of the old Thane of Cawdor. There is one ancient tower with its battlements and winding ſtairs yet remaining; the reſt of the houſe is, though not modern, of later erection.

On the 28th, we went to Fort George, which is accounted the moſt regular fortification in the iſland. The major of artillery walked with us round the walls, and ſhewed us the prinicples upon which every part was conſtructed, and the way in which it could be defended. We dined with the governor Sir Eyre Coote and his officers. It was a very pleaſant and inſtructive day, but nothing puts my honoured Miſtreſs out of my mind.

At

At night we came to Inverneſs, the laſt conſiderable town in the north, where we ſtaid all the next day, for it was Sunday, and ſaw the ruins of what is called Macbeth's caſtle. It never was a large houſe, but was ſtrongly ſituated. From Inverneſs we were to travel on horſeback.

Auguſt 30th, we ſet out with four horſes. We had two Highlanders to run by us, who were active, officious, civil, and hardy. Our journey was for many miles along a military way made upon the banks of Lough Neſs, a water about eighteen miles long, but not I think half a mile broad. Our horſes were not bad, and the way was very pleaſant; the rock out of which the road was cut was covered with birch trees, fern, and heath. The lake below was beating its bank by a gentle wind, and the rocks beyond the water on the right ſtood ſometimes horrid and wild, and ſometimes opened into a kind of bay, in which there was a ſpot of cultivated ground yellow with corn. In one part of the way we had trees on both ſides for perhaps half a mile.—Such a length of ſhade perhaps Scotland cannot ſhew in any other place.

You

You are not to ſuppoſe that here are to be any more towns or inns. We came to a cottage which they call the general's hut, where we alighted to dine, and had eggs and bacon, and mutton, with wine, rum, and whiſkey. I had water.

At a bridge over the river, which runs into the Neſs, the rocks riſe on three ſides, with a direction almoſt perpendicular, to a great height; they are in part covered with trees, and exhibit a kind of dreadful magnificence;—ſtanding like the barriers of nature placed to keep different orders of being in perpetual ſeparation. Near this bridge is the Fall of Fiers, a famous cataract, of which, by clambering over the rocks, we obtained a view. The water was low, and therefore we had only the pleaſure of knowing that rain would make it at once pleaſing and formidable; there will then be a mighty flood, foaming along a rocky channel, frequently obſtructed by protuberances and exaſperated by reverberation, at laſt precipitated with a ſudden deſcent, and loſt in the depth of a gloomy chaſm.

We came ſomewhat late to Fort Auguſtus, where the lieutenant governor met us beyond the

the gates, and apologiſed that at that hour he could not, by the rules of a garriſon, admit us otherwiſe than at a narrow door which only one can enter at a time. We were well entertained and well lodged, and next morning, after having viewed the fort, we purſued our journey.

Our way now lay over the mountains, which are not to be paſſed by climbing them directly, but by traverſing, ſo that as we went forward we ſaw our baggage following us below in a direction exactly contrary. There is in theſe ways much labour but little danger, and perhaps other places of which very terrifick repreſentations are made are not in themſelves more formidable. Theſe roads have all been made by hewing the rock away with pickaxes, or burſting it with gunpowder. The ſtones ſo ſeparated are often piled looſe as a wall by the way-ſide. We ſaw an inſcription importing the year in which one of the regiments made two thouſand yards of the road eaſtward.

After tedious travel of ſome hours we came to what I believe we muſt call a village, a place where there were three huts built of turf, at one of which we were to have our dinner

dinner and our bed, for we could not reach any better place that night. This place is called Enock in Glenmorriſon. The houſe in which we lodged was diſtinguiſhed by a chimney, the reſt had only a hole for the ſmoke. Here we had eggs, and mutton, and a chicken, and a ſauſage, and rum. In the afternoon tea was made by a very decent girl in a printed linen; ſhe engaged me ſo much, that I made her a preſent of Cocker's arithmetick.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER LXXVIII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAREST MADAM, Skie, Sept. 14, 1773.

THE poſt, which comes but once a week into theſe parts, is ſo ſoon to go that I have not time to go on where I left off in my laſt letter. I have been ſeveral days in the iſland of Raarſa, and am now again in the iſle of Skie, but at the other end of it.

Skie is almoſt equally divided between the two great families of Macdonald and Macleod, other

other proprietors having only ſmall diſtricts. The two great lords do not know within twenty ſquare miles the contents of their own territories.

Sir Alexander Macdonald

——— kept up but ill the reputation of Highland hoſpitality; we are now with Macleod, quite at the other end of the iſland, where there is a fine young gentleman and fine ladies. The ladies are ſtudying Earſe. I have a cold, and am miſerably deaf, and am troubleſome to Lady Macleod; I force her to ſpeak loud, but ſhe will ſeldom ſpeak loud enough.

Raarſa is an iſland about fifteen miles long and two broad, under the dominion of one gentleman who has three ſons and ten daughters; the eldeſt is the beauty of this part of the world, and has been poliſhed at Edinburgh: they ſing and dance, and without expence have upon their table moſt of what ſea, air, or earth can afford. I intended to have written about Raarſa, but the poſt will not wait longer than while I ſend my compliments to my dear maſter and little miſtreſſes.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER LXXIX.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAREST MADAM, Skie, Sept. 21, 1773.

I AM ſo vexed at the neceſſity of ſending yeſterday ſo ſhort a letter, that I purpoſe to get a long letter beforehand by writing ſomething every day, which I may the more eaſily do, as a cold makes me now too deaf to take the uſual pleaſure in converſation. Lady Macleod is very good to me, and the place at which we now are, is equal in ſtrength of ſituation, in the wildneſs of the adjacent country, and in the plenty and elegance of the domeſtick entertainment, to a caſtle in Gothick romances. The ſea with a little iſland is before us; caſcades play within view. Cloſe to the houſe is the formidable ſkeleton of an old caſtle probably Daniſh, and the whole maſs of building ſtands upon a protuberance of rock, inacceſſible till of late but by a pair of ſtairs on the ſea ſide, and ſecure in ancient times againſt any enemy that was likely to invade the kingdom of Skie.

Macleod

Macleod has offered me an iſland; if it were not too far off I ſhould hardly refuſe it: my iſland would be pleaſanter than Brighthelmſtone, if you and my maſter could come to it; but I cannot think it pleaſant to live quite alone.

Had it been nearer it would not have been offered.

Oblituſque meorum, obliviſcendus et illis.

That I ſhould be elated by the dominion of an iſland to forgetfulneſs of my friends at Streatham I cannot believe, and I hope never to deſerve that they ſhould be willing to forget me.

It has happened that I have been often recogniſed in my journey where I did not expect it. At Aberdeen I found one of my acquaintance profeſſor of phyſick; turning aſide to dine with a country gentleman, I was owned at table by one who had ſeen me at a philoſophical lecture; at Macdonald's I was claimed by a naturaliſt, who wanders about the iſlands to pick up curioſities; and I had once in London attracted the notice of Lady Macleod. I will now go on with my account.

The Highland girl made tea, and looked and talked not inelegantly; her father was by no means an ignorant or a weak man; there

were books in the cottage, among which were ſome volumes of Prideaux's Connection: this man's converſation we were glad of while we ſtaid. He had been *out*, as they call it, in forty-five, and ſtill retained his old opinions. He was going to America, becauſe his rent was raiſed beyond what he thought himſelf able to pay.

Meaning with the Pretender in 1745.

At night our beds were made, but we had ſome difficulty in perſuading ourſelves to lie down in them, though we had put on our own ſheets; at laſt we ventured, and I ſlept very ſoundly in the vale of Glenmorriſon, amidſt the rocks and mountains. Next morning our landlord liked us ſo well, that he walked ſome miles with us for our company, through a country ſo wild and barren that the proprietor does not, with all his preſſure upon his tenants, raiſe more than four hundred pounds a-year for near one hundred ſquare miles, or ſixty thouſand acres. He let us know that he had forty head of black cattle, an hundred goats, and an hundred ſheep, upon a farm that he remembered let at five pounds a-year, but for which he now paid twenty. He told us ſome ſtories of their march into England. At laſt he left us,

The march of the Scots with the Pretender.

and

and we went forward, winding among mountains, ſometimes green and ſometimes naked, commonly ſo ſteep as not eaſily to be climbed by the greateſt vigour and activity: our way was often croſſed by little rivulets, and we were entertained with ſmall ſtreams trickling from the rocks, which after heavy rains muſt be tremendous torrents.

About noon we came to a ſmall glen, ſo they call a valley, which compared with other places appeared rich and fertile; here our guides deſired us to ſtop, that the horſes might graze, for the journey was very laborious, and no more graſs would be found. We made no difficulty of compliance, and I ſat down to take notes on a green bank, with a ſmall ſtream running at my feet, in the midſt of ſavage ſolitude, with mountains before me, and on either hand covered with heath. I looked around me, and wondered that I was not more affected, but the mind is not at all times equally ready to be put in motion; if my miſtreſs and maſter and Queeney had been there, we ſhould have produced ſome reflections among us, either poetical or philoſophical, for though *ſolitude be the nurſe of woe*, converſation is often the parent of remarks and diſcoveries.

In about an hour we remounted, and purſued our journey. The lake by which we had travelled for ſome time ended in a river, which we paſſed by a bridge, and came to another glen, with a collection of huts, called Auknaſhealds; the huts were generally built of clods of earth, held together by the intertexture of vegetable fibres, of which earth there are great levels in Scotland which they call moſſes. Moſs in Scotland is bog in Ireland, and moſs-trooper is bog-trotter: there was, however, one hut built of looſe ſtones, piled up with great thickneſs into a ſtrong though not ſolid wall. From this houſe we obtained ſome great pails of milk, and having brought bread with us, were very liberally regaled. The inhabitants, a very coarſe tribe, ignorant of any language but Earſe, gathered ſo faſt about us, that if we had not had Highlanders with us, they might have cauſed more alarm than pleaſure; they are called the Clan of Macrae.

We had been told that nothing gratified the Highlanders ſo much as ſnuff and tobacco, and had accordingly ſtored ourſelves with both at Fort Auguſtus. Boſwell opened his treaſure, and gave them each a piece of tobacco roll.

roll. We had more bread than we could eat for the preſent, and were more liberal than provident. Boſwell cut it in ſlices, and gave them an opportunity of taſting wheaten bread for the firſt time. I then got ſome halfpence for a ſhilling, and made up the deficiencies of Boſwell's diſtribution, who had given ſome money among the children. We then directed that the miſtreſs of the ſtone houſe ſhould be aſked what we muſt pay her: ſhe, who perhaps had never before ſold any thing but cattle, knew not, I believe, well what to aſk, and referred herſelf to us: we obliged her to make ſome demand, and one of the Highlanders ſettled the account with her at a ſhilling. One of the men adviſed her, with the cunning that clowns never can be without, to aſk more; but ſhe ſaid that a ſhilling was enough. We gave her half a crown, and ſhe offered part of it again. The Macraes were ſo well pleaſed with our behaviour, that they declared it the beſt day they had ſeen ſince the time of the old Laird of Macleod, who, I ſuppoſe, like us, ſtopped in their valley, as he was travelling to Skie.

We were mentioning this view of the Highlander's life at Macdonald's, and mentioning

the Macraes with ſome degree of pity, when a Highland lady informed us that we might ſpare our tenderneſs, for ſhe doubted not but the woman who ſupplied us with milk was miſtreſs of thirteen or fourteen milch cows.

I cannot forbear to interrupt my narrative. Boſwell, with ſome of his troubleſome kindneſs, has informed this family and reminded me that the 18th of September is my birth-day. The return of my birth-day, if I remember it, fills me with thoughts which it ſeems to be the general care of humanity to eſcape. I can now look back upon threeſcore and four years, in which little has been done, and little has been enjoyed; a life diverſified by miſery, ſpent part in the ſluggiſhneſs of penury, and part under the violence of pain, in gloomy diſcontent or importunate diſtreſs. But perhaps I am better than I ſhould have been if I had been leſs afflicted. With this I will try to be content.

Poor Johnſon! all this was too true.

In proportion as there is leſs pleaſure in retroſpective conſiderations, the mind is more diſpoſed to wander forward into futurity; but at ſixty-four what promiſes, however liberal, of imaginary good can futurity venture to make? yet ſomething will be always promiſed, and

and ſome promiſes will always be credited. I am hoping and I am praying that I may live better in the time to come, whether long or ſhort, than I have yet lived, and in the ſolace of that hope endeavour to repoſe. Dear Queeney's day is next, I hope ſhe at ſixty-four will have leſs to regret.

He means little more, than that he shall pray more, and go oftener to church.

I will now complain no more, but tell my miſtreſs of my travels.

After we left the Macraes we travelled on through a country like that which we paſſed in the morning. The Highlands are very uniform, for there is little variety in univerſal barrenneſs; the rocks, however, are not all naked, ſome have graſs on their ſides, and birches and alders on their tops, and in the vallies are often broad and clear ſtreams, which have little depth, and commonly run very quick: the channels are made by the violence of the wintry floods; the quickneſs of the ſtream is in proportion to the declivity of the deſcent, and the breadth of the channel makes the water ſhallow in a dry ſeaſon.

There are red deer and roebucks in the mountains, but we found only goats in the road, and had very little entertainment as we

travelled either for the eye or ear. There are, I fancy, no ſinging birds in the Highlands.

a comfortable region! yet the Scotch are vaſtly proud of their country.

Towards night we came to a very formidable hill called Rattiken, which we climbed with more difficulty than we had yet experienced, and at laſt came to Glanelg, a place on the ſea-ſide oppoſite to Skie. We were by this time weary and diſguſted, nor was our humour much mended by our inn, which, though it was built of lime and ſlate, the Highlander's deſcription of a houſe which he thinks magnificent, had neither wine, bread, eggs, nor any thing that we could eat or drink. When we were taken up ſtairs, a dirty fellow bounced out of the bed where one of us was to lie. Boſwell bluſtered, but nothing could be got. At laſt a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who heard of our arrival, ſent us rum and white ſugar. Boſwell was now provided for in part, and the landlord prepared ſome mutton chops, which we could not eat, and killed two hens, of which Boſwell made his ſervant broil a limb, with what effect I know not. We had a lemon and a piece of bread, which ſupplied me with my ſupper. When the repaſt was ended, we began to deliberate upon bed; Mrs. Boſwell had warned

us

us that we ſhould *catch ſomething*, and had given us *ſheets* for our *ſecurity*, for ——— and ———, ſhe ſaid, came back from Skie, ſo ſcratching themſelves. I thought ſheets a ſlender defence againſt the confederacy with which we were threatened, and by this time our Highlanders had found a place where they could get ſome hay: I ordered hay to be laid thick upon the bed, and ſlept upon it in my great coat: Boſwell laid ſheets upon his bed, and repoſed in linen like a gentleman. The horſes were turned out to graſs, with a man to watch them. The hill Rattiken and the inn at Glanelg were the only things of which we, or travellers yet more delicate, could find any pretenſions to complain.

that is, the itch.
Macdonald.
Macleod.
the itch and the lice.

Sept. 2d, I roſe ruſtling from the hay, and went to tea, which I forget whether we found or brought. We ſaw the iſle of Skie before us, darkening the horizon with its rocky coaſt. A boat was procured, and we launched into one of the ſtraits of the Atlantick ocean. We had a paſſage of about twelve miles to the point where ——— reſided, having come from his ſeat in the middle of the iſland to a ſmall houſe on the ſhore, as we believe, that he might with leſs reproach entertain us meanly. If

Sir Alexander Macdonald.
As Sir Alexander knew, that Johnſon was no friend to the Scottiſh Nation, I wonder he was ſuch a fool to entertain them at all. Had he done ſo, he would have eſcaped Johnſon, and Boſwell's cenſure, and gotten the reputation of a man of ſpirit into the bargain.

If he aſpired to meanneſs, his retrograde ambition was completely gratified, but he did not ſucceed equally in eſcaping reproach. He had no cook, nor I ſuppoſe much proviſion, nor had the Lady the common decencies of her tea-table: we picked up our ſugar with our fingers. Boſwell was very angry, and reproached him with his improper parſimony; I did not much reflect upon the conduct of a man with whom I was not likely to converſe as long at any other time.

You will now expect that I ſhould give you ſome account of the iſle of Skie, of which, though I have been twelve days upon it, I have little to ſay. It is an iſland perhaps fifty miles long, ſo much indented by inlets of the ſea that there is no part of it removed from the water more than ſix miles. No part that I have ſeen is plain; you are always climbing or deſcending, and every ſtep is upon rock or mire. A walk upon ploughed ground in England is a dance upon carpets compared to the toilſome drudgery of wandering in Skie. There is neither town nor village in the iſland, nor have I ſeen any houſe but Macleod's, that is not much below your habitation at Brighthelmſtone. In the mountains there

are ſtags and roebucks, but no hares, and few rabbits; nor have I ſeen any thing that intereſted me as a zoologiſt, except an otter, bigger than I thought an otter could have been.

You are perhaps imagining that I am withdrawn from the gay and the buſy world into regions of peace and paſtoral felicity, and am enjoying the reliques of the golden age; that I am ſurveying nature's magnificence from a mountain, or remarking her minuter beauties on the flowery bank of a winding rivulet; that I am invigorating myſelf in the ſunſhine, or delighting my imagination with being hidden from the invaſion of human evils and human paſſions in the darkneſs of a thicket; that I am buſy in gathering ſhells and pebbles on the ſhore, or contemplative on a rock, from which I look upon the water, and conſider how many waves are rolling between me and Streatham.

The uſe of travelling is to regulate imagination by reality, and inſtead of thinking how things may be, to ſee them as they are. Here are mountains which I ſhould once have climbed, but to climb ſteeps is now very laborious, and to deſcend them dangerous; and I am now content with knowing, that by ſcrambling

ſcrambling up a rock, I ſhall only ſee other rocks, and a wider circuit of barren deſolation. Of ſtreams, we have here a ſufficient number, but they murmur not upon pebbles, but upon rocks. Of flowers, if Chloris herſelf were here, I could preſent her only with the bloom of heath. Of lawns and thickets, he muſt read that would know them, for here is little ſun and no ſhade. On the ſea I look from my window, but am not much tempted to the ſhore; for ſince I came to this iſland, almoſt every breath of air has been a ſtorm, and what is worſe, a ſtorm with all its ſeverity, but without its magnificence, for the ſea is here ſo broken into channels that there is not a ſufficient volume of water either for lofty ſurges or a loud roar.

No flowers, no fruits, no ſinging-birds. A pretty country, upon my word! Yet the Scotch are proud of their country.

Sir Al. Macdonald's houſe.

On Sept. 6th, we left ——— to viſit Raarſa, the iſland which I have already mentioned. We were to croſs part of Skie on horſeback; a mode of travelling very uncomfortable, for the road is ſo narrow, where any road can be found, that only one can go, and ſo craggy that the attention can never be remitted; it allows, therefore, neither the gaiety of converſation, nor the laxity of ſolitude; nor has it in itſelf the amuſement of much variety, as

it

it affords only all the poſſible tranſpoſitions of bog, rock, and rivulet. Twelve miles, by computation, make a reaſonable journey for a day.

At night we came to a tenant's houſe, of the firſt rank of tenants, where we were entertained better than at the landlord's. There were books both Engliſh and Latin. Company gathered about us, and we heard ſome talk of the ſecond ſight, and ſome talk of the events of forty-five; a year which will not ſoon be forgotten among the iſlanders. The next day we were confined by a ſtorm. The company, I think, encreaſed, and our entertainment was not only hoſpitable but elegant. At night, a miniſter's ſiſter, in very fine brocade, ſung Earſe ſongs; I wiſhed to know the meaning, but the Highlanders are not much uſed to ſcholaſtick queſtions, and no tranſlations could be obtained.

Next day, Sept. 8th, the weather allowed us to depart; a good boat was provided us, and we went to Raarſa under the conduct of Mr. Malcolm Macleod, a gentleman who conducted Prince Charles through the mountains in his diſtreſſes. The Prince, he ſays, was more active than himſelf; they were, at leaſt, one night without any ſhelter.

which would have made me mad to hear: but Dr. Johnson was much inclined to believe ſecond ſight, becauſe he thought it poſſible, and could not perſuade himſelf that the Scotch would lie for nothing at all: nor could he conceive, that in all forlorn Countries people are much inclined to dream with their eyes wide open. Not only the Laplanders and the Samoyedes have notions fully equivalent to the ſecond ſight of the Scotch, but even the Savoyards and the Biſcayans, though natives of countries not quite ſo forlorn as moſt parts of Scotland.

The wind blew enough to give the boat a kind of dancing agitation, and in about three or four hours we arrived at Raarſa, where we were met by the Laird and his friends upon the ſhore. Raarſa, for ſuch is his title, is maſter of two iſlands; upon the ſmaller of which, called Rona, he has only flocks and herds. Rona gives title to his eldeſt ſon. The money which he raiſes annually by rent from all his dominions, which contain at leaſt fifty thouſand acres, is not believed to exceed two hundred and fifty pounds; but as he keeps a large farm in his own hands, he ſells every year great numbers of cattle, which add to his revenue, and his table is furniſhed from the farm and from the ſea, with very little expence, except for thoſe things this country does not produce, and of thoſe he is very liberal. The wine circulates vigorouſly, and the tea, chocolate, and coffee, however they are got, are always at hand.

about ten pence an acre. What a glorious Country! yet the Man who burnt with impatience to go and ſee it, as you will find in one of the following letters, did not think Paris worth ſeeing a ſecond time, though he had ſeen next to nothing of it during the few days he had been there.

I am, &c.

We are this morning trying to get out of Skie.

Bare Pigures in this instance more accurate specimens of his knowledge of figures - The value of Acre was not quite 5 farthings but he perhaps dreamd with Shakespear the science of arithmetic an ungentlemanly attainment. R. H.

LETTER LXXX.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Skie, Sept. 24, 1773.

I AM ſtill in Skie. Do you remember the ſong?

Ev'ry iſland is a priſon,
Strongly guarded by the ſea.

We have at one time no boat, and at another may have too much wind; but of our reception here we have no reaſon to complain. We are now with Colonel Macleod, in a more pleaſant place than I thought Skie could afford. Now to the narrative.

We were received at Raarſa on the ſea-ſide, and after clambering with ſome difficulty over the rocks, a labour which the traveller, wherever he repoſes himſelf on land, muſt in theſe iſlands be contented to endure; we were introduced into the houſe, which one of the company called the Court of Raarſa, with politeneſs which not the Court of Verſailles could

could have thought defective. The houſe is not large, though we were told in our paſſage that it had eleven fine rooms, nor magnificently furniſhed, but our utenſils were moſt commonly ſilver. We went up into a dining room, about as large as your blue room, where we had ſomething given us to eat, and tea and coffee.

Raarſa himſelf is a man of no inelegant appearance, and of manners uncommonly refined. Lady Raarſa makes no very ſublime appearance for a ſovereign, but is a good houſewife, and a very prudent and diligent conductreſs of her family. Miſs Flora Macleod is a celebrated beauty; has been admired at Edinburgh; dreſſes her head very high; and has manners ſo lady like, that I wiſh her head-dreſs was lower. The reſt of the nine girls are all pretty; the youngeſt is between Queeney and Lucy. The youngeſt boy, of four years old, runs barefoot, and wandered with us over the rocks to ſee a mill. I believe he would walk on that rough ground without ſhoes ten miles in a day.

The Laird of Raarſa has ſometimes diſputed the chieftainry of the clan with Macleod of Skie, but being much inferior in extent of poſſeſſions, has,

has, I ſuppoſe, been forced to deſiſt. Raarſa and its provinces have deſcended to its preſent poſſeſſor through a ſucceſſion of four hundred years, without any increaſe or diminution. It was indeed lately in danger of forfeiture, but the old Laird joined ſome prudence with his zeal, and when Prince Charles landed in Scotland, made over his eſtate to his ſon, the preſent Laird, and led one hundred men of Raarſa into the field, with officers of his own family. Eighty-ſix only came back after the laſt battle. The Prince was hidden, in his diſtreſs, two nights at Raarſa, and the king's troops burnt the whole country, and killed ſome of the cattle.

You may gueſs at the opinions that prevail in this country; they are, however, content with fighting for their king; they do not drink for him. We had no fooliſh healths. At night, unexpectedly to us who were ſtrangers, the carpet was taken up; the fiddler of the family came up, and a very vigorous and general dance was begun. As I told you, we were two-and-thirty at ſupper; there were full as many dancers; for though all who ſupped did not dance, ſome danced of the young people who did not ſup. Raarſa himſelf danced with his children, and

This word is not in Johnson's Dictionary.

old Malcolm, in his filibeg, was as nimble as when he led the Prince over the mountains. When they had danced themſelves weary, two tables were ſpread, and I ſuppoſe at leaſt twenty diſhes were upon them. In this country ſome preparations of milk are always ſerved up at ſupper, and ſometimes in the place of tarts at dinner. The table was not coarſely heaped, but at once plentiful and elegant. They do not pretend to make a loaf; there are only cakes, commonly of oats or barley, but they made me very nice cakes of wheat flour. I always ſat at the left hand of Lady Raarſa, and young Macleod of Skie, the chieftain of the clan, ſat on the right.

After ſupper a young lady, who was viſiting, ſung Earſe ſongs, in which Lady Raarſa joined prettily enough, but not gracefully; the young ladies ſuſtained the chorus better. They are very little uſed to be aſked queſtions, and not well prepared with anſwers. When one of the ſongs was over, I aſked the princeſs that ſat next me, *What is that about?* I queſtion if ſhe conceived that I did not underſtand it. For the entertainment of the company, ſaid ſhe. But, Madam, what is the meaning of it? It is a love ſong. This was all the intelligence

telligence that I could obtain; nor have I been able to procure the tranſlation of a ſingle line of Earſe.

At twelve it was bed time. I had a chamber to myſelf, which, in eleven rooms to forty people, was more than my ſhare. How the company and the family were diſtributed is not eaſy to tell. Macleod the chieftain, and Boſwell, and I, had all ſingle chambers on the firſt floor. There remained eight rooms only for at leaſt ſeven-and-thirty lodgers. I ſuppoſe they put up temporary beds in the dining room, where they ſtowed all the young ladies. There was a room above ſtairs with ſix beds, in which they put ten men. The reſt in my next.

LETTER LXXXI.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAREST MADAM, Oſtich in Skie, Sept. 30, 1773.

I AM ſtill confined in Skie. We were unſkilful travellers, and imagined that the ſea was an open road which we could paſs at pleaſure; but we have now learned with ſome pain, that we may ſtill wait for a long time the caprices of the equinoctial winds, and ſit reading or writing as I now do, while the tempeſt is rolling the ſea, or roaring in the mountains. I am now no longer pleaſed with the delay; you can hear from me but ſeldom, and I cannot at all hear from you. It comes into my mind that ſome evil may happen, or that I might be of uſe while I am away. But theſe thoughts are vain; the wind is violent and adverſe, and our boat cannot yet come. I muſt content myſelf with writing to you, and hoping that you will ſometime receive my letter. Now to my narrative.

Sept.

Sept. 9th, Having paſſed the night as is uſual, I roſe, and found the dining room full of company; we feaſted and talked, and when the evening came it brought muſick and dancing. Young Macleod, the great proprietor of Skie and head of his clan, was very diſtinguiſhable; a young man of nineteen; bred a while at St. Andrews, and afterwards at Oxford; a pupil of G. Strahan. He is a young man of a mind as much advanced as I have ever known; very elegant of manners, and very graceful in his perſon. He has the full ſpirit of a feudal chief; and I was very ready to accept his invitation to Dunvegan. All Raarſa's children are beautiful. The ladies all, except the eldeſt, are in the morning dreſſed in their hair. The true Highlander never wears more than a riband on her head till ſhe is married.

On the third day Boſwell went out with old Malcolm to ſee a ruined caſtle, which he found leſs entire than was promiſed, but he ſaw the country. I did not go, for the caſtle was perhaps ten miles off, and there is no riding at Raarſa, the whole iſland being rock or mountain, from which the cattle often fall and are deſtroyed. It is very barren, and maintains, as near as I could collect, about ſeven

hundred inhabitants, perhaps ten to a ſquare mile. In theſe countries you are not to ſuppoſe that you ſhall find villages or incloſures. The traveller wanders through a naked deſart, gratified ſometimes, but rarely, with the ſight of cows, and now and then finds a heap of looſe ſtones and turf in a cavity between rocks, where a being born with all thoſe powers which education expands, and all thoſe ſenſations which culture refines, is condemned to ſhelter itſelf from the wind and rain. Philoſophers there are who try to make themſelves believe that this life is happy, but they believe it only while they are ſaying it, and never yet produced conviction in a ſingle mind; he, whom want of words or images ſunk into ſilence, ſtill thought, as he thought before, that privation of pleaſure can never pleaſe, and that content is not to be much envied, when it has no other principle than ignorance of good.

This gloomy tranquillity, which ſome may call fortitude, and others wiſdom, was, I believe, for a long time to be very frequently found in theſe dens of poverty: every man was content to live like his neighbours, and never wandering from home, ſaw no mode of

of life preferable to his own, except at the houſe of the laird, or the laird's neareſt relations, whom he conſidered as a ſuperior order of beings, to whoſe luxuries or honours he had no pretenſions. But the end of this reverence and ſubmiſſion ſeems now approaching; the Highlanders have learned that there are countries leſs bleak and barren than their own, where, inſtead of working for the laird, every man may till his own ground, and eat the produce of his own labour. Great numbers have been induced by this diſcovery to go every year for ſome time paſt to America. Macdonald and Macleod of Skie have loſt many tenants and many labourers, but Raarſa has not yet been forſaken by a ſingle inhabitant.

Rona is yet more rocky and barren than Raarſa, and though it contains perhaps four thouſand acres, is poſſeſſed only by a herd of cattle and the keepers.

I find myſelf not very able to walk upon the mountains, but one day I went out to ſee the walls yet ſtanding of an ancient chapel. In almoſt every iſland the ſuperſtitious votaries of the Romiſh church erected places of worſhip, in which the drones of convents or cathedrals

This is ſaid in a ſatirical ſtrain. Johnſon did not love the Papiſts, but, hated the Puritans or Preſbiterians, as they call themſelves.

performed the holy offices, but by the active zeal of Proteſtant devotion, almoſt all of them have ſunk into ruin. The chapel at Raarſa is now only conſidered as the burying-place of the family, and I ſuppoſe of the whole iſland.

We would now have gone away and left room for others to enjoy the pleaſures of this little court, but the wind detained us till the 12th, when, though it was Sunday, we thought it proper to ſnatch the opportunity of a calm day. Raarſa accompanied us in his ſix oared boat, which he ſaid was his coach and ſix. It is indeed the vehicle in which the ladies take the air and pay their viſits, but they have taken very little care for accommodations. There is no way in or out of the boat for a woman, but by being carried; and in the boat thus dignified with a pompous name, there is no ſeat but an occaſional bundle of ſtraw. Thus we left Raarſa; the ſeat of plenty, civility, and cheerfulneſs.

We dined at a publick houſe at Port Re; ſo called becauſe one of the Scottiſh kings landed there, in a progreſs through the weſtern iſles. Raarſa paid the reckoning privately. We then got on horſeback, and by a ſhort but very tedious journey came to Kingſburgh,

at

at which the ſame king lodged after he landed. Here I had the honour of ſaluting the far famed Miſs Flora Macdonald, who conducted the Prince, dreſſed as her maid, through the Engliſh forces from the iſland of Lewes; and, when ſhe came to Skie, dined with the Engliſh officers, and left her maid below. She muſt then have been a very young lady; ſhe is now not old; of a pleaſing perſon, and elegant behaviour. She told me that ſhe thought herſelf honoured by my viſit; and I am ſure that whatever regard ſhe beſtowed on me was liberally repaid. "If thou likeſt her opinions, "thou wilt praiſe her virtue." She was carried to London, but diſmiſſed without a trial, and came down with Malcolm Macleod, againſt whom ſufficient evidence could not be procured. She and her huſband are poor, and are going to try their fortune in America.

the Pretender but lately dead at Rome.

Johnſon has long been a Jacobite.

That raſcally Pretender, who owed his life to her, never took the leaſt notice of her after his eſcape to the Continent. Take example ye Fools, that riſk your life in the ſervice of Princes.

Sic rerum volvitur orbis.

At Kingſburgh we were very liberally feaſted, and I ſlept in the bed on which the Prince repoſed in his diſtreſs; the ſheets which he uſed were never put to any meaner offices, but were wrapped up by the lady of the houſe, and at laſt, according to her deſire, were laid round her in her grave. Theſe are not Whigs.

No: They are Fools, which is worſe ſtill. But Johnſon did not ſee that.

On

On the 13th, travelling partly on horſe-back where we could not row, and partly on foot where we could not ride, we came to Dunvegan, which I have deſcribed already. Here, though poor Macleod had been left by his grandfather overwhelmed with debts, we had another exhibition of feudal hoſpitality. There were two ſtags in the houſe, and veniſon came to the table every day in its various forms. Macleod, beſides his eſtate in Skie, larger I ſuppoſe than ſome Engliſh counties, is proprietor of nine inhabited iſles; and of his iſlands uninhabited I doubt if he very exactly knows the number. I told him that he was a mighty monarch. Such dominions fill an Engliſhman with envious wonder; but when he ſurveys the naked mountain, and treads the quaking moor; and wanders over the wild regions of gloomy barrenneſs, his wonder may continue, but his envy ceaſes. The unprofitableneſs of theſe vaſt domains can be conceived only by the means of poſitive inſtances. The heir of *Col*, an iſland not far diſtant, has lately told me how wealthy he ſhould be if he could let *Rum*, another of his iſlands, for twopence halfpenny an acre; and Macleod has an eſtate, which the ſurveyor reports to contain eighty thouſand

thouſand acres, rented at ſix hundred pounds a-year.

Little more than three farthings an acre. What a rich Soil!

While we were at Dunvegan, the wind was high, and the rain violent, ſo that we were not able to put forth a boat to fiſh in the ſea, or to viſit the adjacent iſlands, which may be ſeen from the houſe; but we filled up the time as we could, ſometimes by talk, ſometimes by reading. I have never wanted books in the iſle of Skie.

Two Scotch Acres again, Tons 31 1/4 an acre exactly. S.P.

We were viſited one day by the Laird and Lady of Muck, one of the weſtern iſlands, two miles long, and three quarters of a mile high. He has half his iſland in his own culture, and upon the other half live one hundred and fifty dependents, who not only live upon the product, but export corn ſufficient for the payment of their rent.

Lady Macleod has a ſon and four daughters; they have lived long in England, and have the language and manners of Engliſh ladies. We lived with them very eaſily. The hoſpitality of this remote region is like that of the golden age. We have found ourſelves treated at every houſe as if we came to confer a benefit.

We

We were eight days at Dunvegan, but we took the firſt opportunity which the weather afforded, after the firſt days, of going away, and, on the 21ſt, went to Uliniſh, where we were well entertained, and wandered a little after curioſities. In the afternoon an interval of calm ſunſhine courted us out to ſee a cave on the ſhore famous for its echo. When we went into the boat, one of our companions was aſked in Earſe, by the boatmen, who they were that came with him? He gave us characters, I ſuppoſe, to our advantage, and was aſked, in the ſpirit of the Highlands, whether I could recite a long ſeries of anceſtors? The boatmen ſaid, as I perceived afterwards, that they heard the cry of an Engliſh ghoſt. This, Boſwell ſays, diſturbed him. We came to the cave, and clambering up the rocks, came to an arch, open at one end, one hundred and eighty feet long, thirty broad in the broadeſt part, and about thirty high. There was no echo; ſuch is the fidelity of report; but I ſaw what I had never ſeen before, muſcles and whilks in their natural ſtate. There was another arch in the rock, open at both ends.

The poor beggars muſt pride themſelves upon ſome thing or other. The Highlanders pride themſelves on their long deſcent from other beggars. How ingenious the pride of man in every condition!

Sept. 23d, We removed to Taliſker, a houſe occupied by Mr. Macleod, a Lieutenant Colonel

Colonel in the Dutch ſervice. Taliſker has been long in the poſſeſſion of gentlemen, and therefore has a garden well cultivated; and, what is here very rare, is ſhaded by trees: a place where the imagination is more amuſed cannot eaſily be found. The mountains about it are of great height, with waterfalls ſucceeding one another ſo faſt, that as one ceaſes to be heard another begins. Between the mountains there is a ſmall valley extending to the ſea, which is not far off, beating upon a coaſt very difficult of acceſs.

Two nights before our arrival two boats were driven upon this coaſt by the tempeſt, one of them had a pilot that knew the paſſage, the ſecond followed, but a third miſſed the true courſe, and was driven forward with great danger of being forced into the vaſt ocean, but however gained at laſt ſome other iſland. The crews crept to Taliſker, almoſt lifeleſs with wet, cold, fatigue, and terrour, but the lady took care of them. She is a woman of more than common qualifications; having travelled with her huſband, ſhe ſpeaks four languages.

You find that all the iſlanders, even in theſe receſſes of life, are not barbarous. One of

of the miniſters who has adhered to us almoſt all the time is an excellent ſcholar. We have now with us the young Laird of *Col*, who is heir, perhaps, to two hundred ſquare miles of land. He has firſt ſtudied at Aberdeen, and afterwards gone to Hertfordſhire to learn agriculture, being much impreſſed with deſire of improvement: he likewiſe has the notions of a chief, and keeps a piper. At Macleod's the bagpipe always played while we were dining.

the moſt curſed muſick in the world, to my ear.

Col has undertaken, by the permiſſion of the waves and wind, to carry us about ſeveral of the iſlands, with which he is acquainted enough to ſhew us whatever curious is given by nature or left by antiquity; but we grew afraid of deviating from our way home, leſt we ſhould be ſhut up for months upon ſome little protuberance of rock, that juſt appears above the ſea, and perhaps is ſcarcely marked upon a map.

You remember the Doge of Genoa, who being aſked what ſtruck him moſt at the French court? anſwered, "Myſelf." I cannot think many things here more likely to affect the fancy than to ſee Johnſon ending his ſixty-fourth year in the wilderneſs of the Hebrides.

But

But now I am here, it will gratify me very little to return without ſeeing, or doing my beſt to ſee what thoſe places afford. I have a deſire to inſtruct myſelf in the whole ſyſtem of paſtoral life; but I know not whether I ſhall be able to perfect the idea. However I have many pictures in my mind, which I could not have had without this journey, and ſhould have paſſed it with great pleaſure had you, and Maſter, and Queeney been in the party. We ſhould have excited the attention and enlarged the obſervation of each other, and obtained many pleaſing topicks of future converſation. As it is, I travel with my mind too much at home, and perhaps miſs many things worthy of obſervation, or paſs them with tranſient notice; ſo that the images, for want of that reimpreſſion which diſcuſſion and compariſon produce, eaſily fade away; but I keep a book of remarks, and Boſwell writes a regular journal of our travels, which, I think, contains as much of what I ſay and do as of all other occurrences together; "for ſuch a faithful chronicler as Griffith."

that I am ſure. He did conſtantly ſo when we went to France together, and noticed the country ſo little, that he ſcarcely ſpoke of it ever after. If he noticed the Hebrides ſomewhat more, was becauſe he lay under the neceſſity of giving an account of it to his Correſpondent, and that was not the caſe while in France, where he never touch'd a pen.

I hope, deareſt Madam, you are equally careful to repoſite proper memorials of all that happens to you and your family, and then when we meet we ſhall tell our ſtories. I wiſh you

you had gone this ſummer in your uſual ſplendour to Brighthelmſtone.

Mr. Thrale probably wonders how I live all this time without ſending to him for money. Travelling in Scotland is dear enough, dearer in proportion to what the country affords than in England, but reſidence in the iſles is unexpenſive. Company is, I think, conſidered as a ſupply of pleaſure, and a relief of that tediouſneſs of life which is felt in every place, elegant or rude. Of wine and punch they are very liberal, for they get them cheap; but as there is no cuſtom-houſe on the iſland, they can hardly be conſidered as ſmugglers. Their punch is made without lemons, or any ſubſtitute.

Their tables are very plentiful; but a very nice man would not be pampered. As they have no meat but as they kill it, they are obliged to live while it laſts upon the ſame fleſh. They kill a ſheep, and ſet mutton boiled and roaſt on the table together. They have fiſh both of the ſea and of the brooks; but they can hardly conceive that it requires any ſauce. To ſauce in general they are ſtrangers; now and then butter is melted, but I dare not always take, leſt I ſhould offend by diſliking it. Barley-broath is a conſtant diſh, and is made well in every houſe.

A ſtran-

A ſtranger, if he is prudent, will ſecure his ſhare, for it is not certain that he will be able to eat any thing elſe.

Their meat being often newly killed is very tough, and as nothing is ſufficiently ſubdued by the fire, is not eaſily to be eaten. Carving is here a very laborious employment, for the knives are never whetted. Table-knives are not of long ſubſiſtence in the Highlands; every man, while arms were a regular part of dreſs, had his knife and fork appendant to his dirk. Knives they now lay upon the table, but the handles are apt to ſhew that they have been in other hands, and the blades have neither brightneſs nor edge.

for want of fuel I ſuppoſe.

Of ſilver there is no want; and it will laſt long, for it is never cleaned. They are a nation juſt riſing from barbarity; long contented with neceſſaries, now ſomewhat ſtudious of convenience, but not yet arrived at delicate diſcriminations. Their linen is however both clean and fine. Bread, ſuch as we mean by that name, I have never ſeen in the iſle of Skie. They have ovens, for they bake their pies, but they never ferment their meal, nor mould a loaf. Cakes of oats and barley are brought to the table, but I believe wheat is

reſerved for ſtrangers. They are commonly too hard for me, and therefore I take potatoes to my meat, and am ſure to find them on almoſt every table.

They retain ſo much of the paſtoral life, that ſome preparation of milk is commonly one of the diſhes both at dinner and ſupper. Tea is always drank at the uſual times; but in the morning the table is polluted with a plate of ſlices of ſtrong cheeſe. This is peculiar to the Highlands; at Edinburgh there are always honey and ſweet-meats on the morning tea-table.

Strong liquors they ſeem to love. Every man, perhaps woman, begins the day with a dram; and the punch is made both at dinner and ſupper.

They have neither wood nor coal for fuel, but burn peat or turf in their chimnies. It is dug out of the moors or moſſes, and makes a ſtrong and laſting fire, not always very ſweet, and ſomewhat apt to ſmoke the pot.

The houſes of inferior gentlemen are very ſmall, and every room ſerves many purpoſes. In the bed-rooms, perhaps, are laid up ſtores of different kinds; and the parlour of the day is a bed-room at night. In the room which I inhabited

bited laſt, about fourteen feet ſquare, there were three cheſts of drawers, a long cheſt for larger clothes, two cloſet cupboards, and the bed. Their rooms are commonly dirty, of which they ſeem to have little ſenſibility, and if they had more, clean floors would be difficultly kept, where the firſt ſtep from the door is into the dirt. They are very much inclined to carpets, and ſeldom fail to lay down ſomething under their feet, better or worſe as they happen to be furniſhed.

The Highland dreſs, being forbidden by law, is very little uſed; ſometimes it may be ſeen, but the Engliſh traveller is ſtruck with nothing ſo much as the *nudité des pies* of the common people.

Skie is the greateſt iſland, or the greateſt but one, among the Hebrides. Of the ſoil I have already given ſome account, it is generally barren, but ſome ſpots are not wholly unfruitful. The gardens have apples and pears, cherries, ſtrawberries, raſberries, currants, and gooſeberries, but all the fruit that I have ſeen is ſmall. They attempt to ſow nothing but oats and barley. Oats conſtitute the bread corn of the place. Their harveſt is about the begin-

ning of October; and being ſo late, is very much ſubject to diſappointments from the rains that follow the equinox. This year has been particularly diſaſtrous. Their rainy ſeaſon laſts from Autumn to Spring. They have ſeldom very hard froſts; nor was it ever known that a lake was covered with ice ſtrong enough to bear a ſkater. The ſea round them is always open. The ſnow falls but ſoon melts; only in 1771, they had a cold Spring, in which the iſland was ſo long covered with it, that many beaſts, both wild and domeſtick, periſhed, and the whole country was reduced to diſtreſs, from which I know not if it is even yet recovered.

The animals here are not remarkably ſmall; perhaps they recruit their breed from the main land. The cows are ſometimes without horns. The horned and unhorned cattle are not accidental variations, but different ſpecies, they will however breed together.

October 3d, The wind is now changed, and if we ſnatch the moment of opportunity, an eſcape from this iſland is become practicable; I have no reaſon to complain of my reception, yet I long to be again at home.

You

You and my maſter may perhaps expect, after this deſcription of Skie, ſome account of myſelf. My eye is, I am afraid, not fully recovered; my ears are not mended; my nerves ſeem to grow weaker, and I have been otherwiſe not as well as I ſometimes am, but think myſelf lately better. This climate perhaps is not within my degree of healthy latitude.

Thus I have given my moſt honoured miſtreſs the ſtory of me and my little ramble. We are now going to ſome other iſle, to what we know not, the wind will tell us.

I am, *&c.*

Compliments to Queeney, and Jack, and Lucy, and all.

LETTER LXXXII.

To Mr. THRALE.

DEAR SIR, Isle of Mull, Oct. 15, 1773.

SINCE I had the honour of writing to my miſtreſs, we have been hindered from returning, by a tempeſt almoſt continual. We tried eight days ago to come hither, but were driven by the wind into the iſle of *Col*, in which we were confined eight days. We hired a ſloop to bring us hither, and hope ſoon to get to Edinburgh.

Having for many weeks had no letter, my longings are very great to be informed how all things are at home, as you and miſtreſs allow me to call it. A letter will now perhaps meet me at Edinburgh, for I ſhall be expected to paſs a few days at Lord Auchenleck's, and I beg to have my thoughts ſet at reſt by a letter from you or my miſtreſs.

Be ſo kind as to ſend either to Mrs. Williams or Mr. Levett, and if they want money, advance them ten pounds.

I hope my miſtreſs keeps all my very long letters, longer than I ever wrote before. I ſhall perhaps ſpin out one more before I have the happineſs to tell you at home that I am

Your obliged humble ſervant.

LETTER LXXXIII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Mull, Oct. 15, 1773.

THOUGH I have written to Mr. Thrale, yet having a little more time than was promiſed me, I would not ſuffer the meſſenger to go without ſome token of my duty to my miſtreſs, who, I ſuppoſe, expects the uſual tribute of intelligence, a tribute which I am not now very able to pay.

October 3d, After having been detained by ſtorms many days at Skie, we left it, as we thought, with a fair wind; but a violent guſt, which Boſ. had a great mind to call a tempeſt, forced us into *Coll*, an obſcure iſland; on which

——nulla campis
Arbor æſtivâ recreatur aurâ.

There is literally no tree upon the iſland, part of it is a ſandy waſte, over which it would be really dangerous to travel in dry weather and with a high wind. It ſeems to be little more than one continued rock, covered from ſpace to ſpace with a thin layer of earth. It is, however, according to the Highland notion, very populous, and life is improved beyond the manners of Skie; for the huts are collected into little villages, and every one has a ſmall garden of roots and cabbage. The laird has a new houſe built by his uncle, and an old caſtle inhabited by his anceſtors. The young laird entertained us very liberally; he is heir, perhaps, to three hundred ſquare miles of land, which, at ten ſhillings an acre, would bring him ninety-ſix thouſand pounds a-year. He is deſirous of improving the agriculture of his country; and, in imitation of the Czar, travelled for improvement, and worked with his own hands upon a farm in Hertfordſhire, in the neighbourhood of your uncle Sir Thomas Saluſbury. He talks of doing uſeful things, and has introduced turnips for winter fodder. He has made a ſmall eſſay towards a road.

Coll is but a barren place. Deſcription has here few opportunities of ſpreading her colours.

colours. The difference of day and night is the only viciſſitude. The ſucceſſion of ſunſhine to rain, or of calms to tempeſts, we have not known; wind and rain have been our only weather.

At laſt, after about nine days, we hired a ſloop; and having lain in it all night, with ſuch accommodations as theſe miſerable veſſels can afford, were landed yeſterday on the iſle of Mull; from which we expect an eaſy paſſage into Scotland. I am ſick in a ſhip, but recover by lying down.

I have not good health; I do not find that travelling much helps me. My nights are flatulent, though not in the utmoſt degree, and I have a weakneſs in my knees, which makes me very unable to walk.

Pray, dear Madam, let me have a long letter.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER LXXXIV.

To Mrs. THRALE.

HONOURED MISTRESS, Inverary, Oct. 23, 1773.

MY laſt letters to you and my dear maſter were written from Mull, the third iſland of the Hebrides in extent. There is no poſt, and I took the opportunity of a gentleman's paſſage to the main land.

In Mull we were confined two days by the weather; on the third we got on horſe-back, and after a journey difficult and tedious, over rocks naked and valleys untracked, through a country of barrenneſs and ſolitude, we came, almoſt in the dark, to the ſea ſide, weary and dejected, having met with nothing but water falling from the mountains that could raiſe any image of delight. Our company was the young Laird of Col and his ſervant. Col made every Maclean open his houſe where we came, and ſupply us with horſes

horſes when we departed; but the horſes of this country are ſmall, and I was not mounted to my wiſh.

At the ſea-ſide we found the ferry-boat departed; if it had been where it was expected, the wind was againſt us, and the hour was late, nor was it very deſirable to croſs the ſea in darkneſs with a ſmall boat. The Captain of a ſloop that had been driven thither by the ſtorms, ſaw our diſtreſs, and as we were heſitating and deliberating, ſent his boat, which, by Col's order, tranſported us to the iſle of *Ulva*. We were introduced to Mr. Macquarry, the head of a ſmall clan, whoſe anceſtors have reigned in Ulva beyond memory, but who has reduced himſelf, by his negligence and folly, to the neceſſity of ſelling this venerable patrimony.

On the next morning we paſſed the ſtrait to *Inch Kenneth*, an iſland about a mile in length, and leſs than half a mile broad; in which Kenneth, a Scottiſh ſaint, eſtabliſhed a ſmall clerical college, of which the chapel walls are ſtill ſtanding. At this place I beheld a ſcene which I wiſh you and my maſter and Queeney had partaken.

The

LETTER LXXXIV.

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The

The only family on the iſland is that of Sir Allan, the chief of the ancient and numerous clan of Maclean; the clan which claims the ſecond place, yielding only to Macdonald in the line of battle. Sir Allan, a chieftain, a baronet, and a ſoldier, inhabits in this inſulated deſart a thatched hut with no chambers. Young Col, who owns him as his chief, and whoſe couſin was his lady, had, I believe, given him ſome notice of our viſit; he received us with the ſoldier's frankneſs and the gentleman's elegance, and introduced us to his daughters, two young ladies who have not wanted education ſuitable to their birth, and who, in their cottage, neither forgot their dignity, nor affected to remember it. Do not you wiſh to have been with us?

Sir Allan's affairs are in diſorder by the fault of his anceſtors, and while he forms ſome ſcheme for retrieving them, he has retreated hither.

When our ſalutations were over, he ſhowed us the iſland. We walked uncovered into the chapel, and ſaw in the reverend ruin the effects of precipitate reformation. The floor is covered with ancient grave-ſtones, of which the

the inſcriptions are not now legible; and without, ſome of the chief families ſtill continue the right of ſepulture. The altar is not yet quite demoliſhed; beſide it, on the right ſide, is a bas relief of the Virgin with her child, and an angel hovering over her. On the other ſide ſtill ſtands a hand-bell, which, though it has no clapper, neither Preſbyterian bigotry nor barbarian wantonneſs has yet taken away. The chapel is thirty-eight feet long, and eighteen broad. Boſwell, who is very pious, went into it at night to perform his devotions, but came back in haſte, for fear of ſpectres. Near the chapel is a fountain, to which the water, remarkably pure, is conveyed from a diſtant hill, through pipes laid by the Romiſh clergy, which ſtill perform the office of conveyance, though they have never been repaired ſince Popery was ſuppreſſed.

The fool has been ridiculed in his notions of spectres by Johnson himself, who was far from disbelieving the appearances of Ghosts and Hobgoblings.

We ſoon after went in to dinner, and wanted neither the comforts nor the elegancies of life. There were ſeveral diſhes, and variety of liquours. The ſervants live in another cottage; in which, I ſuppoſe, the meat is dreſſed.

Towards evening, Sir Allan told us, that Sunday never paſſed over him like another day. One of the ladies read, and read very

well, the evening ſervice;—and Paradiſe was opened in the wild.

Next day, 18th, we went and wandered among the rocks on the ſhore, while the boat was buſy in catching oyſters, of which there is a great bed. Oyſters lie upon the ſand, one I think ſticking to another, and cockles are found a few inches under the ſand.

We then went in the boat to *Sondiland*, a little iſland very near. We found it a wild rock, of about ten acres; part naked, part covered with ſand, out of which we picked ſhells; and part clothed with a thin layer of mould, on the graſs of which a few ſheep are ſometimes fed. We then came back and dined. I paſſed part of the afternoon in reading, and in the evening one of the ladies played on her harpſichord, and Boſwell and Col danced a reel with the other.

On the 19th, we perſuaded Sir Allan to launch his boat again, and go with us to Icolmkill, where the firſt great preacher of Chriſtianity to the Scots built a church, and ſettled a monaſtery. In our way we ſtopped to examine a very uncommon cave on the coaſt of *Mull*. We had ſome difficulty to make

make our way over the vaſt maſſes of broken rocks that lie before the entrance, and at the mouth were embarraſſed with ſtones, which the ſea had accumulated, as at Brighthelm-ſtone; but as we advanced, we reached a floor of ſoft ſand, and as we left the light behind us, walked along a very ſpacious cavity, vaulted over head with an arch almoſt regular, by which a mountain was ſuſtained, at leaſt a very lofty rock. From this magnificent cavern went a narrow paſſage to the right hand, which we entered with a candle, and though it was obſtructed with great ſtones, clambered over them to a ſecond expanſion of the cave, in which there lies a great ſquare ſtone, which might ſerve as a table. The air here was very warm, but not oppreſſive, and the flame of the candle continued pyramidal. The cave goes onward to an unknown extent, but we were now one hundred and ſixty yards under ground; we had but one candle, and had never heard of any that went further and came back; we therefore thought it prudent to return.

Going forward in our boat, we came to a cluſter of rocks, black and horrid, which Sir Allan choſe for the place where he would eat

eat his dinner. We climbed till we got ſeats. The ſtores were opened, and the repaſt taken.

We then entered the boat again; the night came upon us; the wind roſe; the ſea ſwelled; and Boſwell deſired to be ſet on dry ground: we however purſued our navigation, and paſſed by ſeveral little iſlands, in the ſilent ſolemnity of faint moon-ſhine, ſeeing little, and hearing only the wind and the water. At laſt we reached the iſland; the venerable ſeat of ancient ſanctity; where ſecret piety repoſed, and where fallen greatneſs was repoſited. The iſland has no houſe of entertainment, and we manfully made our bed in a farmer's barn. The deſcription I hope to give you another time.

I am, &c.

Had Johnſon then been in one of his ſurly moments, he would have moſt proteſtantly called the monks that formerly lived here, a parcel of idle drones.

He has given us in his Journey to the Hebrides.

LETTER LXXXV.

To Mr. THRALE.

DEAR SIR, Inverary, Oct. 23, 1773.

WE have gotten at laſt out of the Hebrides. Some account of our travels I have ſent to my miſtreſs; and have incloſed an ode which I wrote in the iſle of Skie.

Yeſterday we landed, and to-day came hither. We purpoſe to viſit Auchenleck, the ſeat of Mr. Boſwell's father, then to paſs a day at Glaſgow, and return to Edinburgh.

About ten miles of this day's journey were uncommonly amuſing. We travelled with very little light, in a ſtorm of wind and rain; we paſſed about fifty-five ſtreams that croſſed our way, and fell into a river that, for a very great part of our road, foamed and roared beſide us; all the rougher powers of nature, except thunder, were in motion, but there was no danger. I ſhould have been ſorry to have miſſed any of the inconveniencies, to have had

more light or leſs rain, for their co-operation crowded the ſcene and filled the mind.

I beg, however, to hear from you, and from my miſtreſs. I have ſeen nothing that drives you from my thoughts, but continue in rain and ſunſhine, by night and day, dear Sir,

Your, &c.

O D E

Incloſed in the preceding Letter.

PERMEO terras, ubi nuda rupes
Saxeas miſcet nebulis ruinas,
Torva ubi rident ſteriles coloni
Rura labores.

Pervagor gentes hominum ferorum,
Vita ubi nullo decorata cultu
Squallet informis, tugurîque fumis
Fœda lateſcit.

Inter erroris ſalebroſa longi,
Inter ignotæ ſtrepitus loquelæ,
Quot modis mecum, quid agat, requiro,
Thralia dulcis.

Seu

Seu viri curas, pia nupta, mulcet,
Seu fovet mater ſobolem benigna,
Sive cum libris novitate paſcit
Sedula mentem;

Had Johnſon lived a twelve-months longer, would he have written another Ode in this ſtile? No. by God.

Sit memor noſtri, fideique merces
Stet fides conſtans, meritoque blandum
Thraliæ diſcant reſonare nomen
Littora Skiæ.

Scriptum in Skiâ, Sept. 6.

The following elegant Tranſlation of this ODE *was written by the learned Miſs* KNIGHT, *and preſented by her to the Editor of theſe Letters, who is happy in an opportunity of giving this ſmall Specimen of her very extenſive Attainments and Abilities.*

O'ER ſtony lands, where naked rocks,
The marks of nature's fearful ſhocks
In miſty clouds appear;
Through diſmal fields, whoſe barren ſoil
Derides the ſwain's laborious toil,
My wand'ring ſteps I bear.

Through nations wild, a hardy race,
Where life no cultivated grace,
No elegance can know;
But ſhrinks abaſh'd from human eyes,
And in the ſmoaky hovel lies;
Through ſcenes like theſe I go.

Amidſt unknown and barb'rous ſpeech,
While wand'ring o'er this diſtant beach,
In all my wat'ry way;
How think'ſt thou of thy abſent friend?
How doſt thou? whither doſt thou tend?
My gentle Thralia ſay.

If, pious wife, thy huſband's cares
Thou ſoftly ſooth; or infant heirs,
Watch o'er as mother kind:
Or, 'mid the charms of letter'd lore,
Thou add new treaſures to thy ſtore,
And feed thy active mind;

Remember me, thy friendſhip guard,
Of conſtant friendſhip due reward,
Howe'er on diſtant ground;
Ah! let thy faith be ſtill the ſame,
And juſtly Thralia's pleaſing name
Shall Skia's ſhores reſound.

LETTER LXXXVI.

To Mr. THRALE.

DEAR SIR, Inverary, Oct. 26, 1773.

THE Duke kept us yeſterday, or we ſhould have gone forward. Inverary is a ſtately place. We are now going to Edinburgh by Lochlomond, Glaſgow, and Auchenleck.

I wrote to you from Mull, to ſend for Mr. Levett or Mrs. Williams, and let them have ten pounds, if it was wanted. I find that the paſſage of theſe inſular letters is not very certain, and therefore think it neceſſary now to write again.

I do not limit them to ten pounds; be pleaſed to let them have what is neceſſary.

I have now not heard from London for more than two months; ſurely I ſhall have many letters in Edinburgh. I hope my dear miſtreſs is well, with all her tribe.

I am, &c.

LETTER LXXXVII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Glaſgow, Oct. 28, 1773.

I HAVE been in this place about two hours. On Monday, 25th, we dined with the Duke and Ducheſs of Argyle, and the Duke lent me a horſe for my next day's journey.

26th, We travelled along a deep valley between lofty mountains, covered only with barren heath; entertained with a ſucceſſion of cataracts on the left hand, and a roaring torrent on the right. The Duke's horſe went well; the road was good; and the journey pleaſant; except that we were incommoded by perpetual rain. In all September we had, according to Boſwell's regiſter, only one day and a half of fair weather; and October perhaps not more. At night we came to the houſe of Sir James Cohune, who lives upon the banks of Lochlomond; of which the Scotch boaſt, and boaſt with reaſon.

a bleſſed Country, I ſay again. But its Inhabitants can count a great number of anceſtors.

The Scotch will boaſt of any thing their Country has or wants.

27th,

27th, We took a boat to rove upon the lake, which is in length twenty-four miles, in breadth from perhaps two miles to half a mile. It has about thirty iſlands, of which twenty belong to Sir James. Young Cohune went into the boat with us, but a little agitation of the water frighted him to ſhore. We paſſed up and down, and landed upon one ſmall iſland, on which are the ruins of a caſtle; and upon another much larger, which ſerves Sir James for a park, and is remarkable for a large wood of eugh trees.

We then returned, very wet, to dinner, and Sir James lent us his coach to Mr. Smollet's, a relation of Dr. Smollet, for whom he has erected a monumental column on the banks of the Leven, a river which iſſues from the Loch. This was his native place. I was deſired to reviſe the inſcription.

A Scotch wit, who had ſome name in his day. He wrote a multitude of books, and, among the reſt, his travels through Italy, of which he gives ſuch an account, as one would think it to be near as good a country as Scotland.

When I was upon the deer iſland, I gave the keeper who attended me a ſhilling, and he ſaid it was too much. Boſwell afterwards offered him another, and he excuſed himſelf from taking it, becauſe he had been rewarded already.

This day I came hither, and go to Auchenleck on Monday.

I am, &c.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Mrs. THRALE to Dr. JOHNSON.

IN ſpite of difficulties, diſtance and a long *et cætera*, I will venture this one letter to Edinburgh.—But I have not written Dear Sir at the top, and ſo I ſhall be ſcolded for the beginning—whereas if Dear Sir comes in at all, what can it ſignify where? Our children are all happily got through the meaſles; and little Suſan beſt of all, for whom I was moſt afraid.

this is Madam's wit. Is is not of a pretty kind?

I have made my preſents. * * * * received his with tears of acknowledgment; and t'other man looked out the fineſt words he could find; but they meant attachment and gratitude.

We talk of nothing but Italy. My maſter ſays, you will not have done us all the good you can, unleſs you go with him to Rome, and point his curioſity to proper objects. He will not die without ſeeing that capital he ſwears.

Yet he died without executing his purpoſe.

The

The Queen is ſaid to be in danger; God preſerve her for every reaſon. She has no diſorder but mine——and if *that* ſhould be fatal!

Mylne ſhone away o' Tueſday. He ſays you go on the wrong ſide of Scotland to ſee wood; you muſt return by the other coaſt. Oh! cried Maſter, you may all truſt Boſwell—he'll ſhew his country off to the beſt advantage. We had a world of friends yeſterday; and all talked of you; and all talked well—Burke beſt. Mr. Thrale would not be *ſilent then*; he even battled for attention; but 'tis his favourite ſubject.

Every body is ſorry for poor Lord Lyttelton.—'Tis dreadful to die of wounds made by our own children. R——, the ſurgeon, is juſt now expired of the ſame diſeaſe. Dear M—— came to us to forget it; I believe there was much confidence between them. Mr. M—— was robbed, going home two nights ago, and had a comical converſation with the highwayman, about behaving like a gentleman. He paid four guineas for it.

This is a lie of the Lady. Mr. R— died a natural death beloved and lamented by his ſon, whoſe marriage he diſapproved, but ſoon reconciled himſelf to it, and loved his daughter-in-law.

Your laſt letter was charming. It tells me about the place; but I want to hear of the *hard inhabitant*. Mean time I have ſeen little, except

except the man that ſaw the mouſe. He ſeems very ill, and very wild; I fancy *he* wants a governeſs; *your* merits, as uſual, were talked of; and he made choice of your *health* as the ſubject of his eulogium.

Betſy C—— would do well enough, if her huſband, whom you call Hoggarel, did not take away her money as faſt as ſhe got it.

We have had a great thunder ſtorm. It has even ſplit the obeliſk in St. George's Fields; no exaggeration in this; you may ſee the crack when you come home.

Dr. Beattie is as charming as ever; and I like his lady extremely.—Very pretty, very pleaſing ſhe is. Every body rejoices that the Doctor will get his penſion; every one loves him but Goldſmith, who ſays he cannot bear the ſight of ſo much applauſe as we all beſtow upon him. Did he not tell us ſo himſelf, who could believe he was ſo amazingly ill-natured?

I among the reſt rejoiced that he got his penſion, becauſe he is a good honeſt man; but could not go through the book that procured him that penſion.

Fanny Plumb

* * * * and her huſband ſet out very prettily, and will, I hope, ſtick to the city. Lothbury, as you ſay.—How in the world came you to think of Lothbury?

The oppoſition folks tell us, 'tis no joke to deſpiſe the Americans *now*; but our maſter ſays, that

that their rejoicing is only juſt as my little children rejoiced yeſterday, and danced about for delight, becauſe Jack the idle boy refuſed to obey the gardener, and ſaid he ſhould grow big enough in a year to beat him. So here's modern politicks in a letter from me; yes, and a touch of the *Punick war* too; for Mr. * * * * deſired to conſult with me, forſooth, inſtead of my huſband, about his private affairs; and ſaid how A—— and S—— had demanded their money, but he thought it imprudent to pay them *juſt now*, as caſh ran low. Why that, Sir, ſaid I, is the very reaſon you *ſhould* pay them; and thereupon did I tell him how the old Romans were beſieged by Brennus till famine had encouraged him to hope for their giving up on any terms, and how, to take all ſuch hope away, they threw their laſt loaves over the wall, with an air, and made him believe they had bread enough within. And now, thinks I, Mr. Johnſon ſays that hiſtory never is good to illuſtrate common life; but I ſay,

When houſe and land are gone and ſpent,
Then learning is moſt excellent.

I ſee you are happy,—that is, diverted; and I am very deſirous to help to divert you. But I am

I am far from happy; my mother is dead; my Lucy ſick; my unkle ill; and myſelf tied up from attending him by *heavy* duties and ſorrows at home. Yet you fret becauſe of deafneſs; any man might catch cold in his ear, I ſuppoſe, doing what you do, and change of air and climate and all. I wiſh I *was* deaf to many things I am forced to hear, that are very diſagreeable. What ails dear Lucy I cannot gueſs, but *her* ear is affected ſure enough, and ſhe goes about with her head on one ſide.

Poor girl! She died ſoon after.

Well! 'tis better talk of Iceland. Gregory challenges you for an Iceland expedition; but I truſt there is no need; I ſuppoſe good eyes might reach it from ſome of the places you have been in.

Adieu, dear Sir, all our afflictions make us turn our heads towards you—and *you* will come back to us; but I daily miſs more and more another dear, dear friend—who never will come back to

Meaning her mother, for whom neither her, nor any body elſe cared much.

Your, &c.

LETTER LXXXIX.

Mrs. THRALE to Dr. JOHNSON.

DEAR SIR, Streatham, Thurſday, Oct. 7, 1773.

I KNOW not how ſufficiently to thank you for your deſcriptive letters; and though you will not ſee this for a long time, I am deſirous to return my true acknowledgments for the trouble you have given yourſelf to gratify my curioſity. When the ſcenes are ſhifted, and you return to Edinburgh, what I am now writing will ſerve to recal thoſe images with which you were impreſſed when you wrote to me; and one pleaſure of correſpondence ariſes from the recollection of thoſe accidents to which one's friend's letter is a reply.

The profeſſor of phyſick at Aberdeen ſeems to have obtained (and juſtly) much of your kindneſs; but when a wench in a clean linen gown can attract attention from novelty, the region muſt indeed be remote, and the place ſavage enough: you are though little nearer to London I believe than you would be among the mountains of Savoy.

I think

I think mighty well of your diſcretion in not ſcrambling up every rock; there is little to be gained, except a ſprained ancle, by climbing heights, in a country which affords no proſpects; but the general hardſhip of your journey diſturbs me; only now and then, when I think on the poſſibility of illneſs. Fatigue is profitable to your health upon the whole, and keeps fancy from playing fooliſh tricks. Exerciſe for your body and exertion for your mind will contribute more than all the medicine in the univerſe to preſerve that life we all conſider as invaluable; and this journey may do more good than at firſt was hoped for.

She did not think ſo to the end of the chapter. The charming Piozzi came croſſways, and battered down Johnſon with his battering-ram.

When you ſigh for an iſland of your own, remember that Raſſelas could never ſettle the limits of his imaginary dominion, but when I am grown rich, we will buy Bardſey for you; perhaps a ſight of Wales in the mean time may not be amiſs. 'Tis long ſince I ſaw my own country, but there are untrodden paths in it which may perhaps be as curious as any in Scotland. Barefooted girls too in plenty as I remember, to whom Cocker's arithmetick may be entertaining as a ſubject of ſpeculation, but uſeleſs enough, for there is little money to count.

A-propos

A-propos to money matters, G—— confeſſes bankruptcy, and we ſhall loſe two thouſand pounds, which will not contribute to accelerate our purchaſe of Bardſey; Mr. Thrale is very merciful to him however. You may extol your ſavage chieftains how you will, and praiſe feudal times and feudal notions, but true liberality will not be found where commerce, the humanizer of hearts, is a ſtranger. Gothic and barbarous rulers will rarely be inhoſpitable to thoſe who ſeek, or cruel to thoſe who rely upon them; as the lion is ſaid to refuſe tearing in pieces the wretch who lies down inadvertently to ſleep in his den; but 'tis from the dog and elephant that we expect generoſity; their companionſhip with man, and elevation through his favour, the one in European, the other in Aſiatick life, gives them a tenderneſs for diſtreſs which the king of beaſts can never feel. The London merchant, on ſome ſuch principle perhaps, is compaſſionate to poverty, and charitable to want; his own familiarity with money too takes off from his reſpect for it. He knows that

——'Twas mine, 'tis his,
And may be ſlave to thouſands;

while the unfrequency of ſuch objects as two thouſand

thouſand pounds in a heap would make a true baron of an ariſtocratick ſtate miſerably afraid to part with it,—and perfectly ſteel his heart againſt the man who ſhould wrong him of what he eſteems ſo highly.

Our old friend B——, by the way, has found a vein of lead ore on his eſtate, and I feel very glad to hear it ſomehow. You uſe to hate that poor fellow, becauſe he could not wait for his dinner till four o'clock, but he may have it now to a minute, and I doubt not but the wild fowl will be done to a *turn*. No one ſo nice about the eating ſcience and ceremony as a ~~bachelor~~ widower bred in London and retired to the country, about ſixty years old, having paſſed his youth in buſineſs, and the hopes of an elegant diſh or two after counting houſe was ſhut; the diſappointments he then ſuffered from his wife's thinking more of Mrs. Pritchard's acting than her own account book, ſhall be all remedied, now that he has to chuſe his retreat in a grazing country, for plenty's ſake, with the ſea about ſeven miles off, and a fine trout ſtream running through his grounds; —his wife dead, and his ſons carrying on the buſineſs, while he and the old houſekeeper ring the changes on every diſh, and the dreſſing of it, till invention fail.

Will

Will you never be tired of that * * * * *? I wiſh he would live in the ſouth, where he is liked exceedingly. We danced together once at Brighthelmſtone I remember; his manners were eminently pleaſing there, and his performance much applauded.

Harry's life *is* put in the leaſe; may he hold it as my father's mother did, for ſeventy-three years!

What a letter is this! but you would be angry were it ſhorter. I work hard at the carpet; and teach the children. You have no great reverence I know for either of thoſe employments; but then you have no reverence for any employment except the nobleſt; and who can paſs their whole life in that? The gloomy reflections made on your birth-day are a proof that the beſt men never pleaſe themſelves, and the bad never pleaſe any *but* themſelves. I know your horror of preſumption, and your idea that the fearing Chriſtian is moſt in the favour of Heaven; but recollect that Honeſt and Hopeful got over the river better than Chriſtian and Muchafraid in the Pilgrim's Progreſs; and our children ſay, they don't perceive that the others were better received when they had croſſed the river.

Be merry and cheerful, Dear Sir, and ſee ſights, and tell tales, and continue to love our maſter, and his brats, and

Your ever faithful,

H. L. THRALE.

Learn of me to be happy.—*You know* the reaſons I have to be otherwiſe;—yet I don't grumble,—do I?

LETTER XC.

To Mrs. THRALE.

HONOURED MISTRESS, Auchenleck, Nov. 3, 1773.

AT Glaſgow I received ſix letters, of which the firſt was written Auguſt 23d. I am now at leiſure to anſwer them in order.

Mrs. Boſwell, a woman but ſo ſo, by this account.

Auguſt 23d. Mrs. B—— has the mien and manners of a gentlewoman; and ſuch a perſon and mind as would not be in any place either admired or contemned. She is in a proper degree inferior to her huſband: ſhe cannot rival him; nor can he ever be aſhamed of her.

Little Miſs, when I left her, was like any other Miſs of ſeven months. I believe ſhe is thought pretty; and her father and mother have a mind to think her wiſe. *Boswell's daughter.* *a good banter on the two foolish parents*

Your letter brought us the firſt certain intelligence of Dr. Beattie's penſion. He will now be a great man at Aberdeen, where every one ſpeaks well of him.

Auguſt 25th. I am obliged to dear Queeney for her letter, and am ſorry that I have not been able to collect more for her cabinet, but I ſhall bring her ſomething.

What ſhould * * * and his wife do at the wrong end of the town, whither they can carry nothing that will not raiſe contempt, and from which they can bring nothing that will not excite averſion. He is not to be either wit or ſtateſman; his genius, if he follow his direction, will bid him live in Lothbury, and meaſure brandy. *Rice and his wife Fanny Plumb.*

Sept. 8th. I firſt ſaw the account of Lord Littelton's death in the iſle of Raarſa, and ſuſpected that it had been haſtened by the vexation which his ſon has given him. We ſhall now ſee what the young man will do, when he is left to himſelf. *He died ſoon after like a good-for-nothing fellow as he had lived.*

I am at a loſs what to judge of Sir * * * *. To doubt whether ſix thouſand pounds have or have not been paid, as was directed, is abſurd and childiſh; he to whom they were due can anſwer the queſtion; and he by whom they were remitted can confirm or confute the anſwer. You ſhould ſurely write to Mr. B——.

Of Sir * * * * you had not left me any high notions; but I ſuppoſed him to be at leaſt commercially honeſt, and incapable of eluding his own bond by fraudulent practices, yet I think Mr. T——'s ſuſpicion not to be ſlighted. Principles can only be ſtrong by the ſtrength of underſtanding, or the cogency of religion.

I do not ſee how you can much offend by putting Harry's life into the leaſe, it puts no life out, and therefore does not leſſen Sir * * * * 's intereſt. I believe, however, you may depend better for peace upon the indifference of his indolence, than the approbation of his judgment. I think it ſhould not be neglected.

Sept. 14th. I take great delight in your fifteen thouſand trees; the greater, for having been

been ſo long in a country where trees and diamonds are equal rarities.

Poor V——! There are not ſo many many reaſons as he thinks why he ſhould envy me, but there are ſome; he wants what I have, a kind and careful miſtreſs; and wants likewiſe what I ſhall want at my return. He is a good man; and, when his mind is compoſed, a man of parts.

Vanſittart

Sept. 28th. When I wrote an account of my intention to return, I little thought that I ſhould be ſo long the plaything of the wind. Of the various accidents of our voyage I have been careful to give you an account, and hope you have received it. My deafneſs went away by degrees. Miſs Macleod made me a great flannel night-cap, which perhaps helped to ſet me right.

If Sir * * * * goes to Bath, it may deſerve conſideration whether you ſhould not follow him. If you go, take two footmen, and dreſs in ſuch a manner as he may be proud to ſee. The money that you ſtake is no great venture, nor will the want of it be felt, whether you gain or loſe the purpoſe of your journey.

Sir Thomas Salusbury unite to Mrs Thrale, who disinherited her on account of her superlative impertinence to his wife.

My poor little Lucy is, I hope, now quite recovered; for I have brought no little maiden from the Highlands, though I might perhaps have had one of the princeſſes of Raarſa, who are very pretty people, and in that wilderneſs of life put me in mind of your little tribe, by the propriety of their behaviour.

Oct. 7th. This is the laſt letter. I have done thinking of * * * * * whom we now call Sir Sawney; he has diſguſted all mankind by injudicious parſimony, and given occaſion to ſo many ſtories, that * * * * has ſome thoughts of collecting them, and making a novel of his life. Scrambling I have not willingly left off; the power of ſcrambling has left me; I have however been forced to exert it on many occaſions. I am, I thank God, better than I was. I am grown very much ſuperior to wind and rain; and am too well acquainted both with mire and with rocks, to be afraid of a Welch journey. I had rather have Bardſey than Macleod's iſland, though I am told much of the beauty of my new property, which the ſtorms did not ſuffer me to viſit. Boſwell will praiſe my reſolution and perſeverance; and I ſhall in return celebrate his good humour and perpetual cheerfulneſs.

He

Sir Alexander Macdonald.

Boſwell: yet he thought better of it, as Sir Alexander threatened to kick him, if he did not recant what he had ſaid of him in his own account of his Journey with Johnſon: and the poor fellow recanted faſt enough rather than venture his life in a duel, or a ſound cudgelling.

He has better faculties than I had imagined; more juſtneſs of diſcernment; and more fecundity of images. It is very convenient to travel with him, for there is no houſe where he is not received with kindneſs and reſpect.

I wiſh B—— ſucceſs in his new mine, and hope that the vein will be as rich as his wants prompt him to wiſh it. I congratulate you likewiſe on the riſing reputation of the brewery; and hope that the ſweets of doing right will ſo much engage us, that we ſhall never more allow ourſelves to do wrong. Forty ſhillings is a frightful price for malt, but we muſt brew on, and brew well, and hold out to better times.

Thus, Dear Madam, I have anſwered your ſix letters, in part too late to be of any uſe. The regard which you are pleaſed to expreſs, and the kindneſs which you always ſhow, I do not pretend to return otherwiſe than by warm wiſhes for your happineſs.

I will now continue my narrative.

Oct. 29th, was ſpent in ſurveying the city and college of Glaſgow. I was not much pleaſed with any of the profeſſors. The town is opulent and handſome.

She hints in her Preface, that she funk all that could give pain to individuals. She might have funk this ill-natured line.

press.

30th, We dined with the Earl of Loudon, and ſaw his mother the Counteſs; who, at ninety-three, has all her faculties, helps at table, and exerts all the powers of converſation that ſhe ever had. Though not tall, ſhe ſtoops very much. She had lately a daughter, Lady Betty, whom, at ſeventy, ſhe uſed to ſend after ſupper early to bed, for girls muſt not uſe late hours, while ſhe ſat up to entertain the company.

31ſt, Sunday, we paſſed at Mr. Campbell's, who married Mr. Boſwell's ſiſter.

Nov. 1ſt, We paid a viſit to the Counteſs of Eglington, a lady who for many years gave the laws of elegance to Scotland. She is in full vigour of mind, and not much impaired in form. She is only eighty-three. She was remarking that her marriage was in the year eight; and I told her my birth was in nine. Then, ſays ſhe, I am juſt old enough to be your mother, and I will take you for my ſon. She called Boſwell the boy: yes, Madam, ſaid I, we will ſend him to ſchool. He is already, ſaid ſhe, in a good ſchool; and expreſſed her hope of his improvement. At laſt night came, and I was ſorry to leave her.

We muſt not forget, that Johnſon was little leſs than blind, and loved to flatter the Ladies, that fondled him.

2d,

2d, We came to Auchenleck. The houſe is like other houſes in this country built of ſtone, ſcarcely yet finiſhed, but very magnificent and very convenient. We purpoſe to ſtay here ſome days; more or fewer as we are uſed. I ſhall find no kindneſs ſuch as will ſuppreſs my deſire of returning home.

I am, &c.

LETTER XCI.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAREST MADAM, Edinburgh, Nov. 12, 1773.

AMONG the poſſibilities of evil which my imagination ſuggeſted at this diſtance, I miſſed that which has really happened. I never had much hope of a will in your favour, but was willing to believe that no will would have been made. The event is now irrevocable, it remains only to bear it. Not to wiſh it had been different, is impoſſible; but as the wiſh is painful without uſe, it is not prudent, perhaps not lawful, to indulge it. As life, and vigour of mind, and ſprightlineſs of imagi-

No more had I, as I knew how the dearest madam had long behaved to Lady Salisbury, whom the foolish woman ought to have reverenced and caressed instead of quarrelling with her out of mere wantonness and folly. However that disinheritance was not amiss, as that booby of Piozzi would have had it and not Mrs. Thrale's Daughters.

imagination, and flexibility of attention, are given us for valuable and uſeful purpoſes, we muſt not think ourſelves at liberty to ſquander life, to enervate intellectual ſtrength, to cloud our thoughts, or fix our attention, when by all this expence we know that no good can be produced. Be alone as little as you can; when you are alone, do not ſuffer your thoughts to dwell on what you might have done, to prevent this diſappointment. You perhaps could not have done what you imagine, or might have done it without effect. But even to think in the moſt reaſonable manner, is for the preſent not ſo uſeful as not to think. Remit yourſelf ſolemnly into the hands of God, and then turn your mind upon the buſineſs and amuſements which lie before you. "All is beſt," ſays Chene, "as it has "been, excepting the errours of our own free "will." Burton concludes his long book upon melancholy with this important precept, "Be not ſolitary; be not idle." Remember Chene's poſition and obſerve Burton's precept.

We came hither on the ninth of this month, I long to come under your care, but for ſome days cannot decently get away. They congratulate

gratulate our return as if we had been with Phipps or Banks; I am aſhamed of their ſalutations.

I have been able to collect very little for Queeney's cabinet; but ſhe will not want toys now, ſhe is ſo well employed. I wiſh her ſucceſs; and am not without ſome thought of becoming her ſchool-fellow. I have got an Italian Raſſelas.

and a damned one it is by a fooliſh Fellow, who called himſelf Cavalier Mei. I knew him a beggar at Padua. He neither knew Engliſh, nor Italian, though a Tuſcan by birth.

Surely my dear Lucy will recover; I wiſh I could do her good. I love her very much; and ſhould love another godchild, if I might have the honour of ſtanding to the next baby.

She did not. She was the moſt pleaſing of Mrs. Thrale's children.

I am, &c.

LETTER XCII.

Mrs. THRALE to Dr. JOHNSON.

DEAR SIR, Nov. 20, 1773.

WHEN things are ſo *very* bad, as they are now with me, the beſt comforters are thoſe who acknowledge them to be very bad. Your laſt letter ſays, very properly, that among

among all the poſſibilities of evil which your imagination could ſuggeſt, loſing my uncle's eſtate was the moſt unlikely. Had you known his exceſſive tenderneſs for me when a girl, the ſurprize would not have been leſſened.—You *do* know that I married, to pleaſe him, a man of his own choice, and deſerving of every body's eſteem,—indeed poſſeſſing it. You know I have ſcarce ſeen him ſince; and certainly never diſobliged him: and you know he had no other relation, except at a very great diſtance. You now know he has willed away his eſtate. I ſhould think on this ſorrow more, however, had I not other ſorrows, perhaps providentially ſent to hold my heart fixed on my huſband and his concerns. Lucy's unaccountable illneſs; my own preſent ſituation, having brought a ſecond ſon, who appears to have ſuffered ſomething, though I know not what, from my late accumulation of miſery;—and Mr. Thrale's health, which has been ſhook by theſe confuſions as well as my own, occupy all the thoughts I have in the world; and you can ſcarce believe how full my mind is, without a word of my uncle. Our generous maſter is not angry at *that* diſappointment, though he has a right to be ſorry; for he doubtleſs married me

Madam tells a lie. She quarrelled without rhyme or reaſon with Lady Salisbury at Mr. Burgoine.

Without thoſe hopes he had never married her, that's ſure, as nothing but money had any great charms for him.

me with hopes and promiſes of the Hertfordſhire eſtate.

We will do as well as we can; and hope for comfort from you at your return; meantime, depend upon my not giving Mr. Thrale additional pain by my dejection: I will try to be cheerful, though I am not happy; and to be merry, though I do not even *beguile myſelf*, as Deſdemona ſays,—to fancy I ſhall ever more be unaffectedly ſo. I will learn to be as gaily miſerable, and as airily diſcontented as I can; and hope that no one who is left me ſhall be made unhappy by the vexations which gnaw the heart of

Your faithful ſervant.

I cannot ſay with Shylock, no *ſighs but of my breathing*, *no tears but of my ſhedding*, however. Here is * * * * * juſt come in, whoſe ſufferings from the bankruptcy of * * * * have been attended with terrible conſequences indeed, and twenty years added to his looks at leaſt; yet neither he nor I would change, except in a peeviſh moment I ſuppoſe, with an Hebridian laird.—Fools if we would! when all has been taken from us (and we have yet much left) we are ſurely better off than they. the wretch had too much left indeed.

I read him a paſſage or two of your letter, dated Sept. 30th, and made that my comment. He was ſullen enough, poor fellow, but as the rake in Clariſſa ſays, when he had talked nonſenſe for half an hour to a man made deſperate by grief,—*'Twas ſo that I comforted and adviſed him.*

Farewel, the poſtſcript is longer than the letter, let's end it.

This will meet you in London, where I hope all will be found pretty well.

LETTER XCIII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

Edinburgh, Nov. 18, 1773.

MY DEAREST MISTRESS,

THIS is the laſt letter that I ſhall write; while you are reading it, I ſhall be coming home.

I congratulate you upon your boy; but you muſt not think that I will love him all at once as well as I love Harry, for Harry you know is ſo rational. I ſhall love him by degrees.

Who died within the year of the inoculated small pox, during which the mother used to wash him in cold water in conſequence of her great ſkill in phyſick.

Poor,

Poor, pretty, dear Lucy! Can nothing do her good? I am ſorry to loſe her. But if ſhe muſt be taken from us, let us reſign her with confidence into the hands of Him who knows, and who only knows, what is beſt both for us and her.

Do not ſuffer yourſelf to be dejected. Reſolution and diligence will ſupply all that is wanting, and all that is loſt. But if your health ſhould be impaired, I know not where to find a ſubſtitute. I ſhall have no miſtreſs; Mr. Thrale will have no wife; and the little flock will have no mother.

She was not at all dejected at poor Lucy's death, and in a day or two thought no more of her, than she would of a puppy-dog.

I long to be home, and have taken a place in the coach for Monday; I hope therefore to be in London on Friday the 26th, in the evening. Pleaſe to let Mrs. Williams know.

I am, &c.

LETTER XCIV.

To Mrs. THRALE.

MADAM, March 11, 1774.

OUR maſter is a very good man, and contrives well for me. I have now a reaſon for doing on Monday what I might have been perſuaded againſt my will to have delayed till Tueſday. I hope on Monday to be your ſlave in the morning, and Mrs. Smith's in the evening, and then fall again to my true miſtreſs, and be the reſt of the week,

MADAM,

Your moſt obedient.

LETTER XCV.

To Mrs. THRALE.

MADAM, Thurſday.

MASTER is very kind in being very angry; but he may ſpare his anger this time. I have done exactly as Dr. Lawrence ordered, and am much better at the expence of about thirty-ſix ounces of blood. Nothing in the world! For a good cauſe I have ſix-and-thirty more. I long though to come to Streatham, and you ſhall give me no ſolid fleſh for a week; and I am to take phyſick. And hey boys, up go we. I was in bed all laſt night, only a little ſitting up. The box goes to *Calcutta*. I am,

Deareſt, deareſt Madam,

Your, *&c.*

Let me come to you to-morrow.

LETTER XCVI.

To Mr. THRALE.

DEAR SIR, June 2, 1775.

I HAVE taken the liberty of encloſing a letter, which contains a requeſt of which I cannot know the propriety. Nothing, I ſuppoſe, can be done till the preſent maſter of the tap * has given notice of his reſignation; and whether even then it is fit for you to recommend, there may be reaſon to doubt. I ſhall tell Heely, that I have laid his letter before you, and that he muſt inform you when he is certain of the intended reſignation. You will then act as you judge beſt. There ſeems to be nothing unreaſonable in Heely's deſire. He ſeems to have a genius for an alehouſe, and if he can get this eſtabliſhment, may thank his friend that ſent him to the Marſhalſea.

This, I know, is a happy week; you will revel with your conſtituents in plenty and

* At Ranelagh-houſe.

merri-

merriment; I muſt be kept at home by my wicked miſtreſs, out of the way of ſo much happineſs. You ſhall however have my good wiſhes. I hope every man will go from your table more a friend than he came.

I am, &c.

LETTER XCVII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

MADAM, February 3, 1775.

SO many demands are made upon me, that if you give leave I will ſtay here till Tueſday. My pamphlet has not gone on at all. Pleaſe to ſend by the bearer the papers on my table; and give my love to my *brother* and *ſiſters*. whom he means I cannot gueſs.

I am, &c.

LETTER XCVIII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Univerſity College, March 3, 1775.

I AM afraid that ſomething has happened to occupy your mind diſagreeably, and hinder you from writing to me, or thinking about me.

a poor riding-maſter in the Borough of Southwark.

The fate of my propoſal for our friend Mr. Carter will be decided on Monday. Thoſe whom I have ſpoken to are all friends. I have not abated any part of the entrance or payment, for it has not been thought too much, and I hope he will have ſcholars.

I am very deaf; and yet cannot well help being much in company, though it is often very uncomfortable. But when I have done this thing, which I hope is a good thing, or find that I cannot do it, I wiſh to live a while under your care and protection.

The imperfection of our poſt makes it uncertain whether we ſhall receive letters, ſooner than

than we muſt ſend them; this is therefore written while I yet do not know whether you have favoured me or no. I was ſufficiently diſcontented that I heard nothing yeſterday. But ſure all is well. I am, deareſt Madam,

Your, *&c.*

LETTER XCIX.

To Mrs. THRALE.

MADAM, April 1, 1775.

I HAD miſtaken the day on which I was to dine with Mr. Bruce, and hear of Abiſſinia, and therefore am to dine this day with Mr. Hamilton.

A Scotch Impoſtor who pretended to have been in Abiſſinia, of which he gave ſuch accounts, as ſoon to convince every body, that he was nothing but an injudicious and impudent Liar.

The news from Oxford is, that no tennis-court can be hired at any price; and that the Vice-Chancellor will not write to the Clarendon truſtees without ſome previous intimation that his requeſt will not be unacceptable. We muſt therefore find ſome way of applying to Lord Mansfield, who with the Archbiſhop of York and the Biſhop of Cheſter holds the truſt. Thus are we thrown to a vexatious diſtance. Poor * * *! do not tell him.

Carter, named in the oppoſite page.

The other Oxford news is, that they have ſent me a degree of Doctor of Laws, with ſuch praiſes in the diploma as, perhaps, ought to make me aſhamed; they are very like your praiſes. I wonder whether I ſhall ever ſhew them to you.

Boſwell will be with you. Pleaſe to aſk Murphy the way to Lord Mansfield. Dr. Wetherell, who is now here, and will be here for ſome days, is very deſirous of ſeeing the brewhouſe; I hope Mr. Thrale will ſend him an invitation. He does what he can for Carter.

To-day I dine with Hamilton; to-morrow with Hoole; on Monday with Paradiſe; on Tueſday with maſter and miſtreſs; on Wedneſday with Dilly; but come back to the Tower *.

Sic nunquam rediturus labitur annus.

I am, &c.

Poor Mrs. Williams is very bad, worſe than I ever ſaw her.

Mrs Thrale dreamt when ſhe wrote this note. The Tower was a part of the houſe in the Borough; and at Streatham there is no Tower.

* The Tower was a ſeparate room at Streatham, where Dr. Johnſon ſlept.

LETTER C.

To Mrs. THRALE.

May 12, 1775.

AND ſo, my deareſt Miſtreſs, you lie a bed hatching ſuſpicions. I did not mean to reproach you, nor meant any thing but reſpect, and impatience to know how you did.

I wiſh I could ſay or ſend any thing to divert you; but I have done nothing and ſeen nothing. I dined one day with Paoli, and yeſterday with Mrs. Southwells, and called on Congreve. Mr. Twiſs, hearing that you talked of deſpoiling his book of the fine print, has ſent you a copy to frame. He is going to Ireland, and I have given him letters to Dr. Leland and Mr. Falkner.

an Ideot, who wrote his Travels in Spain, wherein there was a Print by Ciperiani and Bartolozzi very fine, the only thing valuable in that book.

Mr. M——— is ſo ill that the Lady is not viſible; but yeſterday I had I know not how much kiſs of Mrs. Abington, and very good looks from Miſs * * * * * the maid of honour.

Mrs. Abington invited Johnson to dinner, and took pains to diſtinguiſh him above any of her gueſts, who were all people of the firſt diſtinction; and Johnson calls her civilities much kiſs with a contempt that was certainly not merited.

Boſwell has made me promiſe not to go to Oxford till he leaves London; I had no great reaſon for haſte, and therefore might as well gratify a friend. I am always proud and pleaſed to have my company deſired. Boſwell would have thought my abſence a loſs, and I knew not who elſe would have conſidered my preſence as profit. He has entered himſelf at the Temple, and I joined in his bond. He is to plead before the Lords, and hopes very nearly to gain the coſt of his journey. He lives much with his friend Paoli, who ſays, a man muſt ſee Wales to enjoy England.

Having but poorly ſucceeded in Scotland as a Counſellor, he would try his chance in England in the ſame way: but I don't think he will do much there, as he is not quite right-headed in my humble opinion.

The book which is now moſt read, but which, as far as I have gone, is but dull, is Gray's letters, prefixed by Mr. Maſon to his poems. I have borrowed mine, and therefore cannot lend it, and I can hardly recommend the purchaſe.

Poor Maſon has much abuſed Johnſon ſince his death, for the great reaſon, that Johnſon always looked on him as a pigmy. Poor.

I have offended; and, what is ſtranger, have juſtly offended the nation of Raſay. If they could come hither, they would be as fierce as the Americans. Raſay has written to Boſwell an account of the injury done him, by repreſenting his houſe as ſubordinate to that of Dunvegan. Boſwell has his letter, and I believe

believe copied my anſwer. I have appeaſed him, if a degraded chief can poſſibly be appeaſed; but it will be thirteen days, days of reſentment and diſcontent, before my recantation can reach him. Many a dirk will imagination, during that interval, fix in my heart. I really queſtion if at this time my life would not be in danger, if diſtance did not ſecure it.

all this raillery is rather of the coarſe kind. Raſey, or Raaſa, ought not to have been offended after the civilities he had uſed to the two Travellers, and Johnſon ought to have been ſure of his facts before he wrote them down. But he was probably led into the error by his blundering fellow-traveller

Boſwell will find his way to Streatham before he goes, and will detail this great affair. I would have come on Saturday, but that I am engaged to do Dr. Lawrence a little ſervice on Sunday. Which day ſhall I come next week? I hope you will be well enough to ſee me often. I am, deareſt Madam,

Your, &c.

LETTER CI.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, May 20, 1775.

I WILL try not to be ſullen, and yet when I leave you how ſhall I help it. Boſ. goes away on Monday; I go in a day or two after him, and will try to be well, and to be as you would have me. But I hope that when I come back you will teach me the value of liberty.

Nurſe tells me that you are all well, and ſhe hopes all growing better. Ralph, like other young gentlemen, will travel for improvement.

I have ſent you ſix guineas and an half; ſo you may laugh at neglect and parſimony. It is a fine thing to have money. Peyton and Macbean * are both ſtarving, and I cannot keep them.

Muſt

* Peyton and Macbean were amanuenſes of Dr. Johnſon. Macbean was a man of great learning, with little power

of very little learning.

Muſt we mourn for the Queen of Denmark? How ſhall I do for my black cloaths which you have in the cheſt?

Make my compliments to every body.

I am, &c.

I dined in a large company at a diſſenting bookſeller's yeſterday, and diſputed againſt toleration with one Doctor Meyer.

Johnſon would have made an excellent Spaniſh Inquiſitor: To his ſhame be it ſaid, he always was tooth and nail againſt toleration.

LETTER CII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAREST LADY, May 22, 1775.

ONE thing or other ſtill hinders me, beſides what is perhaps the great hindrance, that I have no great mind to go. Boſwell went away at two this morning. L—— I ſuppoſe goes this week. B—— got two-and-forty guineas in fees while he was here. He has,

Boſwell.

power of bringing it into play.—He had read before he died the Hebrew Bible eleven times over. Peyton knew many modern languages, but was kept from riſing in the world by domeſtic miſeries.

Peyton was a fool and a drunkard. I never ſaw ſo nauſeous a fellow.

by

by his wife's perſuaſion and mine, taken down a preſent for his mother-in-law.

Pray let me know how the breath does. I hope there is no laſting evil to be feared. Take great care of yourſelf. Why did you take cold? Did you pump into your ſhoes?

I am not ſorry that you read Boſwell's journal. Is it not a merry piece? There is much in it about poor me. Miſs, I hear, mentions me ſometimes in *her* memoirs.

Carter the riding-maſter

I ſhall try at Oxford what can be done for * * * * *. What can be done for his daughter it is not eaſy to tell. Does her mother know her own diſtreſs, or is ſhe out of her wits with pride, or does * * * a little exaggerate? It is ſtrange behaviour.

The mourning it ſeems is general. I muſt deſire that you will let ſomebody take my beſt black cloaths out of the cheſt, and ſend them. There is nothing in the cheſt but what may be tumbled. The key is the neweſt of thoſe two that have the wards channelled. When they are at the Borough, my man can fetch them.

But all this while, dear and dear lady, take great care of yourſelf.

Do

Do not buy C——'s travels, they are duller than T——'s. W—— is too fond of words, but you may read him. I ſhall take care that Adair's account of America may be ſent you, for I ſhall have it of my own.

Beattie has called once to ſee me. He lives grand at the Archbiſhop's.

Dear lady, do not be careleſs, nor heedleſs, nor raſh, nor giddy; but take care of your health. I am, deareſt Madam,

Your, &c.

Dr. Talbot, which I think I never told you, has given five hundred pounds to the future infirmary.

LETTER CIII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAREST LADY, May 25, 1775.

THE fit was a ſudden faintneſs, ſuch as I have had I know not how often; no harm came of it, and all is well. I cannot go till Saturday; and then go I will, if I can. My cloaths, Mr. Thrale ſays, muſt be made like other people's, and they are gone to the taylor. If I do not go, you know how ſhall I come back again?

I told you, I fancy, yeſterday, that I was well, but I thought ſo little of the diſorder, that I know not whether I ſaid any thing about it.

I am, &c.

LETTER CIV.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, June 1, 1775.

I KNOW well enough what you think, but I am out of your reach. I did not make the epitaph before laſt night and this morning; I have found it too long. I ſend you it as it is to pacify you, and will make it ſhorter. It is too long by near half. Tell me what you would be moſt willing to ſpare.

The epitaph on Mrs. Salisbury, very elegant in point of Latin, but as veracious as any other piece of the kind.

Dr. Wetherell went with me to the Vice Chancellor, to whom we told the tranſaction with my Lord of Cheſter, and the Vice Chancellor promiſed to write to the Archbiſhop. I told him that he needed have no ſcruples; he was aſking nothing for himſelf; nothing that would make him richer, or them poorer; and that he acted only as a magiſtrate, and one concerned for the intereſt of the Univerſity. Dr. Wetherell promiſes to ſtimulate him.

Don't ſuppoſe that I live here as we live at Streatham. I went this morning to the chapel at

at ſix, and if I was to ſtay would try to conform to all wholeſome rules. Pray let Harry have the penny which I owe him for the laſt morning.

Mr. Colſon is well, and ſtill willing to keep me, but I delight not in being long here. Mr. Smollet of Lochlomond and his Lady have been here. We were very glad to meet.

Pray let me know how you do, and play no more tricks; if you do, I can yet come back and watch you.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER CV.

To Mr. THRALE.

DEAR SIR,

I BEG that you will be pleaſed to ſend me an atteſtation to Mr. Carter's merit. I am going to-morrow; and ſhall leave the pamphlet * to ſhift for itſelf.

You need only ſay, that you have ſufficient knowledge of Mr. Carter to teſtify that he is

* Taxation no Tyranny.

eminently

eminently ſkilful in the art which he profeſſes, and that he is a man of ſuch decency and regularity of manners, that there will be no danger from his example to the youth of the colleges; and that therefore you ſhall conſider it as a favour if leave may be obtained for him to profeſs horſemanſhip in the Univerſity.

I am, &c.

Pleaſe to free this letter to Miſs Lucy Porter in Lichfield.

LETTER CVII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

MADAME, June 5, 1775.

TROIS jours ſont paſſéz ſans que je reçoive une lettre; point de nouvelles, point d'amitié, point de querelles. Un ſilence ſi rare, que veut-il? je vous ai envoyé l'épitaphe, trop longue à la verité, mais on la raccourcira ſans beaucoup de peine. Vous n'en avez pas dit un mot. Peutêtre que je ſerai plus heureux ce ſoir.

A poor French Letter, and written in a hurry. Johnſon never wrote true French, but when he tranſlated for me the firſt paragraph of his Raſſelas.

J'ai epuiſé ce lieu, ou je n'étudie pas, et ou ſi on ôte l'étude, il n'y a rien, et je ne trouve guere moyen d'echaper. Les voitures qui paſſent par cy, paſſent dans la nuit; les chaiſes de poſte me couteront beaucoup. J'envoye querir un paſſage plus commode.

Je dinerai demain chez le Vice Chancelier, j'eſpere de trouver des choſes un peu favorables à nôtre ami infortuné, mais je n'ai nulle confiance. Je ſuis,

MADAME,

Votre tres obeiſſant ſerviteur.

LETTER CVIII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

MADAM, June 6, 1775.

SUCH is the uncertainty of all human things, that Mr. C——— has quarrelled with me. He ſays, I raiſe the laugh upon him, and he is an independent man, and all he has is his own, and he is not uſed to ſuch things. And ſo I ſhall have no more good of C———, of whom I never had any good but flattery, which

which my dear miſtreſs knows I can have at home.

That I had no letters yeſterday I do not wonder; for yeſterday we had no poſt. I hope ſomething will come to-day. Our poſt is ſo ill-regulated that we cannot receive letters and anſwer them the ſame day.

Here I am, and how to get away I do not ſee; for the power of departure otherwiſe than in a poſt-chaiſe depends upon accidental vacancies in paſſing coaches, of which all but one in a week paſs through this place at three in the morning. After that one I have ſent, but with little hope; yet I ſhall be very unwilling to ſtay here another week.

I ſupped two nights ago with Mr. Bright, who enquired after Harry and Queeney, to whom I likewiſe deſire to be remembered.

Suppoſe I ſhould grow like my miſtreſs, and when I am to go forward, think eagerly how and when I ſhall come back, would that be a ſtrange thing? Love and reverence have always had ſome tendency to produce conformity.

Where is Mr. Baretti? Are he and Queeney plague and darling as they are uſed to be? I hope

From the Dialogues I wrote for that ſame Queeny, a true idea may be formed how we were plague and darling to each other.

hope my ſweet Queeney will write me a long letter, when I am ſo ſettled that ſhe knows how to direct to me, and if I can find any thing for her cabinet, I ſhall be glad to bring it.

What the Vice Chancellor ſays reſpecting Mr. Carter, if he ſays any thing, you ſhall know to-morrow, for I ſhall probably leave him too late for this day's poſt.

If I have not a little ſomething from you to-day, I ſhall think ſomething very calamitous has befallen us. This is the natural effect of punctuality. Every intermiſſion alarms. Deareſt dear Lady, take care of yourſelf. You connect us, and rule us, and vex us, and pleaſe us. We have all a deep intereſt in your health and proſperity.

She has vexed him often enough.

I am, &c.

LETTER CIX.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAREST LADY, June 7, 1775.

YOUR letter which ought to have come on Tueſday came not till Wedneſday. Well, now I know that there is no harm, I will take a chaiſe and march away towards my own country.

You are but a gooſe at laſt. Wilton told you, that there is room for three hundred and fifty letters, which are equivalent to twelve lines. If you reckon by lines, the inſcription has ſeventeen: if by letters, five hundred and ſeventy-nine; ſo that one way you muſt expel five lines, the other two hundred and twenty-nine letters. This will perplex us; there is little that by my own choice I ſhould like to ſpare; but we muſt comply with the ſtone.

Why not provide a larger one? Was not Mrs. Salisbury worth that poor expence?

C—— and I are pretty well again. I grudge the coſt of going to Lichfield, Frank and I in a poſt-chaiſe; yet I think of thundering away to-morrow; ſo you will write your next dear letter to Lichfield.

The space where the stone is to be, seems fixed upon not to admit of a larger one. There is no other proper situation for it — But the stone was never made for the church.

This letter is written on Wedneſday after the receipt of yours, but will not be delivered to the poſt till to-morrow. I wiſh Ralph better, and my maſter and his boys well. I have pretty good nights.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER CX.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, June 10, 1775.

ON Thurſday morning I took a poſt-chaiſe, and intended to have paſſed a day or two at Birmingham, but Hector had company in his houſe, and I went on to Lichfield, where I know not yet how long I ſhall ſtay, but think of going forward to Aſhbourne in a ſhort time.

Neither your letters nor mine ſeem to have kept due time; if you ſee the date of the letter in which the epitaph was incloſed, you will find that it has been delayed. I ſhall adjuſt the epitaph ſome way or other. Send me your advice.

Poor

Poor Miſs Porter has been bad with the gout in her hand. She cannot yet dreſs herſelf.

I am glad that Ralph is gone; a new air may do him good. I hope little Miſs promiſes well.

If I remember well, this Ralph was Ralph Rice, who married Fanny Thumb.

I will write you a longer letter on Monday, being juſt now called out according to an appointment which I had forgotten.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER CXI.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAREST LADY, June 11, 1775.

I AM ſorry that my maſter has undertaken an impracticable intereſt; but it will be forgotten before the next election. I ſuppoſe he was aſked at ſome time when he could not well refuſe.

Lady Smith is ſettled at laſt here, and ſees company at her new houſe.—I went on Saturday. Poor Lucy Porter has her hand in a

bag, ſo diſabled by the gout that ſhe cannot dreſs herſelf. She does not go out. All your other friends are well.

I go every day to Stowhill: both the ſiſters are now at home. I ſent Mrs. Aſton a *Taxation*, and ſent it nobody elſe, and Lucy borrowed it. Mrs. Aſton ſince that enquired by a meſſenger when I was expected. I can tell nothing about it, anſwered Lucy; when he is to be here I ſuppoſe ſhe'll know.

Every body remembers you all. You left a good impreſſion behind you. I hope you will do the ſame at * * * * *. Do not make them ſpeeches. Unuſual compliments, to which there is no ſtated and preſcriptive anſwer, embarraſs the feeble, who know not what to ſay, and diſguſt the wiſe, who knowing them to be falſe, ſuſpect them to be hypocritical. Did I think when I ſat down to this paper that I ſhould write a leſſon to my miſtreſs, of whom I think with ſo much admiration?

with much admiration indeed, ſcarcely ſitting an hour with her without abuſing her for her facility in talking nonſenſe, or telling lies, which ſhe conſtantly did every day of her life.

As to Mr. Carter, I am inclined to think that our project will ſucceed. The Vice-Chancellor is really in earneſt. He remarked to me how neceſſary it muſt be to provide in places of education a ſufficient variety of innocent

nocent amuſements, to keep the young men from pernicious pleaſures.

When I did not hear from you, I thought whether it would not be proper to come back and look for you. I knew not what might have happened.

Conſider the epitaph, which, you know, muſt be ſhortened, and tell what part you can beſt ſpare. Part of it, which tells the birth and marriage, is formulary, and can be expreſſed only one way; the character we can make longer or ſhorter; and ſince it is too long, may chooſe what we ſhall take away. You muſt get the dates for which you ſee ſpaces left.

You never told me, and I omitted to enquire, how you were entertained by Boſwell's Journal. One would think the man had been hired to be a ſpy upon me. He was very diligent, and caught opportunities of writing from time to time. You may now conceive yourſelf tolerably well acquainted with the expedition. Folks want me to go to Italy, but I ſay you are not for it. However write often to, Madam,

Your, &c.

LETTER CXII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAREST LADY, Lichfield, June 13, 1775.

I NOW write at Mr. Cobb's, where I have dined and had cuſtard. She and Miſs Adey ſend their compliments. Nothing conſiderable has happened ſince I wrote, only I am ſorry to ſee Miſs Porter ſo bad; and I am not well pleaſed to find that after a very comfortable intermiſſion, the old flatulence diſtreſſed me again laſt night. The world is full of ups and downs, as I think I once told you before.

Lichfield is full of box-clubs. The ladies have one for their own ſex. They have incorporated themſelves under the appellation of the Amicable Society; and pay each twopence a week to the box. Any woman who can produce the weekly twopence is admitted to the ſociety; and when any of the poor ſubſcribers is in want, ſhe has ſix ſhillings a week; and I think when ſhe dies five pounds are

are given to her children. Lucy is not one, nor Mrs. Cobb. The ſubſcribers are always quarrelling; and every now and then a lady in a fume withdraws her name; but they are an hundred pounds before hand.

Mr. Green has got a caſt of Shakeſpeare, which he holds to be a very exact reſemblance.

There is great lamentation here for the death of Coll. Lucy is of opinion that he was wonderfully handſome.

poor Coll was drowned. See an account of that misfortune in Johnson's journey to the Hebrides.

Boſwell is a favourite, but he has loſt ground ſince I told them that he is married, and all hope is over.

Be ſo kind as to let me know when you go to Lewes, and when you come back, that I may not fret for want of a letter, as I fretted at Oxford. Pay my reſpects to my dear maſter.

I am, &c.

LETTER CXIII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Lichfield, June 17, 1775.

WRITE to me ſomething every poſt, for on the ſtated day my head runs upon a letter. I will anſwer Queeney. Bad nights came again; but I took mercury, and hope to find good effects. I am diſtreſsfully and frightfully deaf. *Querelis jam ſatis datum.*

So we ſhall have a fine houſe in the winter, as we already have in the ſummer. I am not ſorry for the appearance of a little ſuperfluous expence. I have not yet been at Aſhbourne, and yet I would fain flatter myſelf that you begin to wiſh me home; but do not tell me ſo, if it be not true, for I am very well at Stowhill.

Mrs. Porter will be glad of a memorial from you, and will keep the work-bag carefully, but has no great uſe for it; her preſent qualifications for the niceties of needlework being dim eyes and lame fingers.

Of the harveſt about us it is ſaid that much is expected from the wheat, more indeed than can be eaſily remembered. The barley is promiſing enough, but not uncommonly exuberant. But this is of itſelf a very good account, for no grain is ever dear, when wheat is cheap. I hope therefore that my maſter may without fear or danger build this year, and dig the next. I do not find that in this part of the country rain has been much wanted.

If you go with Mrs. D——, do not forget me amidſt the luxuries of abſolute dominion, but let me have kind letters full of yourſelf, of your own hopes, and your own fears, and your own thoughts, and then go where you will. You will find your journey however but a barren buſineſs; it is dull to live neither ſcolding nor ſcolded, neither governing nor governed. Now try.

I expected that when the intereſt of the county had been divided, Mawbey would have had very little difficulty, and am glad to find that Norton oppoſes him with ſo much efficacy; pray ſend me the reſult.

I am, &c.

There was no want of that when they were together. May be there was ſomething of it in his letters too: but Madam was too wiſe not to ſuppreſs every thing of the kind.

LETTER CXIV.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Lichfield, June 19, 1775.

I HOPE it is very true that Ralph mends, and wiſh you were gone to ſee him, that you might come back again.

Queeney revenges her long taſk upon Mr. Baretti's hen, who muſt ſit on duck eggs a week longer than on her own. I hope ſhe takes great care of my hen, and the Guinea hen, and her pretty little brood.

It was one of the Streatham whims to call the cocks and hens by the name of ſome acquaintance or other of the family: and ſo we roaſted Johnſon to day, and boiled Baretti or ſome body elſe to morrow.

I was afraid Mawbey would ſucceed, and have little hope from the ſcrutiny. Did you ever know a ſcrutiny change the account?

Miſs A—— does not run after me, but I do not want her, here are other ladies.

Invenies alium, ſi te hic faſtidit Alexis.

Miſs * * * * grows old, and Miſs Vyſe has been ill, but I believe ſhe came to me as ſoon as ſhe got out. And I can always go to Stow-

Stowhill. So never grieve about me. Only flatulencies are come again.

Your diſſertation upon Queeney is very deep. I know not what to ſay to the chief queſtion. Nature probably has ſome part in human characters, and accident has ſome part; which has moſt we will try to ſettle when we meet.

Small letters will undoubtedly gain room for more words, but words are uſeleſs if they cannot be read. The lines need not all be kept diſtinct, and ſome words I ſhall wiſh to leave out, though very few. It muſt be reviſed before it is engraved. I always told you that Mr. Thrale was a man, take him for all in all, you ne'er will look upon his like; but you never mind him nor me, till time forces conviction into your ſteely boſom. You will, perhaps, find all right about the houſe and the windows.

The firſt part of the period is far from true: the ſecond is true enough. The ſilly Woman never had ſenſe enough to mind any body but her ſilly ſelf.

Pray always ſuppoſe that I ſend my reſpects to Maſter, and Queeney, and Harry, and Suſey, and Sophy.

Poor Lucy mends very ſlowly, but ſhe is very good-humoured, while I do juſt as ſhe would have me.

Lady Smith has got a new poſt-chaiſe, which is not nothing to talk on at Lichfield. Little things here ſerve for converſation. Mrs. Aſton's parrot pecked my leg, and I heard of it ſome time after at Mrs. Cobb's.

——We deal in nicer things
Than routing armies and dethroning kings.

A week ago Mrs. Cobb gave me ſweetmeats to breakfaſt, and I heard of it laſt night at Stowhill.

If you are for ſmall talk:

——Come on, and do the beſt you can,
I fear not you, nor yet a better man.

I could tell you about Lucy's two cats, and Brill her brother's old dog, who is gone deaf; but the day would fail me. *Suadentque cadentia ſidera ſomnum.* So ſaid Æneas. But I have not yet had my dinner. I have begun early, for what would become of the nation if a letter of this importance ſhould miſs the poſt? Pray write to, deareſt Madam,

Your, *&c.*

LETTER CXV.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Lichfield, June 21, 1775.

NOw I hope you are thinking, ſhall I have a letter to-day from Lichfield? Something of a letter you will have; how elſe can I expect that you ſhould write? and the morning on which I ſhould miſs a letter would be a morning of uneaſineſs, notwithſtanding all that would be ſaid or done by the ſiſters of Stowhill, who do and ſay whatever good they can. They give me good words, and cherries, and ſtrawberries. Lady * * * * and her mother and ſiſter were viſiting there yeſterday, and Lady * * * * took her tea before her mother.

Smith. This is another inſtance that ſhe ſticks to what ſhe ſaid in the Preface, that ſhe ſuppreſſed all that could give pain to people

Mrs. Cobb is to come to Miſs Porter's this afternoon. Miſs A—— comes little near me. Mr. Langley of Aſhbourne was here to-day, in his way to Birmingham, and every body talks of you.

The ladies of the Amicable Society are to walk, in a few days, from the town-hall to the cathedral in proceſſion to hear a ſermon. They walk in linen gowns, and each has a ſtick with an acorn, but for the acorn they could give no reaſon, till I told them of the civick crown.

I have juſt had your ſweet letter, and am glad that you are to be at the regatta. You know how little I love to have you left out of any ſhining part of life. You have every right to diſtinction, and ſhould therefore be diſtinguiſhed. You will ſee a ſhow with philoſophick ſuperiority, and therefore may ſee it ſafely. It is eaſy to talk of ſitting at home contented, when others are ſeeing or making ſhows. But not to have been where it is ſuppoſed, and ſeldom ſuppoſed falſely, that all would go if they could; to be able to ſay nothing when every one is talking; to have no opinion when every one is judging; to hear exclamations of rapture without power to depreſs; to liſten to falſehoods without right to contradict, is, after all, a ſtate of temporary inferiority, in which the mind is rather hardened by ſtubbornneſs, than ſupported by fortitude. If the world be worth winning, let us enjoy it; if it is to be deſpiſed, let us deſpiſe

He made her half mad with this kind of nonſenſe too often repeated - but at laſt ſhe diſtinguiſhed herſelf moſt eſſentially by marrying her Daughters ſinging Maſter, and giving him by the marriage-Contract all that her foolish huſband left her on the ſuppoſition ſhe would take care of his Daughters, and maintain them at her own expence until of age.

ſpiſe it by conviction. But the world is not to be deſpiſed but as it is compared with ſomething better. Company is in itſelf better than ſolitude, and pleaſure better than indolence. *Ex nihilo nihil fit*, ſays the moral as well as natural philoſopher. By doing nothing and by knowing nothing, no power of doing good can be obtained. He muſt mingle with the world that deſires to be uſeful. Every new ſcene impreſſes new ideas, enriches the imagination, and enlarges the power of reaſon, by new topicks of compariſon. You that have ſeen the regatta will have images which we who miſs it muſt want, and no intellectual images are without uſe. But when you are in this ſcene of ſplendour and gayety, do not let one of your fits of negligence ſteal upon you. *Hoc age*, is the great rule whether you are ſerious or merry; whether you are ſtating the expences of your family, learning ſcience or duty from a folio, or floating on the Thames in a fancied dreſs. Of the whole entertainment let me not hear ſo copious nor ſo true an account from any body as from you.

Reading James's medical Dictionary to learn how to adminiſter Antimonial wine to a Boy.

I am, deareſt Madam,

Your, &c.

LETTER CXVI.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, June 23, 1775.

SO now you have been at the regatta, for I hope you got tickets ſomewhere, elſe you wanted me, and I ſhall not be ſorry, becauſe you fancy you can do ſo well without me; but however I hope you got tickets, and were dreſſed fine and fanciful, and made a fine part of the fine ſhow, and heard muſick, and ſaid good things, and ſtaid on the water four hours after midnight, and came well home, and ſlept, and dreamed of the regatta, and waked, and found yourſelf in bed, and thought now it is all over, only I muſt write about it to Lichfield.

We make a hard ſhift here to live on without a regatta. The cherries are ripe at Stowhill, and the currants are ripening, and the ladies are very kind to me. I wiſh, however, you would go to Surry, and come back, though I think

I think it wiſer to ſtay till the improvement in Ralph may become perceptible, elſe you will be apt to judge by your wiſhes and your imagination. Let us in the mean time hope the beſt. Let me but know when you go, and when you come back again.

This Ralph was her ſecond Boy, that died ſoon after, in conſequence of his being dipped by her while under inoculation. Oh, ſhe was a wonderful Phyſician!

If you or Mr. Thrale would write to Dr. Wetherell about Mr. Carter, it will pleaſe Wetherell, and keep the buſineſs in motion. They know not otherwiſe how to communicate news if they have it.

As to my hopes and my wiſhes, I can keep them to myſelf. They will perhaps grow leſs if they are laughed at. I needed not tell them, but that I have little elſe to write, and I needed not write, but that I do not like to be without hearing from you, becauſe I love the Thrales and the Thralites.

He lov'd them as much as he could: but that much was but little, whatever his letters may make the Readers think.

I am, &c.

LETTER CXVII.

Mrs. THRALE to Dr. JOHNSON.

DEAR SIR, Streatham, June 24, 1775.

YOUR letters are very kind and very pleaſing: the laſt came juſt as I was ſetting out for the regatta, of which you have a right to the beſt deſcription I can give; but firſt let us talk of ourſelves, each other, and our friends. I am glad the Miſs Aſtons treat you with ſuch good things, but would not have the currants of Stowhill preferred to the grapes of Streatham, for that is mere *partiality*, a *word* you never uſe, ſo you are bound to ſcorn the *thing*. Why does Miſs * * * * never find a place in the letters from Lichfield. I thought her a mighty elegant amiable country lady.

Mr. * * * * is pedantic enough; a good man however you ſay, and has a ſtrong deſire of being agreeable. 'Tis very flattering to me when people make my talents the ſubject of their praiſes, in order to obtain your favour.

Lady * * * ſhould not have taken the tea before her mother, that's certain, as her huſband is dead, and all pretence of ſupporting the rank he had given her is paſt, ſo not only natural but artificial propriety was violated, and I can find no excuſe for her conduct, except too attentive an obſervation to dear Mr. Johnſon's odd ſpeeches againſt parental authority. ^ Smith

Now for the regatta, of which, Baretti ſays, the firſt notion was taken from Venice, where the gondoliers practiſe rowing againſt each other perpetually, and I dare ſay 'tis good diverſion where the weather invites, and the water ſeduces to ſuch entertainments;—here, however, it was not likely to anſwer; and I think nobody was pleaſed.

Well! Crœſus promiſed a reward, you remember, for him who ſhould produce a new delight; but the prize was never obtained, for nothing that was new proved delightful; and Dr. Goldſmith, three thouſand years afterwards, found out, that whoever did a new thing did a bad thing, and whoever ſaid a new thing ſaid a falſe thing.—So yeſtermorning a flag flying from ſome conſpicuous ſteeple in Weſtminſter gave notice of the approaching

feſtival, and at noon the managers determined to hold it on that day. In about two hours the wind roſe very high, and the river was exceedingly rough; but the lot was caſt, and the ladies went on with their dreſſes. It had been agreed that all ſhould wear white; but the ornaments were left to our own choice. I was afraid of not being fine enough; ſo I trimmed my white luteſtring with ſilver gauze, and wore black ribbons intermixed. We had obtained more tickets than I hoped for, though Sir Thomas Robinſon gave us none at laſt; but he gives one ſuch a profuſion of words, and bows, and compliments, that I ſuppoſe he thinks every thing elſe ſuperfluous.—Mr. Cator was the man for a real favour at laſt, whoſe character is directly oppoſite, as you know; but if both are actuated by the ſpirit of kindneſs, let us *try* at leaſt to love them both,——yet ſtill——

> Prefer the ſtronger effort of its pow'r,
> And juſtly ſet the gem above the flow'r.

He wiſhed Heſter to go, and ſhe wiſhed it too, and her father wiſhed it, ſo I would not ſtand out, though my fears for her health and ſafety leſſened the pleaſure her company always gives.—The D'Avenants then, Mr. Cator,

Cator, Mr. Evans, Mr. Seward, and ourſelves ſet about being happy with all our might—and tried for a barge to flutter in all together. The barges however were already full, and we were to be divided and put into ſeparate boats. The water was rough, even ſeriouſly ſo; the time glided away in deliberation of what was to be done; and we reſolved at laſt to run to the houſe of a gentleman in the Temple, of whom we knew nothing but that he was D'Avenant's friend, and look at the race from his windows—then drive away for Ranelagh in time to ſee the barges drawn up, and the company diſembark. Of the race, however, ſcarce any thing could be ſeen, for clouds of duſt that intercepted one's ſight; and we have no balconies to ſee ſhows from, as are provided in countries where proceſſions make much of the means of entertainment; ſo we diſcompoſed our head-dreſſes againſt each other, by ſtruggling for places in an open window, and then begged pardon with curtſies, which expoſed our trains to be trod on, and made us ſtill more out of humour. It was however a real pleaſure to look at the crowd of ſpectators. Every ſhop was ſhut; every ſtreet deſerted; and the tops of all ſuch houſes as had any catch of the river ſwarmed with

with people like bees ſettling on a branch. Here is no exaggeration, upon my honour; even the lamp-irons on Weſtminſter bridge were converted into ſeats, while every lighter lying in the Thames bore men up to the top-maſt head. This was the true wonder of the day. Baretti ſays, he will ſhew us finer ſights when we go to Italy; I believe him; but ſhall we ever ſee ſo populous a city as London? So rich a city? So happy a city? I fancy not.

Let bear or elephant be e'er ſo white,
The people ſure, the people are the ſight.

Here the Lady wants to ſhew her learning: but where does Horace ſpeak of games, in which camels and panthers were introduced?

They could not indeed be very attentive to the games like thoſe Horace talks of; for here was neither panther nor camel; no pretence to draw us together, as I could find;—yet they ſat ſo thick upon the ſlating of Whitehall, that nobody could perſuade me for a long while out of the notion that it was covered with black, till through a teleſcope we ſpied the *animals in motion*, like magnified mites in a bit of old cheeſe. Well! from this houſe in the Temple we haſted away to Ranelagh, happy in having at leaſt convinced a hundred folks we never ſaw before and perhaps never ſhall ſee again, that we had tickets for the regatta, and fine clothes to ſpoil with the rain, and that we were not

come

come thither like the vulgar—in good time! only to ſee the boat-race. And now, without one image of Cleopatra's galley, or Virgil's games, or one pretext to ſay how it put us in mind of either, we drove to Ranelagh, and told each other all the way how pretty it would be to look at the ladies diſembarking to muſick, and walking in proceſſion up to the rotunda. But the night came on; the wind roared; the rain fell; and the barges miſſing their way, many came up to the wrong ſtairs; the managers endeavoured to rectify the miſtake, and drive them back, that ſome order might be kept, and ſome appearance of regularity might be made; but the women were weary and wet, and in no diſpoſition to try for further felicity out of the old common road, ſo the proceſſion was ſpoiled, and as to muſick we heard none but ſcreams of the frighted company as they were toſſed about at the moment of getting to ſhore. Once more then all were turned looſe to look for pleaſure where it could be found: the rotunda was not to be opened till twelve o'clock, when the bell was to call us to ſup there; the temporary building was not finiſhed, and the rain would not permit walking in the garden.——Calamity however vaniſhes often upon a near approach, does

does not it? as well as happineſs. We all crowded into the new building, from whence we drove the carpenters, and called for cards, without the help of which, by ſome fatality, no day dedicated to amuſement is ever able to end.

She had never play'd at cards: and this paragraph was inſerted après coup to ſhow herſelf modiſh.

Queeney ſaid there was no loſs of the ornaments intended to decorate Neptune's hall; for ſhe ſaw no attempt at embelliſhment, except a few fluttering rags like thoſe which dangle from a dyer's pole into the ſtreet, and in that room we ſat telling opinions, adventures, &c. till ſupper was ſerved, which the men ſaid was an execrable one, and I thought ſhould have been finer. Was nothing good then? you begin to exclaim; here is deſire of ſaying ſomething where little is to be ſaid, and lamentations are the readieſt nonſenſe my miſtreſs can find to fill her letter with. No, no; I would commend the concert and the catch-ſingers for an hour if you would hear me; the muſick was well ſelected, and admirably executed; nor did the company look much amiſs when all the diſmal was over, and we walked round Ranelagh a little in the old way; every body being dreſſed in white was no advantage indeed to the general appearance. Lord Bacon, who knows every

She has no more ear for muſick than a poſt: but now ſhe is a ſinging-Maſter's wife, and hints like theſe go in extenuation of her folly for having made herſelf his wife.

thing ſmall and great better than any one elſe, very judiciouſly recommends full colours and loud muſick for a midnight ſhow; the pale pinks and pea-greens make a mean figure by candle light, ſays he, and if they look pitiful, how much more ſo does white look? the truth is, one has always an idea of privation conveyed to one's mind by it, which inſpires me with melancholy; and perhaps the conſciouſneſs that it implies weakneſs may be the latent reaſon—for I really never did hear of a white horſe winning a race (we don't talk of grey); and I well remember the difficulty of raiſing white fawns among the deer when I was a child; the *blanche roſe* has a ſcent leſs powerful than the red one; and you always chuſe to eat black grapes. Under the pole every creature becomes white we know, for no very creditable reaſon; and in a few years my hair will probably confirm my argument.——In the mean time we will finiſh the regatta, which ended with country-dances.—But I think the rakes and courtezans had that part of the diverſion to themſelves. There were a vaſt many of our common acquaintance among the company. You will be told that I was too fine, and 'tis partly true, but the other extreme would have been worſe,

if ſhe had read her favorite Horace ſhe would at leaſt have known, that the Romans thought the white horſes the fleeteſt.

worſe, and Mr. Thrale choſe my dreſs himſelf.

We returned ſafe home about five or ſix o'clock; a new ſcene to Heſter, who behaved ſweetly, and had no fears in the crowd, but prodigious ſurprize in finding it broad day when we came out. I might have wondered too, for few people have frequented publick places leſs than myſelf, and for the firſt ſix years after my marriage, as you know, I never ſet my foot in any theatre or place of entertainment at all. What moſt amazed me about this regatta, however, was the mixture of company, when tickets were ſo difficult to obtain. Some body talked at Ranelagh of two ladies that were drowned, but I have no doubt that was a dream.

Will this account ſerve to divert Miſs Lucy Porter and your other Lichfield ladies? If it will, the hour has been happily ſpent that wrote the *immortal letter of the regatta*. Of the next frolick we engage in I hope you will be yourſelf *pars magna*, or at worſt I hope you will hear it from the lips of

Your ever faithful,

and obedient ſervant.

P. S. I will loſe as little of the epitaph as 'tis poſſible, nay I will loſe none, for the reduction of the character will accommodate matters to the ſtone, and the words are not uſeleſs, becauſe they are not large.—My mother's character will bear the *neareſt approach* in every ſenſe; and your writing is worth more I hope than walking five ſteps to read it, ſo pray leave nothing out: ſhe cannot be praiſed too much; and if I did not think that compreſſion added force, I ſhould not find her panegyrick half long enough even now.

She might have spared her quibble, as by the time she wrote this, her mother was as much forgotten as most mothers are, and no body cared to approach her character. On the following word compression there is another quibble: but there is wit in quibbles, she supposes.

LETTER CXVIII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, June 26, 1775.

THAT the regatta diſappointed you is neither wonderful nor new; all pleaſure preconceived and preconcerted ends in diſappointment; but diſappointment, when it involves neither ſhame nor loſs, is as good as ſucceſs; for it ſupplies as many images to the mind, and as many topicks to the tongue. I am glad it failed for another reaſon, which looks more ſage than my reaſons commonly try

This is saying more than she said. She received pleasure enough by her own account. But Johnson delighted too much in gloominess, and would have been still more gloomy, if she had highly owned, that she was pleased.

try to look; this, I think, is Queeney's firſt excurſion into the regions of pleaſure, and I ſhould not wiſh to have her too much pleaſed. It is as well for her to find that pleaſures have their pains; and that bigger miſſes who are at Ranelagh when ſhe is in bed, are not ſo much to be envied as they would wiſh to be, or as they may be repreſented.

I have a notion, that Queeney has liſtened too much to his gloomy leſſons, as now that ſhe is three and twenty, though rich and independent, ſhe is already too gloomy herſelf.

So you left out the * * * *s, and I ſuppoſe they did not go. It will be a common place for you and Queeney fourſcore years hence; and my maſter and you may have recourſe to it ſometimes. But I can only liſten. I am glad that you were among the fineſt.

Nothing was the matter between me and Miſs * * * *. We are all well enough now. Miſs Porter went yeſterday to church, from which ſhe has been kept a long time. I fancy that I ſhall go on Thurſday to Aſhbourne, but do not think that I ſhall ſtay very long. I wiſh you were gone to Surry and come well back again, and yet I would not have you go too ſoon. Perhaps I do not very well know what I would have; it is a caſe not extremely rare. But I know I would hear from you by every poſt, and therefore I take care that you ſhould every poſt day hear from me.

I am, &c.

LETTER CXIX.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Aſhbourne, July 1, 1775.

ON Thurſday I came to Dr. Taylor's, where I live as I am uſed to do, and as you know. He has gotten nothing new, but a very fine looking glaſs, and a bull-bitch. The leſs bull is now grown the bigger. But I forgot; he has bought old Shakeſpeare, the race-horſe, for a ſtallion. He has likewiſe ſome fine iron gates which he will ſet up ſomewhere. I have not yet ſeen the old horſe.

You are very much enquired after, as well here as at Lichfield.

This I ſuppoſe will go after you to Suſſex, where I hope you will find every thing either well or mending. You never told me whether you took Queeney with you; nor ever ſo much as told me the name of the little one. May be you think I don't care about you.

I behaved myſelf ſo well at Lichfield, that Lucy ſays I am grown better; and the ladies

at Stowhill expect I ſhould come back thither before I go to London, and offer to entertain me if Lucy refuſes.

I have this morning received a letter from Mrs. Chambers of Calcutta. The Judge has a ſore eye, and could not write. She repreſents all as going on very well; only Chambers does not now flatter himſelf that he ſhall do much good.

I am, &c.

LETTER CXX.

To Mrs. THRALE.

Now, thinks my deareſt Miſtreſs to herſelf, ſure I am at laſt gone too far to be peſtered every poſt with a letter: he knows that people go into the country to be at quiet; he knows too that when I have once told the ſtory of Ralph, the place where I am affords me nothing that I ſhall delight to tell, or he will wiſh to be told; he knows how troubleſome it is to write letters about nothing; and he

he knows that he does not love trouble himſelf, and therefore ought not to force it upon others.

But, deareſt Lady, you may ſee once more how little knowledge influences practice, notwithſtanding all this knowledge, you ſee, here is a letter.

Every body ſays the proſpect of harveſt is uncommonly delightful; but this has been ſo long the Summer talk, and has been ſo often contradicted by Autumn, that I do not ſuffer it to lay much hold on my mind. Our gay proſpects have now for many years together ended in melancholy retroſpects. Yet I am of opinion that there is much corn upon the ground. Every dear year encourages the farmer to ſow more and more, and favourable ſeaſons will be ſent at laſt. Let us hope that they will be ſent now.

The Doctor and Frank are gone to ſee the hay. It was cut on Saturday, and yeſterday was well wetted; but to day has its fill of ſunſhine. I hope the hay at Streatham was plentiful, and had good weather.

Our lawn is as you left it, only the pool is ſo full of mud that the water-fowl have left it.

Here are many calves, who, I ſuppoſe, all expect to be great bulls and cows.

Yeſterday I ſaw Mrs. Diot at church, and ſhall drink tea with her ſome afternoon.

I cannot get free from this vexatious flatulence, and therefore have troubleſome nights, but otherwiſe I am not very ill. Now and then a fit; and not violent. I am not afraid of the waterfall. I now and then take phyſick; and ſuſpect that you were not quite right in omitting to let blood before I came away. But I do not intend to do it here.

If Johnſon had made it a point to ſpoil her quite, could he have held a more effectual language? She was naturally vain and pompous, and he ſtrove to make her ſo every day more with his puerile notions of her Dignity.

You will now find the advantage of having made one at the regatta. You will carry with you the importance of a publick perſonage, and enjoy a ſuperiority which, having been only local and accidental, will not be regarded with malignity. You have a ſubject by which you can gratify general curioſity, and amuſe your company without bewildering them. You can keep the vocal machine in motion, without thoſe ſeeming paradoxes that are ſure to diſguſt; without that temerity of cenſure which is ſure to provoke enemies; and that exuberance of flattery which experience has found to make no friends. It is

the

the good of publick life that it ſupplies agreeable topicks and general converſation. Therefore wherever you are, and whatever you ſee, talk not of the Punick war; nor of the depravity of human nature; nor of the ſlender motives of human actions; nor of the difficulty of finding employment or pleaſure; but talk, and talk, and talk of the regatta, and keep the reſt for, deareſt Madam,

Your, &c.

LETTER CXXI.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Aſhbourne, July 6, 1775.

DR. TAYLOR ſays he ſhall be very glad to ſee you all here again, if you have a mind of retirement. But I told him that he muſt not expect you this ſummer; and he wants to know why?

I am glad you have read Boſwell's journal, becauſe it is ſomething for us to talk about, and that you have ſeen the Hornecks, becauſe that is a publick theme. I would have you

the Hornecks were, and are ſtill, two Ladies no leſs beautiful, than modeſt and ſenſible. Both have been my pupils: but Madam never liked them much, becauſe few would take notice of her where they were.

ſee, and read, and hear, and talk it all, as occaſion offers.

Pray thank Queeney for her letter. I ſtill hope good of poor Ralph; but ſure never poor rogue was ſo troubled with his teeth. I hope occaſional bathing, and keeping him about two minutes with his body immerſed, may promote the diſcharge from his head, and ſet his little brain at liberty. Pray give my ſervice to my dear friend Harry, and tell him that Mr. Murphy does not love him better than I do.

I am inclined to be of Mr. Thrale's mind about the changes in the ſtate. A diſſolution of the Parliament would, in my opinion, be little leſs than a diſſolution of the government, by the encouragement which it would give to every future faction to diſturb the publick tranquillity. Who would ever want places and power if perſeverance in falſehood and violence of outrage were found to be certain and infallible means of procuring them? yet I have ſo little confidence in our preſent ſtateſmen, that I know not whether any thing is leſs likely, for being either abſurd or dangerous. I am, deareſt Lady,

Your, *&c.*

LETTER CXXII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAREST MADAM, July 7, 1775.

WHAT can be the reaſon that I hear nothing from you or from your houſe? Are you well? Yet while I am aſking the queſtion, I know not when I ſhall be able to receive your anſwer, for I am waiting for the chance of a place in a coach which will probably be come and gone in an hour.

Yeſterday the Vice-Chancellor told me, that he has written to the Archbiſhop of York. His letter, as he repreſented it to me, was very proper and perſuaſive. I believe we ſhall eſtabliſh Mr. Carter the riding maſter of Oxford.

Still I cannot think why I hear nothing from you.

The coach is full. I am therefore at full leiſure to continue my letter; but I have nothing more to ſay of buſineſs, but that the Vice-Chancellor is for adding to the riding-

ſchool a houſe and ſtable for the maſter. Nor of myſelf but that I grieve and wonder, and hope and fear about my dear friends at Streatham. But I may have a letter this afternoon—Sure it will bring me no bad news. You never neglected writing ſo before. If I have a letter to-day I will go away as ſoon as I can; if I have none, I will ſtay till this may be anſwered, if I do not come back to town.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER CXXIII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Aſhbourne.

I AM ſure I write and write, and every letter that comes from you charges me with not writing. Since I wrote to Queeney I have written twice to you, on the 6th and the 9th, be pleaſed to let me know whether you have them or have them not. That of the 6th you ſhould regularly have had on the 8th, yet your letter of the 9th ſeems not to mention it; all this puzzles me.

Poor

Poor dear * * * *! He only grows dull becauſe he is ſickly; age has not yet begun to impair him; nor is he ſuch a chameleon as to take immediately the colour of his company. When you ſee him again, you will find him reanimated. Moſt men have their bright and their cloudy days, at leaſt they have days when they put their powers into act, and days when they ſuffer them to repoſe.

Fourteen thouſand pounds make a ſum ſufficient for the eſtabliſhment of a family, and which, in whatever flow of riches or confidence of proſperity, deſerves to be very ſeriouſly conſidered. I hope a great part of it has paid debts, and no ſmall part bought land. As for gravelling and walling and digging, though I am not much delighted with them, yet ſomething, indeed much, muſt be allowed to every man's taſte. He that is growing rich has a right to enjoy part of the growth his own way. I hope to range in the walk, and row upon the water, and devour fruit from the wall.

Dr. Taylor wants to be gardening. He means to buy a piece of ground in the neighbourhood, and ſurround it with a wall, and build a gardener's houſe upon it, and have fruit,

fruit, and be happy. Much happineſs it will not bring him; but what can he do better? If I had money enough, what would I do? Perhaps, if you and maſter did not hold me, I might go to Cairo, and down the Red Sea to Bengal, and take a ramble in India. Would this be better than building and planting? It would ſurely give more variety to the eye, and more amplitude to the mind. Half fourteen thouſand would ſend me out to ſee other forms of exiſtence, and bring me back to deſcribe them.

I anſwer this the day on which I had yours of the 9th, that is on the 11th. Let me know when it comes.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER CXXIV.

To Mrs. THRALE.

Aſhbourne, Wedneſday, July 12, 1775.

DEAR MADAM,

ON Monday I was not well, but I grew better at night, and before morning was, as the doctors ſay, out of danger.

We

We have no news here, except that on Saturday Lord Scarſdale dined with the Doctor. He is a very gentlemanlike man. On Sunday Mr. * * * * paid a viſit from Lichfield, and having nothing to ſay, ſaid nothing, and went away.

Our great cattle, I believe, go on well, but our deer have died; all but five does and the poor buck. We think the ground too wet for them.

I have encloſed a letter from Mrs. Chambers, partly, perhaps wholly, for Mr. Baretti's amuſement and gratification, though he has probably a much longer letter of his own, which he takes no care to ſend me. *Sir Robert Chambers' Lady at Calcutta.*

Mr. L—— and the Doctor ſtill continue at variance; and the Doctor is afraid, and Mr. L—— not deſirous of a reconciliation. I therefore ſtep over at by-times, and of by-times I have enough.

Mrs. Dale has been ill, and, at fourſcore, has recovered. She is much extenuated, but having the ſummer to favour her, will, I think, renew her hold on life.

To the Diots I yet owe a viſit. Mr. Gell is now rejoicing, at fifty-ſeven, for the birth of

of an heir-male. I hope here is news. Mr. * * * and * * * * ſeem to be making preparations for war.

Now I flatter myſelf that you want to know ſomething about me. My ſpirits are now and then in an uneaſy flutter, but upon the whole not very bad.

We have here a great deal of rain; but this is a very rainy region. I hear nothing but good of the harveſt; but the expectation is higher of the wheat than of the barley, but I hope there will be barley enough for us, and Mr. S——, and Lady L——, and ſomething ſtill to ſpare. I am, deareſt ſweeteſt Lady,

Your, &c.

LETTER CXXV.

Mrs. THRALE to Dr. JOHNSON.

DEAR SIR,

THE letters are all come; and very kind letters they are; and I always wiſh them longer and leſs frequent; for when you once turn the page I am ſure of a diſquiſition, or an

an obſervation, or a little ſcold, or ſomething. —When you write leſs than twenty lines at once, 'tis only a ſcrap rent from the next week's chat, for what ſhall we have to talk if all the facts are ſent flying ſo between Aſhbourne and Streatham? I will keep the ſtory of the fourteen thouſand pounds till we meet; ſo I will all family concerns, unleſs little Queeney ſends her *country poſt*, as uſual, to give information of a new *ſail of ducks*, or ſome ſuch important intelligence, which will not greatly interfere with my project. At preſent the laſt paragraph of your laſt long letter is much in my head; and Mr. Thrale ſaid, when we read it together, that you ſhould not travel alone, if he could once ſee this dear little boy quite well, or ſee me well perſuaded (as many are) that nothing ails him.

Why, what an uncomfortable reflection it is at laſt, that thoſe who are beſt qualified to travel, and tell what they have ſeen at their return, ſhould be almoſt always obliged, for one reaſon or another, to ſtay at home. *My* great delight, like yours, would be to ſee how life is carried on in other countries, how various climates produce various effects, and how different notions of religion and government operate upon the human manners and the

human mind; for 'tis they at laſt which cauſe all the diſtinction between national characters, as the method in which our bones and fibres are diſpoſed creates all the variety obſerved in the human figure; yet I do not commend thoſe voyagers who teize one with too much of ſuch ſtuff to ſhew their own profundity, any more than I like a painter who exhibits none but anatomical figures: I think, however, we have had little to lament on that ſide lately, as counting pictures and deſcribing ruins ſeems to have been the ſole buſineſs of modern travellers—but when *we* go to *Cairo*, one ſhall take one department, another ſhall take another, and ſo a pretty book may be made out amongſt us, that ſhall be commended, and cenſured, and cuffed about the town for a twelvemonth, if no new tub takes the whale's attention.

Well! now all this is nonſenſe, and fancy, and flight, you know, for my maſter has his great caſks to mind, and I have my little children, but he has really half a mind to croſs the water for half a year's friſk to Italy, or France, if we could leave matters ſo that we might not be frighted or called back to any vexation. For digging, walling, or planting,

we ſhould be better qualified at our return, and we would ſhake off our ſuperflux of ſcience to dear Dr. Taylor—to whom make in the mean time our beſt compliments, with love to his Jigg and Jeſſamy—I ſhould not expect to ſee their ſuperiors in any country, but the foreign aſs we admired at Blenheim might meaſure againſt either of them as well as I remember.

You account very tenderly for * * * *'s dullneſs, it was perhaps only accidental; but if a man will never add to his original ſtock by reading, and keep on living away upon what he ſet out with, dullneſs in converſation muſt finally enſue. A beſieged town is always obliged to capitulate at laſt, if ſtrongly inveſted, and all foreign ſupplies cut off, however well ſtored with proviſion when the blockade begun. Mr. Thrale ſaid he was more agreeable this afternoon, but I told him ſtarving produced a fever always in the laſt ſtage of a life loſing by famine, and his friend's warmth in converſation was occaſioned by nothing better.

Would it not be wiſer to talk of the regatta than make ſuch Welch ſpeeches as theſe?—but nobody was by.

I ſaid

I ſaid I would write nothing of family matters, but here is a letter from Suſſex come, that will make me write of nothing elſe. The child is very bad I am ſure, but I had better go and ſee, for the ſuſpenſe is terrible, and theſe naſty poſts!

The illneſs of this boy frights me for all the reſt; if any of them have a headach it puts me in an agony, a broken leg would leſs affect my peace.——So many to have the ſame diſorder is dreadful. What can be the meaning of it?.

Sophy complained yeſterday, but I hope it was on purpoſe to fright me.

Send me ſome comfortable words; do, dear Sir; and believe me ever

Your obliged and faithful ſervant.

LETTER CXXVI.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Aſhbourne, July, 1775.

I AM ſorry that my poor little friend Ralph goes on no better. We muſt ſee what time will do for him.

I hope Harry is well. I had a very pretty letter from Queeney; and hope ſhe will be kind to my hen and her ten chickens, and mind her book.

I forget whether I tell ſome things, and may perhaps tell them twice, but the matter is not great, only, as you obſerve, the more we write the leſs we ſhall have to ſay when we meet.

Are we to go all to Brighthelmſtone in the Autumn, or have you ſatiated yourſelf with this viſit? I have only one reaſon for wiſhing you to go, and that reaſon is far enough from amounting to neceſſity.

That * * * *'s ſimplicity ſhould be forgiven, for his benevolence is very juſt; and I will not now ſay any thing in oppoſition to

your kind reſolution. It is pity that any good man ſhould ever ſeem, or ever be ridiculous.

This letter will be ſhort, for I am ſo much diſordered by indigeſtion, of which I can give no account, that it is difficult to write more than that I am, deareſt Lady,

Your, *&c.*

LETTER CXXVII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAREST MADAM, July 13, 1775.

IN return for your three letters I do not find myſelf able to ſend you more than two; but if I had the prolixity of an emperour, it ſhould be all at your ſervice.

Poor Ralph! I think what they purpoſe to do for his relief is right, but that it will be efficacious I cannot promiſe.

Your anxiety about your other babies is, I hope, ſuperfluous. Miſs and Harry are as ſafe as ourſelves; they have outlived the age of weakneſs; their fibres are now elaſtick, and their headachs, when they have them, are from accidental cauſes, heat or indigeſtion.

If

If Sufy had been at all diſpoſed to this horrid malady, it would have laid hold on her in her early ſtate of laxity and feebleneſs. That native vigour which has carried her happily through ſo many obſtructions to life and growth, will, I think, certainly preſerve her from a diſeaſe moſt likely to fall only on the weak.

Of the two ſmall ladies it can only be ſaid, that there is no preſent appearance of danger; and of fearing evils merely poſſible there is no end. We are told by the Lord of Nature, that "for the day its own evil is ſufficient."

Now to lighter things, and thoſe of weight enough to another. I am ſtill of opinion, that we ſhall bring the Oxford riding-ſchool to bear. * * * * * * * * is indeed *un eſprit foible*, and perhaps too eaſily repreſſed, but Dr. Wetherell is in earneſt. I would come back through Oxford, but that at this time there is nobody there. But I will not deſiſt. I think to viſit them next term.

Do not let poor Lizard be degraded for five pounds. I ſent you word that I would ſpend ſomething upon him; and indeed for the money which it would coſt to take him to

Taylor or Langton and fetch him back, he may be kept, while he ſtands idle, a long time in the ſtable.

Mrs. Williams has been very ill, and it would do her good if you would ſend a meſſage of enquiry, and a few ſtrawberries or currants.

Mr. Flint's little girl is alive and well, and prating, as I hope yours, my dear Lady, will long continue.

The hay harveſt is here very much incommoded by daily ſhowers, which, however, ſeem not violent enough to beat down the corn.

I cannot yet fix the time of coming home. Dr. Taylor and I ſpend little time together, yet he will not yet be perſuaded to hear of parting. I am,

Deareſt Lady,

Your, &c.

LETTER CXXVIII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Aſhbourne, July 15, 1775.

YOU are ſo kind every poſt, that I now regularly expect your favours. You have indeed more materials for writing than I. Here are only I and the Doctor, and of him I ſee not much. You have Maſter, and young Maſter, and Miſſes, beſides geeſe, and turkies, and ducks, and hens.

The Doctor ſays, that if Mr. Thrale comes ſo near as Derby without ſeeing us, it will be a ſorry trick. I wiſh, for my part, that he may return ſoon, and reſcue the fair captives from the tyranny of B——i. Poor B——i! do not quarrel with him; to neglect him a little will be ſufficient. He means only to be frank, and manly, and independent, and perhaps, as you ſay, a little wiſe. To be frank he thinks is to be cynical, and to be independent is to be rude. Forgive him, deareſt Lady, the rather, becauſe of his miſbehaviour,

If B—i means Baretti, God knows what lies the Woman wrote to Johnſon! The girls were never ſo happy as when their mother was away, who did nothing but ſcold or beat them for the moſt trivial faults or omiſſions. As to me, when I had done teaching Queeny I made them run merrily about, and no body check'd their mirth but their beaſtly mother. However I ſuſpect that this gabble is not Johnſon's but her own.

His example I could never have followed with regard to those little Girls; for he was averse to the company of children, and shunned it as much as possible but every body that knows me, knows that I am and always was fond of children.

I am afraid he learned part of me. I hope to ſet him hereafter a better example.

Your concern for poor Ralph, and your reſolution to viſit him again, is too parental to be blamed. You may perhaps do good; you do at leaſt your duty, and with that we muſt be contented; with that indeed, if we attained it, we ought to be happy; but who ever attained it?

You have perceived, by my letters, that without knowing more than that the *eſtate* was unſettled, I was inclined to a ſettlement. I am likewiſe for an entail. But we will conſult men of experience, for that which is to hinder my dear Harry from miſchief when he comes to age may be done with mature deliberation.

You have not all the miſery in the world to yourſelf; I was laſt night almoſt convulſed with flatulence, after having gone to bed I thought ſo well—but it does not much trouble me when I am out of bed. To your anxiety about your children I wrote lately what I had to ſay. I blame it ſo little, that I think you ſhould add a ſmall particle of anxiety about me; for I am, deareſt Madam,

Your, &c.

LETTER CXXIX.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, July 17, 1775.

THE poſt is come without a letter; how could I be ſo ſullen—but *he muſt be humble who would pleaſe*. Perhaps you are gone to Brighthelmſtone, and ſo could not write; however it be, this I feel, that I have no letter; but then I have ſometimes had two, and if I have as many letters as there come poſts nobody will pity me if I were to complain.

How was your hay made? The Doctor has had one part well houſed, another wetted and dried till it is hardly worth the carriage; and now many acres newly mown, that have hitherto had good weather. This may be conſidered as a foreign article; the domeſtick news is, that our bull-bitch has puppies, and that our ſix calves are no longer to be fed by hand, but to live on graſs.

Mr. Langley has made ſome improvements in his garden. A rich man might do more; but what he has done is well.

You have never in all your letters touched but once upon my maſter's Summer projects. Is he towering into the air, and tending to the centre? Is he excavating the earth, or covering its ſurface with edifices? Something he certainly is doing, and ſomething he is ſpending. A genius never can be quite ſtill. I do not murmur at his expences; a good harveſt will ſupply them.

We talk here of Poliſh oats, and Siberian barley, of which both are ſaid to be more productive, to ripen in leſs time, and to afford better grain than the Engliſh. I intend to procure ſpecimens of both, which we will try in ſome ſpots of our own ground.

The Doctor has no great mind to let me go. Shall I teaze him, and plague him till he is weary of me? I am, I hope, pretty well, and fit to come home. I ſhall be expected by all my ladies to return through Lichfield, and to ſtay there a while; but if I thought you wanted me, I hope you know what would be done by,

Deareſt, deareſt Madam,

Your, &c.

LETTER CXXX.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Aſhbourne, July 20, 1775.

POOR Ralph! he is gone; and nothing remains but that you comfort yourſelf with having done your beſt. The firſt wiſh was, that he might live long to be happy and uſeful; the next, that he might not ſuffer long pain. The ſecond wiſh has been granted. Think now only on thoſe which are left you. I am glad that you went to Brighthelmſtone, for your journey is a ſtanding proof to you of your affection and diligence. We can hardly be confident of the ſtate of our own minds, but as it ſtands atteſted by ſome external action; we are ſeldom ſure that we ſincerely meant what we omitted to do.

Ay! Better if ſhe had not meddled with him at all, and not plunged him in cold water when under inoculation. But ſhe was ſo ſkilled in Phyſick!

Dr. Taylor ſays, that Mr. Thrale has not uſed us well, in coming ſo near without coming nearer. I know not what he can ſay for himſelf, but I know that he can take ſhelter in ſullen ſilence.

And that he did a great many times.

There

There is, I think, ſtill the ſame proſpect of a plentiful harveſt. We have in this part of the kingdom had rain to ſwell the grain, and ſunſhine to ripen it. I was yeſterday to ſee the Doctor's Poland oats. They grow, for a great part, four feet high, with a ſtalk equal in bulk and ſtrength to wheaten ſtraw. We were of opinion that they muſt be reaped, as the lower joints would be too hard for fodder. We will try them.

Little did he care for Suſy, or for any of the reſt. I find he mentions them often in writing, but ſcarce ever took notice of any when preſent.

Suſy was always my little girl. See what ſhe is come to; you muſt keep her in mind of me, who was always on her ſide. Of Mrs. Fanny I have no knowledge.

You have two or three of my letters to anſwer, and I hope you will be copious and diſtinct, and tell me a great deal of your mind; a dear little mind it is; and I hope always to love it better as I know it more.

Little indeed! He knew it a little, but never cared to know it more.

I am, &c.

LETTER CXXXI.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR LADY, Aſhbourne, July 21, 1775.

WHEN you write next direct to Lichfield, for I think to move that way on Tueſday, and in no long time to move homewards, when we will have a ſerious conſultation, and try to do every thing for the beſt.

I ſhall be glad of a letter from dear Queeney, and am not ſorry that ſhe wiſhes for me. When I come we will enter into an alliance defenſive at leaſt.

Not ſhe at that time!

Mr. B——i very elegantly ſent his pupil's letter to Mrs. Williams without a cover, in ſuch a manner that ſhe knows not whence it was tranſmitted.

I don't know what this gabble means, and what letter they are ſpeaking of.

I do not mean to bleed but with your concurrence, though I am troubled with eruptions, which I cannot ſuppreſs by frequent phyſick.

As my maſter ſtaid only one day, we muſt forgive him, yet he knows he ſtaid only one day, becauſe he thought it not worth his while to ſtay two.

You

The Bitch has suppressed the letter that made Johnson write these idle words; therefore I cannot even have a guess at their meaning.

You and B———i are friends again. My dear mistress has the quality of being easily reconciled, and not easily offended. Kindness is a good thing in itself; and there are few things that are worthy of anger, and still fewer that can justify malignity.

Nothing remains for the present, but that you sit down placid and content, disposed to enjoy the present, and planning the proper use of the future liberalities of Providence. You have really much to enjoy, and, without any wild indulgence of imagination, much to expect. In the mean time, however, life is gliding away, and another state is hastening forwards. You were but five-and-twenty when I knew you first. What I shall be next September I confess I have *lacheté* enough to turn aside from thinking.

And she married Piozzi twenty years after at least.

I am glad you read Boswell's journal; you are now sufficiently informed of the whole transaction, and need not regret that you did not make the tour of the Hebrides.

You have done me honour in naming me your trustee, and have very judiciously chosen Cator. I believe our fidelity will not be exposed to any strong temptations.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER CXXXII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, July 24, 1775.

BE pleaſed to return my thanks to Queeney for her pretty little letter. I hope the peacock will recover. It is pity we cannot catch the fellow; we would make him drink at the pump. The victory over the poor wild cat delights me but little. I had rather he had taken a chicken than loſt his life.

To-morrow I go to Lichfield. My company would not any longer make the Doctor happy. He wants to be rambling with his Aſhbourne friends. And it is perhaps time for me to think of coming home. Which way I ſhall take I do not know.

Miſs ſays, that you have recovered your ſpirits, and that you all are well. Pray do not grudge the trouble of telling me ſo your ownſelf; for I do not find my attention to you and your ſenſations at all leſſened by this time of abſence, which always appears to my

my imagination much longer than when I count it.

Now to-morrow I expect to ſee Lucy Porter and Mrs. Adey, and to hear how they have gone on at Lichfield; and then for a little I ſhall wander about as the birds of paſſage circle and flutter before they ſet out on the main flight.

I have been generally without any violent diſorder of either mind or body, but every now and then ailing, but ſo that I could keep it to myſelf.

Are we to go to Brighthelmſtone this Autumn? I do not enquire with any great ſolicitude. You know one reaſon, and it will not be eaſy to find another, except that which brings all thither that go, unwillingneſs to ſtay at home, and want of power to ſupply with either buſineſs or amuſement the cravings of the day. From this diſtreſs all that know either you or me, will ſuppoſe that we might reſcue ourſelves, if we would, without the help of a bath in the morning and an aſſembly at night.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER CXXXIII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Lichfield, July 26, 1775.

YESTERDAY I came hither. After dinner I went to Stowhill; there I was pampered, and had an uneaſy night. Phyſick to day put me out of order; and for ſome time I forgot that this is poſt night.

Nothing very extraordinary has happened at Lichfield ſince I went away. Lucy Porter is better, and has got her lame hand out of the bag. The reſt of your friends I have not ſeen.

Having ſtaid long enough at Aſhbourne, I was not ſorry to leave it. I hindered ſome of Taylor's diverſions, and he ſupplied me with very little. Having ſeen the neighbouring places, I had no curioſity to gratify; and having few new things, we had little new talk.

When I came I found Lucy at her book. She had Hammond's Commentary on the Pſalms

Pſalms before her. He is very learned, ſhe ſays, but there is enough that any body may underſtand.

Now I am here I think myſelf a great deal nearer London than before, for though the diſtance is not very different, I am here in the way of carriages, and can eaſily get to Birmingham, and ſo to Oxford; but I know not which way I ſhall take, but ſome way or other I hope to find, that may bring me back again to Streatham; and then I ſhall ſee what have been my maſter's goings on, and will try whether I ſhall know the old places.

As I lift up my head from the paper, I can look into Lucy's garden. Her walls have all failed. I believe ſhe has had hardly any fruit but gooſeberries; but ſo much verdure looks pretty in a town.

When you read my letters I ſuppoſe you are very proud to think how much you excel in the correſpondence; but you muſt remember that your materials are better. You have a family, and friends, and hopes, and fears, and wiſhes, and averſions, and all the ingredients that are neceſſary to the compoſition of a letter. Here ſit poor I, with nothing but my own ſolitary individuality; doing little, and

ſuffering

ſuffering no more than I have often ſuffered; hearing nothing that I can repeat; ſeeing nothing that I can relate; talking, when I do talk, to thoſe whom you cannot regard; and at this moment hearing the curfew, which you cannot hear. I am,

Deareſt, deareſt Lady,

Your, *&c.*

LETTER CXXXIV.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Lichfield, July.

DO not ſay that I never write to you, and do not think that I expected to find any friends here that could make me wiſh to prolong my ſtay. For your ſtrawberries, however, I have no care. Mrs. Cobb has ſtrawberries, and will give me as long as they laſt; and ſhe has cherries too. Of the ſtrawberries at Streatham I conſign my part to Miſs and Harry. I hope Suſy grows, and Lucy begins to walk. Though this rainy weather confines us

all in the houſe, I have neither frolicked nor fretted.

What tumult does she speak of? Some dream of hers, no doubt.

In the tumult, whatever it was, at your houſe, I hope my countrywomen either had no part, or behaved well. I told Mr. Heartwell about three days ago, how well Warren was liked in her place.

I have paſſed one day at Birmingham with my old friend Hector—there's a name—and his ſiſter, an old love. My miſtreſs is grown much older than my friend.

——O, quid habes illius, illius
Quæ ſpirabat amores
Quæ me ſurpuerat mihi.

Time will impair the body, and uſes us well if it ſpares the mind.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER CXXXV.

To Mrs. THRALE.

MADAM, July 29, 1775.

THE rain caught me at Stowhill, and kept me till it is very late; I muſt however write, for I am enjoined to tell you how much Mrs. Lucy was pleaſed with your preſent, and to entreat you to excuſe her from writing, becauſe her hand is not yet recovered. She is very glad of your notice, and very thankful.

I am very deſirous that Mr. * * * ſhould be ſent for a few weeks to Brighthelmſtone. Air, and vacancy, and novelty, and the conſciouſneſs of his own value, and the pride of ſuch diſtinction and delight in Mr. Thrale's kindneſs, would, as Cheney phraſes it, afford all the relief that human art can give, or human nature receive. Do not read this ſlightly, you may prolong a very uſeful life.

Whether the pine-apples be ripe or rotten, whether the Duke's veniſon be baked or roaſted, I begin to think it time I were at home. I have ſtaid till perhaps nobody wiſhes me to ſtay longer, except the ladies on the hill, who offer me a lodging, and though not ill, am unſettled enough to wiſh for change of place, even though that change were not to bring me to Streatham; but thither I hope I ſhall quickly come, and find you all well, and gay, and happy, and catch a little gaiety, and health, and happineſs among you.

That he never caught. ette thought and muſed at Streatham as he did habitually every where, and ſeldom or never minded what was doing about him.

I am, Deareſt of all dear Ladies,

Your, &c.

LETTER CXXXVI.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Auguſt 1, 1775.

I WONDER how it could happen. I forgot that the poſt went out yeſternight, and ſo omitted to write; I therefore put this by the by-poſt, and hope it will come, that I may not loſe my regular letter.

This

This was to have been my laſt letter from this place, but Lucy ſays I muſt not go this week. Fits of tenderneſs with Mrs. Lucy are not common; but ſhe ſeems now to have a little paroxyſm, and I was not willing to counteract it. When I am to go I ſhall take care to inform you. The lady at Stowhill ſays, how comes Lucy to be ſuch a ſovereign, all the town beſides could not have kept you.

America now fills every mouth, and ſome heads, and a little of it ſhall come into my letter. I do not much like the news. Our troops have indeed the ſuperiority; five-and-twenty hundred have driven five thouſand from their intrenchment; but the Americans fought ſkilfully; had coolneſs enough in the battle to carry off their men; and ſeem to have retreated orderly, for they were not purſued. They want nothing but confidence in their leaders, and familiarity with danger. Our buſineſs is to purſue their main army, and diſperſe it by a deciſive battle; and then waſte the country till they ſue for peace. If we make war by parties and detachments, diſlodge them from one place, and exclude them from another, we ſhall by a local, gradual, and ineffectual war, teach them our own knowledge, harden their obſtinacy, and ſtrengthen

their confidence, and at laſt come to fight on equal terms of ſkill and bravery, without equal numbers.

Mrs. Williams wrote me word, that you had honoured her with a viſit, and *behaved lovely*.

Mr. Thrale left off digging his pool, I ſuppoſe, for want of water. The firſt thing to be done is by digging in three or four places, to try how near the ſprings will riſe to the ſurface; for though we cannot hope to be always full, we muſt be ſure never to be dry.

Poor * * * * *! I am ſorry for him. It is ſad to give a family of children no pleaſure but by dying. It was ſaid of Otho: *Hoc tantum fecit nobile quod periit.* It may be changed to * * * *: *Hoc tantum fecit utile.*

If I could do Mr. Carter any good at Oxford, I could eaſily ſtop there; for through it, if I go by Birmingham, I am likely to paſs; but the place is now a ſullen ſolitude. Whatever can be done I am ready to do; but our operations muſt for the preſent be at London.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER CXXXVII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

MADAM, Lichfield, Auguſt 2, 1775.

I DINED to-day at Stowhill, and am come away to write my letter. Never ſurely was I ſuch a writer before. Do you keep my letters? I am not of your opinion that I ſhall not like to read them hereafter; for though there is in them not much hiſtory of mind, or any thing elſe, they will, I hope, always be in ſome degree the records of a pure and blameleſs friendſhip, and in ſome hours of languour and ſadneſs may revive the memory of more cheerful times.

Why you ſhould ſuppoſe yourſelf not deſirous hereafter to read the hiſtory of your own mind, I do not ſee. Twelve years, on which you now look as on a vaſt expanſe of life, will probably be paſſed over uniformly and ſmoothly, with very little perception of your progreſs, and with very few remarks

upon the way. That accumulation of knowledge which you promiſe to yourſelf, by which the future is to look back upon the preſent, with the ſuperiority of manhood to infancy, will perhaps never be attempted, or never will be made; and you will find, as millions have found before you, that forty-five has made little ſenſible addition to thirty-three.

Forty five has made the ſenſible addition of a marriage with a fool that can ſing.

As the body after a certain time gains no increaſe of height, and little of ſtrength, there is likewiſe a period, though more variable by external cauſes, when the mind commonly attains its ſtationary point, and very little advances its powers of reflection, judgment, and ratiocination. The body may acquire new modes of motion, or new dexterities of mechanick operations, but its original ſtrength receives not improvement; the mind may be ſtored with new languages, or new ſciences, but its power of thinking remains nearly the ſame, and unleſs it attains new ſubjects of meditation, it commonly produces thoughts of the ſame force and the ſame extent, at very diſtant intervals of life, as the tree, unleſs a foreign fruit be ingrafted, gives year after year productions of the ſame form and the ſame flavour.

By

By intellectual force or ſtrength of thought is meant the degree of power which the mind poſſeſſes of ſurveying the ſubject of meditation, with its circuit of concomitants, and its train of dependence.

Of this power, which all obſerve to be very different in different minds, part ſeems the gift of nature, and part the acquiſition of experience. When the powers of nature have attained their intended energy, they can be no more advanced. The ſhrub can never become a tree. And it is not unreaſonable to ſuppoſe, that they are before the middle of life in their full vigour.

Nothing then remains but practice and experience; and perhaps why they do ſo little, may be worth enquiry.

But I have juſt now looked, and find it ſo late, that I will enquire againſt the next poſt-night.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER CXXXVIII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Lichfield, Auguſt 5, 1775.

INSTEAD of forty reaſons for my return, one is ſufficient,—that you wiſh for my company. I purpoſe to write no more till you ſee me. The ladies at Stowhill and Greenhill are unanimouſly of opinion, that it will be beſt to take a poſt-chaiſe, and not to be troubled with the vexations of a common carriage. I will venture to ſuppoſe the ladies at Streatham to be of the ſame mind.

You will now expect to be told why you will not be ſo much wiſer as you expect, when you have lived twelve years longer.

It is ſaid, and ſaid truly, that experience is the beſt teacher; and it is ſuppoſed, that as life is lengthened experience is encreaſed. But a cloſer inſpection of human life will diſcover that time often paſſes without any incident which can much enlarge knowledge or ratify

judgment. When we are young we learn much, becauſe we are univerſally ignorant; we obſerve every thing, becauſe every thing is new. But after ſome years, the occurrences of daily life are exhauſted; one day paſſes like another, in the ſame ſcene of appearances, in the ſame courſe of tranſactions; we have to do what we have often done, and what we do not try, becauſe we do not wiſh to do much better; we are told what we already know, and therefore what repetition cannot make us know with greater certainty.

He that has early learned much, perhaps ſeldom makes, with regard to life and manners, much addition to his knowledge; not only becauſe as more is known there is leſs to learn, but becauſe a mind ſtored with images and principles turns inwards for its own entertainment, and is employed in ſettling thoſe ideas which run into confuſion, and in recollecting thoſe which are ſtealing away; practices by which wiſdom may be kept but not gained. The merchant who was at firſt buſy in acquiring money, ceaſes to grow richer, from the time when he makes it his buſineſs only to count it.

Thoſe

Thoſe who have families or employments are engaged in buſineſs of little difficulty, but of great importance, requiring rather aſſiduity of practice than ſubtilty of ſpeculation, occupying the attention with images too bulky for refinement, and too obvious for reſearch. The right is already known, what remains is only to follow it. Daily buſineſs adds no more to wiſdom, than daily leſſon to the learning of the teacher. But of how few lives does not ſtated duty claim the greater part.

Far the greater part of human minds never endeavour their own improvement. Opinions once received from inſtruction, or ſettled by whatever accident, are ſeldom recalled to examination; having been once ſuppoſed to be right, they are never diſcovered to be erroneous, for no application is made of any thing that time may preſent, either to ſhake or to confirm them. From this acquieſcence in preconceptions none are wholly free; between fear of uncertainty, and diſlike of labour, every one reſts while he might yet go forward; and they that were wiſe at thirty-three, are very little wiſer at forty-five.

the least of all. His religion was the effect of a preconception, which he supposed one right, and never discovered to be somewhat erroneous here and there.

Of this ſpeculation you are perhaps tired, and would rather hear of Sophy. I hope

before

before this comes, that her head will be eaſier, and your head leſs filled with fears and troubles, which you know are to be indulged only to prevent evil, not to encreaſe it.

Your uneaſineſs about Sophy is probably unneceſſary, and at worſt your other children are healthful, and your affairs proſperous. Unmingled good cannot be expected; but as we may lawfully gather all the good within our reach, we may be allowed to lament after that which we loſe. I hope your loſſes are at an end, and that as far as the condition of our preſent exiſtence permits, your remaining life will be happy.

I am, &c.

very happy with the singing Fellow.

LETTER CXXXIX.

Mrs. THRALE to Dr. JOHNSON.

August 9, 1775.

YOU aſk, dear Sir, if I keep your letters—to be ſure I do; for though I would not ſerve you as you ſaid you would ſerve Lady ———, were you married to her,—live a hundred miles off, and make her write once o'week (was not it)? becauſe her converſa-

tion and manners were coarſe, but her letters elegant: yet I have always found the beſt ſupplement for talk was writing, and yours particularly ſo. My only reaſon to ſuppoſe that we ſhould diſlike looking over the correſpondence twelve or twenty years hence, was becauſe the ſight of it would *not* revive the memory of cheerful times at all. God forbid that I ſhould be leſs happy then than now, when I am perpetually bringing or loſing babies, both very dreadful operations to me, and which tear mind and body both in pieces very cruelly. Sophy is at this very inſtant beginning to droop, or I dream ſo; and how is it likely one ſhould ever have comfort in reviſing the annals of vexation?

This is true enough.

You ſay too, that I ſhall not grow wiſer in twelve years, which is a bad account of futurity; but if I grow happier I ſhall grow wiſer, for being leſs chained down to ſurrounding circumſtances, what power of thinking my mind naturally poſſeſſes will have fair play at leaſt. The mother or miſtreſs of a large family is in the caſe of a tethered nag, always treading and ſubſiſting on the ſame ſpot; ſhe hears and repeats the ſame unregarded precepts; frets over that which no fretting can diminiſh; and hopes on, in very ſpite of experience,

She is now happy with Piozzi. and is she wiser?

perience, for what death does not ever ſuffer her to enjoy. With regard to mental improvement, Perkins might as well expect to grow rich by repeating the Multiplication Table, as I to grow wiſe by holding Watt's Art of Reading before my eyes. A finger-poſt, though it directs others on the road, cannot advance itſelf; was it once cut into coach wheels, who knows how far it might travel?

When Ferguſon made himſelf an aſtronomer, the other lads of the village were loading corn and pitching hay,—though with the ſame degree of leiſure they might perhaps have attained the ſame degree of excellence; but they were *doing* while he was *thinking* you ſee, and when leiſure is obtained, incidents, however trifling, may be uſed to advantage; beſides that 'tis better, as Shakeſpeare ſays, to be eaten up with a ruſt,

Than ſcour'd to nothing with perpetual motion.

So if ever I get quiet I ſhall get happy; and if I get happy I ſhall have a chance to get wiſe. Why, wiſdom itſelf ſtands ſtill, ſays Mr. Johnſon, and then how will you advance? It will be an advancement to me to trace that very argument, and examine whether it has advanced or no. Was not it your friend M——l who

This and other ſimilies in her letters ſhe treaſured up from Johnſon's converſation, and clapt them in her book again. I am glad I ſee them here again. I had almoſt forgotten this of the poſt cut into coach-wheels.

who firſt ſaid, that next to winning at cards, the greateſt happineſs was loſing at cards? I ſhould feel the ſecond degree of delight in aſſuring myſelf that there was no wiſdom to be obtained. Baker's Reflections on Learning was always a favourite book with me, and he ſays, you have all been trotting in a circle theſe two or three thouſand years—but let us join the team at leaſt, and not ſtand gaping while others trot. The tethered horſe we talked of juſt now, would beg to work in our mill, if he could ſpeak; and an old captain of a ſhip told me, that when he ſet the marine ſociety boys to run round the hoop for a puding in fine weather, to divert the officers, thoſe who were hardeſt laſhed ſeldom lamented; but all cried, ready to break their hearts, who were left out of the game. Here is enough of this I believe.

We are all pleaſed that you intend to come home in a chaiſe. Who ſhould you ſave ſixteen ſhillings for? and how much richer would your heirs be for thoſe ſixteen ſhillings? Calculation is perpetually oppoſed to the ſpendthrift; but if miſers would learn to count, they would be miſers no longer: for how many years muſt a man live to ſave out of a ſmall

ſmall income one hundred pounds, even if he adopted every poſſible method? beſides the ill-will of the world, which purſues avarice more cloſely, and watches it more narrowly than any other vice.

I have indeed often wondered that the bulk of mankind ſhould look on a perſon who gains money unjuſtly with leſs deteſtation than they ſurvey the petty ſavings of him who lives penuriouſly;—for the firſt is in every body's way, and if he excited every body's hatred, who need wonder? while a hoarder injures no one but himſelf—yet even his heirs abhor him.

There is, however, little call I believe to make ſermons againſt covetouſneſs for the uſe of dear Mr. Johnſon, or of his

Faithful and obedient ſervant,

H. L. THRALE.

There was no great call with regard to Johnson: but what ſhall we ſay with regard to his faithful and obedient, who wrote Johnson's Life in hopes of making money, and ſold his Letters for money again? I could give inſtances enough of her covetouſneſs, if I had a mind to it.

Sophy is very ſick, and we all wiſh you would come home.

LETTER CXL.

To Mrs. THRALE.

MADAM, August 29, 1775.

HERE is a rout and buſtle; and a buſtle and a rout; as if nobody had ever before forgotten where a thing was laid. At laſt there is no great harm done; both Colſon and Scot have copies; and real haſte there is none. You will find it ſome day this week, and any day will ſerve, or perhaps we can recollect it between us.

About your memory we will, if you pleaſe, have ſome ſerious talk. I fret at your forgetfulneſs, as I do at my own. We will try to mend both; yours at leaſt is I ſhould hope remediable. But, however it happens, we are of late never together.

Am I to come to-morrow to the Borough, or will any one call on me? This ſorry foot! and this ſorry Dr. Lawrence, who ſays it is the gout! but then he thinks every thing the gout; and ſo I will try not to believe him.

Into

Into the ſea I ſuppoſe you will ſend it, and into the ſea I deſign it ſhall go.—Can you remember, dear Madam, that I have a lame foot? I am ſure I cannot forget it; if you had one ſo painful, you would *ſo* remember it. Pain is good for the memory.

I am, &c.

LETTER CXLI.

Here our Madam has junkt the Letter, to which this is an answer. Did she own in it, that she herself poisoned little Harry, or did she not? I think she suppresses that particularity, and ascribed his death to convulsions, or some other complaint of that kind, as Johnson seemed the remainder of his life ignorant of the accident that caused the Boy's death, and I would not tell him, lest his attachment to her should make him discredit my words, and of course cause a serious quarrel between us.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Lichfield, March 25, 1776.

THIS letter will not, I hope, reach you many days before me; in a diſtreſs which can be ſo little relieved, nothing remains for a friend but to come and partake it.

Poor dear ſweet little boy! When I read the letter this day to Mrs. Aſton, ſhe ſaid, "Such a death is the next to tranſlation." Yet however I may convince myſelf of this, the tears are in my eyes, and yet I could not love him as you loved him, nor reckon upon him for a future comfort as you and his father reckoned upon him.

He is gone, and we are going! We could not have enjoyed him long, and ſhall not long be ſeparated from him. He has probably eſcaped many ſuch pangs as you are now feeling.

Nothing remains, but that with humble confidence we reſign ourſelves to Almighty Goodneſs, and fall down, without irreverent murmurs, before the Sovereign Diſtributer of good and evil, with hope that though ſorrow endureth for a night yet joy may come in the morning.

I have known you, Madam, too long to think that you want any arguments for ſubmiſſion to the Supreme Will; nor can my conſolation have any effect but that of ſhewing that I wiſh to comfort you. What can be done you muſt do for yourſelf. Remember firſt, that your child is happy; and then, that he is ſafe, not only from the ills of this world, but from thoſe more formidable dangers which extend their miſchief to eternity. You have brought into the world a rational being; have ſeen him happy during the little life that has been granted him; and can have no doubt but that his happineſs is now permanent and immutable.

When

When you have obtained by prayer ſuch tranquillity as nature will admit, force your attention, as you can, upon your accuſtomed duties and accuſtomed entertainments. You can do no more for our dear boy, but you muſt not therefore think leſs on thoſe whom your attention may make fitter for the place to which he is gone. I am,

Deareſt, deareſt Madam,

Your moſt affectionate humble ſervant.

LETTER CXLII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, March 30, 1776.

SINCE, as Mr. Baretti informs us, our dear Queeney is grown better, I hope you will by degrees recover your tranquillity. Only by degrees, and thoſe perhaps ſufficiently ſlow, can the pain of an affliction like yours be abated? But though effects are not wholly in our power, yet Providence always gives us ſomething to do. Many of the operations of nature may by human diligence be accelerated

The most unaccountable part of Johnson's character was his total ignorance of the characters of his most familiar aquaintance. Far from recovering by slow degrees, on our arrival at Bath, the first thing, that the woman did, was to buy black feathers for her [redacted] hat. Would any other Mother have thought of feathers upon such an occasion?

or retarded. Do not indulge your ſorrow; try to drive it away by either pleaſure or pain; for, oppoſed to what you are feeling, many pains will become pleaſures. Remember the great precept, *Be not ſolitary; be not idle.*

But above all, reſign yourſelf and your children to the Univerſal Father, the Author of Exiſtence, and Governor of the Univerſe, who only knows what is beſt for all, and without whoſe regard not a ſparrow falls to the ground.

That I feel what friendſhip can feel, I hope I need not tell you. I loved him as I never expect to love any other little boy; but I could not love him as a parent. I know that ſuch a loſs is a laceration of the mind. I know that a whole ſyſtem of hopes, and deſigns, and expectations, is ſwept away at once, and nothing left but bottomleſs vacuity. What you feel I have felt, and hope that your diſquiet will be ſhorter than mine.

his diſquiet was not, nor could be very long, as he never was fond of children: but hers was ſtill ſhorter than his by a week at leaſt.

Mr. Thrale ſent me a letter from Mr. Boſwell, I ſuppoſe to be incloſed. I was this day with Mrs. Montague, who, with every body elſe, laments your misfortune. I am, deareſt Madam,

Your, &c.

LETTER CXLIII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAREST MADAM, April 1, 1776.

WHEN you were gone, Mr. Thrale ſoon ſent me away. I came next day, and was made to underſtand that when I was wanted I ſhould be ſent for; and therefore I have not gone yeſterday or to-day, but I will ſoon go again whether invited or not.

Mr Thrale, who was a worldly man, and followed the direction of his own feelings with no philoſophical or Chriſtian diſtinctions, having now loſt the ſtrong hope of being one day ſucceeded in the profitable Brewery by the only ſon he had left, gave himſelf ſilently up to his grief, and fell in a few years a victim to it.

You begin now I hope to be able to conſider, that what has happened might have had great aggravations. Had you been followed in your intended travels by an account of this afflictive deprivation, where could have been the end of doubt, and ſurmiſe, and ſuſpicion, and ſelf-condemnation? You could not eaſily have been reconciled to thoſe whom you left behind, or thoſe who had perſuaded you to go. You would have believed that he died by neglect, and that your preſence would have ſaved him. I was glad of your letter from Marlborough, and hope you will try to force

yourſelf to write. If grief either cauſed or aggravated poor Queeney's illneſs, you have taken the proper method for relieving it. Young minds eaſily receive new impreſſions.

What method she followed I know not. I only know, that during the journey from the Borrough to Bath I put my brains to the torture to invent childish plays in order to keep her spirits up, and succeeded so well, that I brought her back to her father in perfect health. But Madam, I suppose, claimed the whole merit of that health to herself in the suppressed letter to which this is an answer.

Poor Peyton expired this morning. He probably during many years, for which he ſat ſtarving by the bed of a wife, not only uſeleſs but almoſt motionleſs, condemned by poverty to perſonal attendance, and by the neceſſity of ſuch attendance chained down to poverty—he probably thought often how lightly he ſhould tread the path of life without his burthen. Of this thought the admiſſion was unavoidable, and the indulgence might be forgiven to frailty and diſtreſs. His wife died at laſt, and before ſhe was buried he was ſeized by a fever, and is now going to the grave.

Such miſcarriages, when they happen to thoſe on whom many eyes are fixed, fill hiſtories and tragedies; and tears have been ſhed for the ſufferings, and wonder excited by the fortitude of thoſe who neither did nor ſuffered more than Peyton.

I was on Saturday at Mrs. Montague's, who expreſſed great ſenſibility of your loſs; and

and have this day received an invitation to a ſupper and a ball; but I returned my acknowledgment to the ladies, and let them know that I thought I ſhould like the ball better another week. I am, dear Madam,

Your, &c.

See the ſenſibility of mrs Montague that invited Johnſon to a ball on ſuch an occaſion! Oh theſe learned Ladies, how ſenſible they are of other people's afflictions!

LETTER CXLIV.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAREST MADAM, April 4, 1776.

I AM glad to hear of pretty Queeney's recovery, and your returning tranquillity. What we have ſuffered ought to make us remember what we have eſcaped. You might at as ſhort a warning have been taken from your children, or Mr. Thrale might have been taken from us all.

Mr. Thrale, when he diſmiſſed me, promiſed to call on me; he has never called, and I have never ſeen him. He ſaid that he would go to the houſe, and I hope he has found ſomething that laid hold on his attention.

I do not wiſh you to return, while the novelty of the place does any good either to you or

or Queeney, and longer I know you will not ſtay; there is therefore no need of ſoliciting your return. What qualification can be extracted from ſo ſad an event, I derive from obſerving that Mr. Thrale's behaviour has united you to him by additional endearments. Every evil will be more eaſily borne while you fondly love one another; and every good will be enjoyed with encreaſe of delight *paſt compute*, to uſe the phraſe of Cumberland. May your care of each other always encreaſe! I am, deareſt Madam,

Your, *&c.*

What a knowledge of human nature! Johnſon's utter ignorance of the character of his moſt intimate acquaintance, was no leſs ſurpriſing than ridiculous.

LETTER CXLV.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, April 9, 1776.

MR. THRALE's alteration of purpoſe is not weakneſs of reſolution; it is a wiſe man's compliance with the change of things, and with the new duties which the change produces. Whoever expects me to be angry, will be diſappointed. I do not even grieve at the effect, I grieve only at the cauſe.

The purpoſe of going to Italy.

Your

Your buſineſs for the preſent is to ſeek for eaſe, and to go where you think it moſt likely to be found. There cannot yet be any place in your mind for mere curioſity. Whenever I can contribute to your tranquillity, I ſhall readily attend, and hope never to add to the evils that may oppreſs you. I will go with you to Bath, or ſtay with you at home.

I am very little diſappointed. I was glad to go to places of ſo much celebrity, but had promiſed to myſelf no raptures, nor much improvement: nor is there any thing to be expected worth ſuch a ſacrifice as you might make.

Keep yourſelf buſy, and you will in time grow cheerful. New proſpects may open, and new enjoyments may come within your reach. I ſurely cannot but wiſh all evil removed from a houſe which has afforded my miſeries all the ſuccour which attention and benevolence could give. I am ſorry not to owe ſo much, but to repay ſo little. What I can do, you may with great reaſon expect from, deareſt Madam,

Your, &c.

Johnſon was not fit to travel, as every place was equal to him. He muſed as much on the road to Paris, as he did in his garret in London, as much at a French Opera, as in his room at Streatham. During our journey to and from Paris he viſited five or ſix libraries, which is the moſt idle thing a Traveller can do, as they are but to be ſeen curſorily. With men, women and children he never cared to exchange a word, and if he ever took any delight in any thing, it was to converſe with ſome old acquaintance. New people he never loved to be in company with, except Ladies when diſpoſed to careſs and flatter him.

LETTER CXLVI.

Mrs. THRALE to Dr. JOHNSON.

MY DEAR SIR, Bath, May 3, 1776.

THIS month, which finds or makes every body elſe inclined to be cheerful, finds me with hope depreſſed, ſorrow renewed, and affliction budding out where pleaſure only ſhould vegetate. This little girl's ſtate of health hinders me from recovering the loſs I ſuſtained in her brother.—What *can* ail her? I would have perſuaded Mr. Thrale to perſiſt in his intentions of travelling, had I not thought it dangerous to *her*; it would perhaps have been better for *us*; I mean for our health, not for our improvement, becauſe going abroad to ſee objects with a pre-occupied mind is mere loſs of time;—one remembers nothing one either ſees or hears when in a ſtate of affliction. Poor people have always bad memories, you may obſerve;—how ſhould they have good ones? their hearts are full,

poor

All this is a lie. The girl was well as ſoon as I forced her mother to leave off adminiſtering tin. pills to her, which was not obtained without a very violent quarrel.

Here Madam tries to be Johnſonian, but all this philoſophy of hers is wrong. Johnſon, tho he did not recollect, had as great a memory as Magliabechi; yet, before he had the penſion, was always in a ſtate of pinching penury, and often had not a ſhilling to procure a dinner. If what Madam ſays were true, no body but the rich would be learned: and is that the caſe throughout? Far from it. Great ſcholars are proverbially poor.

poor dears, no room for obſervation and attention, the two parents of memory; and indeed the happieſt people, as far as my acquaintance has gone, have had the retentive powers of mind in much the greateſt perfection. Baretti ſaid, you would be very angry becauſe this dreadful event made us put off our Italian journey, but I knew you better. Who knows even now that 'tis deferred for ever? Mr. Thrale ſays, he ſhall not die in peace without ſeeing Rome, and I am ſure he will go no-where that he can help without you.

Baretti never ſaid any ſuch thing. He knew Johnſon better, and had ſeen enough of Johnſon in the preceding journey to Paris.

Let us try to heal our hearts firſt;—mine is always cracking again though, as ſoon as it begins to ſkin over; and Dr. Woodward gave me a very intereſting and rational account of the effect grief has upon the heart this very morning. When your mind is firmly fixed to one ſubject, ſaid he, you forbear to draw your breath for ſeveral moments, and then repair the ſuſpenſion by a long and deep ſigh; this long continued checks the blood's courſe through the pulmonary artery, and gives the variation of the pulſe which attends agitated and diſtreſſed minds; a cough ſucceeds, in conſequence of the lungs being affected, while

It was ſoon healed wharever ſhe might pretend in writing. Her firſt care on our arrival at Bath was to buy black feathers for her cap, and looked very angry at my very cold approbation, when ſhe came back to the inn with her fooliſh head covered with them.

the heart gets concretions or collections of water in its pericardium—the bag which ſurrounds it, as I underſtand; ſo that our vulgar expreſſion of ſorrow breaking one's heart is founded on fact and nature. He told me too, that numberleſs patients die ultimately of grief—their exit being attributed to the immediate cauſe only, inſtead of the remote one. He has ordered my poor maſter and me to jump every morning into a cold bath; we have here a remarkably fine one. Meantime do not ſuſpect me for being likely to provoke Heaven's judgments on my daughters, by fretting unneceſſarily for the loſs of my ſon. I feel ten times fonder of them than ever I felt before, and am deſirous to live for their ſake and their father's.

and this she has proved by marrying Piozzi.

Pray bring or ſend us your cluſter of political writings, for I love them dearly—not as political writings, but as vehicles for truth and ſentiment on twenty, ay fifty ſubjects with which politicks have nothing to do.

Should you write about Streatham and Croydon, the book would be as good to me as a journey to Rome, exactly; for 'tis Johnſon, not Falkland's iſlands, that intereſts us, and your

your ſtyle is invariably the ſame. The ſight of Rome might have excited more reflections indeed than the ſight of the Hebrides, and ſo the book might be bigger, but it would not be better a jot.

How does Dr. Taylor do? He was very kind I remember when my thunder-ſtorm came firſt on, ſo was Count Manucci, ſo was Mrs. Montague, ſo was every body. The world is not guilty of much general harſhneſs, nor inclined I believe to increaſe pain which they do not perceive to be deſerved.—Baretti alone tried to irritate a wound ſo very deeply inflicted, and he will find few to approve his cruelty. Your friendſhip is our beſt cordial; continue it to us, dear Sir, and write very ſoon to

Your obliged and faithful ſervant.

The Bitch alludes to the quarrel I had with her to prevent her giving tin-pills to Queeny. But ſhe was the cauſe of it by ſhowing me a letter of Doctor Jebb, that intreated her to forbear thoſe pills; and as I viſibly ſaw that the Girl grew worſe and worſe by them, ſided with the Doctor, and was obliged to be very violent to keep her from ſending Harry where ſhe had juſt ſent poor Harry. And take notice, that ſhe ſuppreſſes Johnſon's anſwer to this charge of cruelty, which, had it been true, would have immediately parted us for ever.

LETTER CXLVII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAREST MADAM, May 6, 1776.

ON Friday night, as you know, I left you about eleven o'clock. The moon ſhone, but I did not ſee much of the way, for I think I ſlept better than I commonly do in bed. My companions were civil men, and we diſpatched our journey very peaceably. I came home at about ſeven on Saturday very little fatigued.

To-day I have been at home. To-morrow I am to dine, as I did yeſterday, with Dr. Taylor. On Wedneſday I am to dine with Oglethorpe; and on Thurſday with Paoli. He that ſees before him to his third dinner, has a long proſpect.

My political tracts are printed, and I bring Mr. Thrale a copy when I come. They make but a little book.

Count

Count Manucci is in ſuch haſte to come, that I believe he will not ſtay for me; if he would, I ſhould like to hear his remarks on the road.

Mr. Baretti has a cold and hoarſeneſs, and Mrs. Williams ſays that I have caught a cold this afternoon.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER CXLVIII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, May 11, 1776.

THAT you may have no ſuperfluous uneaſineſs, I went this afternoon to viſit the two babies at Kenſington, and found them indeed a little ſpotted with their diſorder, but as briſk and gay as health and youth can make them. I took a paper of ſweetmeats, and ſpread them on the table. They took great delight to ſhew their governeſs the various animals that were made of ſugar; and when they had eaten as much as was fit, the reſt were laid up for to-morrow.

Suſy ſends her duty and love with great propriety. Sophy ſends her duty to you, and her love to Queeney and Papa. Mr. Evans came in after me. You may ſet your heart quite at reſt, no babies can be better than they appear to be. Dr. Taylor went with me, and we ſtaid a good while. He likes them very much. Suſy ſaid her creed in French.

Dr. Taylor ſays, I muſt not come back till his buſineſs is adjuſted; and indeed it would not be wiſe to come away without doing what I came hither only to do. However, I expect to be diſmiſſed in a few days, and ſhall bring Manucci with me.

I dined yeſterday with * * * * * *. His three children are very lovely. * * * *longs to teach him a little economy. I know not how his money goes, for I do not think that Mrs. Williams and I had our due ſhare of the nine guineas.

He begins to reproach himſelf with neglect of * * * * *'s education, and cenſures that idleneſs, or that deviation, by the indulgence of which he has left uncultivated ſuch a fertile mind. I adviſed him to let the child alone; and told him that the matter was not great,

whether he could read at the end of four years or of five, and that I thought it not proper to haraſs a tender mind with the violence of painful attention. I may perhaps procure both father and ſon a year of quiet; and ſurely I may rate myſelf among their benefactors.

I am, &c.

LETTER CXLIX.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR LADY, May 14, 1776.

SINCE my viſit to the younglings, nothing has happened but a little diſappointment in Dr. Taylor's affairs, which, he ſays, muſt keep me here a while longer. Mr. Wedderburn has given his opinion to-day directly againſt us. He thinks of the claim much as I think. We ſent this afternoon for a ſolicitor, another Scraſe, who gave the ſame ſentence with Wedderburn, and with leſs delicacy. The Doctor tried to talk him into better notions, but to little purpoſe, for a man is not much believed in his own cauſe. At laſt, finding the Doctor ſomewhat moody, I bid

him not be diſturbed, for he could not be injured till the death of Mrs. Rudd, and her life was better than his. So I *comforted and adviſed him.*

I know not how you intend to ſerve me, but I expect a letter to-morrow, and I do not ſee why Queeney ſhould forget me.

Manucci muſt, I believe, come down without me. I am aſhamed of having delayed him ſo long, without being able to fix a day; but you know, and muſt make him know, that the fault is not mine.

* * * * * goes away on Thurſday, very well ſatisfied with his journey. Some great men have promiſed to obtain him a place, and then a fig for my father and his new wife.

I have not yet been at the Borough, nor know when I ſhall go, unleſs you ſend me. There is in the exhibition of Exeter Exchange, a picture of the houſe at Streatham, by one Laurence, I think, of the Borough. This is ſomething, or ſomething like.

Mr. Welch ſets out for France to-morrow, with his younger daughter. He has leave of abſence for a year, and ſeems very much delighted with the thought of travelling, and the hope of health.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER CL.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, May 16, 1776.

THIS is my third letter. Well, ſure I ſhall have ſomething to-morrow. Our buſineſs ſtands ſtill. The Doctor ſays I muſt not go; and yet my ſtay does him no good. His ſolicitor ſays he is ſick, but I ſuſpect he is ſullen. The Doctor, in the mean time, has his head as full as yours at an election. Livings and preferments, as if he were in want with twenty children, run in his head. But a man muſt have his head on ſomething, ſmall or great.

For my part, I begin to ſettle and keep company with grave aldermen. I dined yeſterday in the Poultry with Mr. Alderman Wilkes, and Mr. Alderman Lee, and Counſellor Lee, his brother. There ſat you the while, ſo ſober, with your W——s and your H——s, and my aunt and her turnſpit; and when they are gone, you think by chance on Johnſon, what is he doing? What ſhould he be

doing? He is breaking jokes with Jack Wilkes upon the Scots. Such, Madam, are the viciſſitudes of things. And there was Mrs. Knowles, the Quaker, that works the futile pictures, who is a great admirer of your converſation. She ſaw you at Mr. Shaw's, at the election time. She is a Staffordſhire woman, and I am to go and ſee her. Staffordſhire is the nurſery of art, here they grow up till they are tranſplanted to London.

futile.

Yet it is ſtrange that I hear nothing from you; I hope you are not angry, or ſick. Perhaps you are gone without me for ſpite to ſee places. That is natural enough, for evil is very natural, but I ſhall vex, unleſs it does you good.

Stevens ſeems to be connected with Tyrwhitt in publiſhing Chatterton's poems; he came very anxiouſly to know the reſult of our enquiries, and though he ſays he always thought them forged, is not well pleaſed to find us ſo fully convinced.

I have written to Manucci to find his own way, for the *law's delay* makes it difficult for me to gueſs when I ſhall be able to be, otherwiſe than by my inclination, Madam,

Your, *&c.*

LETTER CLI.

Mrs. THRALE to Dr. JOHNSON.

DEAR SIR, Bath, May 16, 1776.

I HAD no notion of your ſtaying away from us ſo long, or you ſhould not ſurely have wanted a letter; you might reaſonably expect, and claim indeed my beſt thanks for the ſweet viſit paid five days ago to my babies: a moſt friendly action in you, and a moſt polite one in dear Dr. Taylor, and what I had never been hoping for. All unexpected pleaſures are doubly precious.

Grata ſuperveniet quæ non ſperabitur hora.

When one has worn out one's fancy in anticipation of any event, the impreſſion it makes muſt neceſſarily be weaker I ſuppoſe, and thoſe pains, however piercing, for which we have time to prepare ourſelves, do not break the conſtitution in pieces like a ſudden ſhock that comes upon us unawares. I ought above all people to underſtand theſe matters from harſh experience of the ſevereſt ſorrow. My

mind, by the death of ſuch a mother and of ſuch a ſon, reſembles a nation waſted by famine for three years together, and then ſhattered to final confuſion by an earthquake.

What a vaſt mind in her notion!

Of paſt afflictions, however, we will now talk no longer. Mr. Thrale is recovering from his ſhare of the diſtreſs, and it is my duty to accelerate, not retard, his return to cheerfulneſs and good-humour.

Dr. Taylor ſhall carry his cauſe. I *will have* him carry it. 'Tis a good cauſe probably; and if it is not, women (you tell me) never ſtop at integrity;—and as I underſtand the laws of friendſhip much better than I do the laws of Great Britain, will decide in a truly female manner, that he ſhall carry his cauſe—for this truly female reaſon—it was ſo very ſweet in him to go and ſee my little girls.

the Bitch never underſtood much the one or the other.

Count Manucci would wait ſeven years to come with you; ſo do not diſappoint the man, but bring him along with you. His delight in your company is like Boniface's exultation, when the 'ſquire ſpeaks Latin; for underſtand you he certainly cannot. No flattery perhaps is more delicate however, or more pleaſing than that of exciting admiration where one is not able to gratify curioſity; and all this

this nobleman deſires is to count Johnſon among his Engliſh friends when he returns to Florence, where I am told he ſtands very high for literature as well as birth.

She never was ſo told by any body, nor was Count Manucci learned. He was a good and a mo[illegible] pleaſing man; but had read very little in his language, and next to nothing in any other.

We have a flaſhy friend here already, who is much your adorer; I wonder how you will like *him?* An Iriſhman he is; very handſome, very hot-headed, loud and lively, and ſure to be a favourite with you, he tells us, for he can live with a man of *ever ſo odd a temper.* My maſter laughs, but likes him, and it diverts me to think what you will do when he profeſſes that he could clean ſhoes for you; that he could ſhed his blood for you; with twenty more extravagant flights——And you ſay, *I* flatter! *Upon my honour, Sir, and indeed now,* as Dr. C———l's phraſe is, *I am but a twitter to him.*

Well! you hate Bath; and will be very uncomfortable when you come this time I believe; for, after all, I *muſt* be civil to my aunt, who is exceedingly kind to me; and I muſt dreſs and go out, and do like other people, or you will be firſt to cenſure and condemn me; more than that, our dear maſter, who cannot be quiet without you for a week, will be always infallibly on your ſide, and encourage

that he was, for ſhe always contrived to be on the wrong ſide in every debate.

rage long lectures about the fit of a cap, which you will not give me a minute to put on as it ſhould be—So I ſee my fate before it arrives. —Come to Bath though, and at leaſt convince yourſelf that we are not rioting in felicities from whence you are cruelly excluded. Surely, ſince we have known each other, I have been no proper object of envy.

Se a ciaſcun l'interno affanno
'Se leggeſſe in fronte ſcritto,
Quanti mai ch'invidia fanno,
Ci farebbono pietâ!

And Dr. Young ſays what Metaſtaſio ſings you know, when he obſerves, that were the real feelings of every man expoſed to the examination of his neighbours, one vice would be immediately eradicated, for envy then could be no longer found among the human race.

Do you recollect complaining once to me of flatulence, when I could really with difficulty ſit to hear you for very agony both of body and ſoul.—I'm ſure I recollect your kind recantation, when you confeſſed that it was like lamenting a ſcratched finger in his chamber, who, the day before, had broken both his legs.

Mr.

Mr. Thrale, thank God, is very comfortably ſet up again. The laſt hard gale blew him almoſt down though; and I hardly hoped Bath would have been able to do ſo much; but he ſcorns the *black dog* now: he will ſwing him round and round ſoon as Smollet's heroes do, who in every alliterated novel, Roderick Random or Peregrine Pickle, are always employed by their author to kill a dog, when he means that they ſhould ſtrike the reader's fancy, and win his heart with their proweſs. That man hated dogs I imagine, and certainly underſtood little about them, for he talks of a ſpaniel, *Sweetlips*, which is not a ſpaniel's name ever, but a hound's; ſhe is ſo called from the muſic of her tongue in the chace; not Sweetlips for fondneſs, and becauſe her maſter delights in kiſſing her, as he ſeems to think—I never heard ſo fooliſh a notion in my life.

Here is a long letter about nothing—Juſt ſuch a one as you wanted I hope. Thoſe which begin *Great Sir* have not been wanting, I'll anſwer for them. Did not ſome notion wander about the world lately of taking beggar's letters under conſideration? We ſhould produce a good number between your houſe and ours.

A-propos,

A-propos, poor * * * * * does not to be ſure excel in oratory, but in gratitude few exceed him. 'Tis ſuch a dolorous dog, ſays my maſter, or I would buy ſome of his trumpery myſelf. Poor, poor creature! his diſappointed hopes, preſent fears, and earneſts of future miſery, are too melancholy to be dwelt upon; but you and I have done our beſt for him, and there ſeems a fate on all he undertakes: yet when we ſaw him ſit down in his own wretched apartment, poſſeſſed of one broken chair with arms to it,—and try to look magnificent—could one refrain from laughing? though we agreed too, that in the ſight of ſuperior beings he was not more ridiculous than a king upon his throne. One mite is like another mite to him that looks at both through a microſcope.

The very reverſe is true.

Farewel, dear Sir, and expect a long letter from Queeney, though not quite as long as this from

Your ever faithful ſervant.

She franked for him.

I'll make Mr. Thrale frank this letter *himſelf* for a fancy.

LETTER CLII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, May 18, 1776.

THEN you are neither ſick nor angry. Don't let me be defrauded of Queeney's letter. Yeſterday Seward was with me, and told me what he knew of you. All good. To-day I went to look into my places at the Borough. I called on Mr. Perkins in the counting-houſe. He crows and triumphs, as we go on we ſhall double our buſineſs. The beſt brown malt he can have laid in at thirty and ſixpence, and great ſtores he purpoſes to buy. Dr. Taylor's buſineſs ſtagnates, but he reſolves not to wait on it much longer. Surely I ſhall get down to you next week.

B——— went away on Thurſday night, with no great inclination to travel northward; but who can contend with deſtiny? He ſays, he has had a very pleaſant journey. He paid another viſit, I think, to * * * * * *, before he went home. He carries with him two or

Boſwell.

three good reſolutions; I hope they will not mould upon the road. Who can be this new friend of mine? The letter you ſent me was from Mr. Twiſſe, and the book, if any come, is Twiſſe's travels to Ireland, which you will, I hope, unty and read.

I encloſe ſome of the powders, leſt you ſhould loſe your patient by delay.

I am, &c.

LETTER CLIII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, May 22, 1776.

ON Friday and Saturday I dined with Dr. Taylor, who is in diſcontent, but reſolved not to ſtay much longer to hear the opinions of lawyers who are all againſt him. Who can blame him for being weary of them?

On Richmond-Hill

On Sunday I dined at Sir Joſhua's houſe on the hill, with the Biſhop of St. Aſaph. The dinner was good, and the Biſhop is knowing and converſible. Yeſterday at the Doctor's

Doctor's again—very little better.—In the evening came in Dr. Crane, who enquired after you.

All this while * * * * * is hurt only in his vanity. He thought he had ſupplanted Mrs. W——, and Mrs. W—— has found the means of defeating him. He really wanted nothing more than to have the power of bequeathing a reverſion to Mr. G———'s ſon, who is very nearly related to W——. This purity of intention however he cannot prove; and the tranſaction in itſelf ſeems *pactum iniquum*. I do not think that he can, or indeed that he ought to prevail.

Woodward, I hear, is gone to Briſtol, in deep dudgeon at Barret's declaration againſt Chatterton's productions. You have now only H———, whom you can only make a ſilent admirer. I hope my friend buzzes a little about you to keep me in your head, though I think I do my part pretty well myſelf; there are very few writers of more punctuality.

I wiſh Queeney joy of her new watch; and next time I write, intend myſelf the honour of directing my letter to her. Her hand is now very exact, and when uſe has made it free, may be very beautiful.

I am

I am glad of Mr. Thrale's reſolution to take up his *reſtes* * in perſon. He is wiſe in keeping the trade in his own hands, and appearing on proper occaſions as the principal agent. Every man has thoſe about him who wiſh to ſooth him into inactivity and deliteſcence, nor is there any ſemblance of kindneſs more vigorouſly to be repelled than that which voluntarily offers a vicarious performance of the taſks of life, and conſpires with the natural love of eaſe againſt diligence and perſeverance.

This is a ſtroke againſt poor Perkins who contributed much to make Mr. Thrale rich by his ſkill and aſſiduity as his chief Clerk: but no Dependent can conſtantly ſhun cenſure.

While I was holding my pen over the laſt period, I was called down to Father Wilks the Benedictine, and Father Brewer a Doctor of the Sorbon, who are come to England, and are now wandering over London. I have invited them to dine with me to-morrow. Father Cowley is well; and Mrs. Strickland is at Paris. More than this I have not yet learned. They ſtay, I think, here but a little time.

I have ſent your laſt parcel of powders, and hope ſoon to come myſelf.

I am, *&c.*

* When the maſter brewer goes round to his victuallers once a year, in order to examine the ſtate of the trade, and the ſtock left on the hands of the alehouſe-keeper, the expreſſion uſed in the profeſſion is, *that he takes up his reſtes*; a word borrowed from the French, and means the remainder—*les reſtes.*

LETTER CLIV.

To Mr. THRALE.

DEAR SIR, June 3, 1776.

YOU are all, I ſuppoſe, now either at one home or the other, and all I hope well. My miſtreſs writes as if ſhe was afraid I ſhould make too much haſte to ſee her. Pray tell her that there is no danger. The lameneſs, of which I made mention in one of my notes, has improved to a very ſerious and troubleſome fit of the gout. I creep about and hang by both hands. Johnny Wilcocks might be my running footman. I enjoy all the dignity of lameneſs. I receive ladies and diſmiſs them ſitting. *Painful pre-eminence.*

Baretti is at laſt mentioned in one of the Reviews, but in a manner that will not give him much delight. They are neither angry nor civil.

Catcot has been convinced by Barret, and has written his recantation to Tyrwhitt, who

ſtill perſiſts in his edition of the poems, and perhaps is not much pleaſed to find himſelf miſtaken.

You are now, I ſuppoſe, buſy about your *reſtes*; I heartily wiſh you, dear Sir, a happy perambulation, and a good account of the trade; and hope that you and my miſtreſs, as you come by, will call upon, Sir,

Your, *&c.*

LETTER CLV.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, June 4, at night.

THE world is indeed full of troubles, and we muſt not chuſe for ourſelves. But I am not ſincerely ſorry that in your preſent ſtate of mind you are going to be immediately a mother. Compoſe your thoughts, diverſify your attention, and attend your health.

If I can be of any uſe, ſend for me; I think I can creep to the end of the court, and climb into a coach, though perhaps not very eaſily;

On this day I quitted Streatham without taking leave, perfectly tired with the impertinence of the Lady, who took every opportunity to diſguſt me, unable to pardon the violent efforts I had made at Bath to hinder her from giving tin-pills to Queeney. I had by that time been in a manner one of the family during ſix years and a half, teaching Queeny Spaniſh and Italian from morn to night, at her earneſt deſire originally, and Johnſon, who had made me hope, that Thrale would at laſt give me an annuity for my pains: but, never receiving a ſhilling from him or from her, I grew tired at laſt, and on ſome provocation from her, left them abruptly.

but if you call me, very willingly. If you do not ſend for me, let me, pray let me know as oft as you can how you do.

I am glad that my maſter is at his *reſtes*, they will help to fill up his mind.

Pray let me know often how you do.

I am, deareſt Lady,

Your, &c.

LETTER CLVI.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAREST LADY, June 5, 1776.

YOU will have a note which I wrote laſt night. I was thinking, as I lay awake, that you might be worſe; but I hope you will be every moment better and better. I have never had any overpowering pain, nor been kept more awake than is uſual to me; but I am a very poor creeper upon the earth, catching at any thing with my hands to ſpare my feet. In a day or two I hope to be as fit for

Streatham as for any other place. Mr. Thrale it ſeems called laſt night when I was in bed, and yet I was not in bed till near twelve, for I ſit up leſt I ſhould not ſleep. He muſt keep well, for he is the pillar of the houſe; and you muſt get well, or the houſe will hardly be worth propping.

I am, deareſt Madam,

Your, *&c.*

LETTER CLVII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

MY DEAR LADY, June 6.

How could you ſo miſtake me? I am very deſirous that the whole buſineſs ſhould be as you would have it, only cheerfulneſs at that time is reckoned a good thing.

My feet grow better, and I hope, if you ſend a carriage, to mount it on Monday. This gout has a little depreſſed me, not that I have ſuffered any great pain; I have been teized rather than tormented; but the tediouſneſs and

and the imbecillity have been unpleaſant. However I now recover ſtrength, and do not yet deſpair of kicking the moon.

Could not you ſend me ſomething out of your garden? Things have been growing, and you have not been conſuming them. I wiſh I had a great bunch of aſparagus for Sunday.

Take great care of our Queeney, and of yourſelf, and encourage yourſelf in buſtle, and variety, and cheerfulneſs. I will be ready to come as ſoon as I can, but the pain is now twinging me. Let me know, my ſweeteſt lady, very often how you do. I thought it late before I heard to-day.

I am, dear Madam,

Your, &c.

LETTER CLVIII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, June 8.

MY feet diſappointed me laſt night; I thought they would have given me no diſturbance, but going up ſtairs I fancy fretted them, and they would not let me be eaſy. On Monday I am afraid I ſhall be a poor walker, but well enough to talk, and to hear you talk. And then, you know, what care we?

Mr. Norton called on me yeſterday. He is at Sayer's print-ſhop in Fleet-ſtreet; and would take an invitation to dinner very kindly.

Poor Mr. Levet has fallen down, and hurt himſelf dangerouſly.

Of the monks I can give no account. I had them to dinner, and gave each of them the *Political Tracts*, and furniſhed Wilkes with letters, which will, I believe, procure him a proper reception at Oxford.

I am, deareſt Lady,

Your, *&c.*

LETTER CLIX.

To Mrs. THRALE.

Wedneſday, Jan. 15, one in the morning, 1777.

OMNIUM rerum viciſſitudo. The night after laſt Thurſday was ſo bad, that I took ipecacuanha the next day. The next night was no better. On Saturday I dined with Sir Joſhua. The night was ſuch as I was forced to riſe and paſs ſome hours in a chair, with great labour of reſpiration. I found it now time to do ſomething, and went to Dr. Lawrence, and told him I would do what he ſhould order, without reading the preſcription. He ſent for a chirurgeon and took about twelve ounces of blood, and in the afternoon I got ſleep in a chair.

At night, when I came to lie down after trial of an hour or two, I found ſleep impracticable, and therefore did what the Doctor permitted in a caſe of diſtreſs; I roſe, and opening the orifice, let out about ten ounces more. Frank and I were but aukward; but, with Mr. Le-

vet's help, we ſtopped the ſtream, and I lay down again, though to little purpoſe; the difficulty of breathing allowed no reſt. I ſlept again in the day-time, in an erect poſture. The Doctor has ordered me a ſecond bleeding, which I hope will ſet my breath at liberty. Laſt night I could lie but a little at a time.

Yet I do not make it a matter of much form. I was to-day at Mrs. Gardiner's. When I have bled to-morrow, I will not give up Langton, nor Paradiſe. But I beg that you will fetch me away on Friday. I do not know but clearer air may do me good; but whether the air be clear or dark, let me come to you.

I am, *&c.*

To ſleep, or not to ſleep——

LETTER CLX.

To Mrs. THRALE.

MADAM, March 19, 1777.

BE pleaſed to procure the bearer credit for a linen gown, and let her bring the bill to me.

Did you ſtay all night at Sir Joſhua's? and keep Miſs up again? Miſs Owen had a ſight—all the Burkes—the Harris's—Miſs Reynolds—what has ſhe to ſee more? and Mrs. Horneck, and Miſs.

You are all young, and gay, and eaſy; but I have miſerable nights, and know not how to make them better; but I ſhift pretty well a-days, and ſo have at you all at Dr. Burney's to-morrow.

I never thought of meeting you at Sir Joſhua's, nor knew that it was a great day. But things, as ſages have obſerved, happen unexpectedly; and you thought little of ſeeing me this fortnight except to-morrow. But go where you will, and ſee if I do not catch you.

When

When I am away, every body runs away with you, and carries you among the griſettes, or whither they will. I hope you will find the want of me twenty times before you ſee me.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER CLXI.

To Mr. THRALE.

DEAR SIR, April 9, 1777.

THIS is a letter of pure congratulation. I congratulate you,

1. That you are alive.

2. That you have got my miſtreſs fixed again after her excentricities.

3. That my miſtreſs has added to her conqueſts the Prince of Caſtiglione.

4. That you will not be troubled with me till to-morrow, when I ſhall come with * * * *.

5. That * * * * * will go away in the evening.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER CLXII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

MADAM, May 19, 1777.

I HAVE written to Dr. Taylor, you may be ſure, but the buſineſs is pretty much out of the Doctor's way. His acquaintance with the Lord Cavendiſhes, he barely knows the young Duke and Ducheſs. He will be proud to ſhew that he can do it; but he will hardly try, if he ſuſpects any danger of refuſal.

You will become ſuch a gadder, that you will not care a penny for me. However, you are wiſe in wiſhing to know what life is made of; to try what are the pleaſures which are ſo eagerly ſought, and ſo dearly purchaſed. We muſt know pleaſure before we can rationally deſpiſe it. And it is not deſirable that when you are, with matronal authority, talking down juvenile hopes and maiden paſſions, your hearers ſhould tell you, like Miſs P———, "You never ſaw a *fête*."

That you may ſee this ſhow I have written, becauſe I am, Madam,

Your moſt humble ſervant.

LETTER CLXIII.

To Mr. THRALE.

DEAR SIR, July 31, 1777.

I CAME hither on Monday, and find every thing much as I expected. I ſhall not ſtay long, but if you ſend any letters to me on Saturday, to Univerſity College, I ſhall receive them. Pleaſe to make my compliments to my miſtreſs and Queeney. I have picked up ſome little information for my Lives at the library. I know not whether I ſhall go forward without ſome regret. I cannot break my promiſe to Boſwell and the reſt; but I have a good mind to come back again.

I am, &c.

LETTER CLXIV.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, August 4, 1777.

I DID not mean to expreſs much diſcontent nor any ill-humour in my letter. When I went away I knew that I went partly becauſe I had talked of going, and becauſe I was a little reſtleſs. I have been ſearching the library for materials for my Lives, and a little I have got.

Things have not gone quite well with poor Gwynne. His work was finiſhed ſo ill that he has been condemned to pay three hundred pounds for damages, and the ſentence is conſidered as very mild. He has however not loſt his friends, and is ſtill in the beſt houſes, and at the beſt tables.

the Welch architect that built the bridge at Oxford.

I ſhall enquire about the harveſt when I come into a region where any thing neceſſary to life is underſtood. I do not believe that there is yet any great harm, if the weather ſhould

ſhould now mend. Reaping time will only be a little later than is uſual.

Dr. Wetherell is abroad, I think at London; Mr. Coulſon is here, and well. Every body that knows you, enquires after you.

Boſwell's project is diſconcerted, by a viſit from a relation of Yorkſhire, whom he mentions as the head of his clan. Boſzy, you know, makes a huge buſtle about all his own motions, and all mine. I have incloſed a letter to pacify him, and reconcile him to the uncertainties of human life.

What could he do elſe?

I believe it was after I left your houſe, that I received a pot of orange marmalade from Mrs. Boſwell. We have now, I hope, made it up. I have not opened my pot.

I have determined to leave Oxford to-morrow, and on Thurſday hope to ſee Lichfield, where I mean to reſt till Dr. Taylor fetches me to Aſhbourne, and there I am likely enough to ſtay till you bid me come back to London.

I am, &c.

LETTER CLXV.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Lichfield, Auguſt 7, 1777.

ON Tueſday I left Oxford, and came to Birmingham. Mr. Hector is well; Mrs. Careleſs was not at home. Yeſterday I came hither. Mrs. Porter is well. Mrs. Aſton, to whom I walked before I ſat down, is very ill, but better. Whether ſhe will recover I know not. If ſhe dies I have a great loſs. Mr. Green is well, and Mrs. Adey; more I have not yet ſeen. At Birmingham I heard of the death of an old friend, and at Lichfield of the death of another. *Anni prædantur euntes.* One was a little older, the other a little younger than myſelf.

But amidſt theſe privations the preſent muſt ſtill be thought on, we muſt act as if we were to live. My barber, a man not unintelligent, ſpeaks magnificently of the harveſt; and Frank, whom I ordered to make his obſervations,

tions, noted fields of very fine ſhew as we paſſed along.

Lucy thinks nothing of my prologue for Kelly, and ſays ſhe has always diſowned it. I have not let her know my tranſactions with Dr. Dodd. She ſays, ſhe takes Miſs's correſpondence very kindly.

I am, &c.

LETTER CLXVI.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Lichfield, Auguſt 9, 1777.

NO great matter has happened ſince I wrote, but this place grows more and more barren of entertainment. Two whom I hoped to have ſeen are dead. I think that I am much more unwieldy and inert than when I was here laſt; my nights are very tedious. But a light heart, &c.

Lucy ſaid, "When I read Dr. Dodd's ſermon to the priſoners I ſaid, Dr. Johnſon could not make a better."

Dr. Johnſon had made it.

One

One of Lucy's maids is dreadfully tormented by the tænia, or long-worm. She has taken many medicines without effect, and it is much wiſhed that ſhe could have the Knightſbridge powder. I will pay for it, if you, dear Madam, will be ſo kind as to procure it, and ſend it with directions. Can it be franked? If it cannot, the beſt way will be to unite it with ſomething of greater bulk. I have promiſed Lucy to give her Cook's laſt voyage, for ſhe loves prints; but the laſt voyage cannot be well underſtood without ſome knowledge of the former. If you will lend us Hawkeſworth's books, they ſhall be carefully returned. If you will do this for us, the powders may be eaſily put up with the books.

Pleaſe to make my compliments to Maſter, and to Queeney.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER CLXVII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Lichfield, Auguſt 13, 1777.

SUCH tattle as filled your laſt ſweet letter prevents one great inconvenience of abſence, that of returning home a ſtranger and an enquirer. The variations of life conſiſt of little things. Important innovations are ſoon heard, and eaſily underſtood. Men that meet to talk of phyſicks or metaphyſicks, or law or hiſtory, may be immediately acquainted. We look at each other in ſilence, only for want of petty talk upon ſlight occurrences. Continue therefore to write all that you would ſay.

You have Lord Weſtcote and every body when I am away, and you go to Mr. Cator's, and you are ſo happy.

Miſs Turton and Harry Jackſon are dead. Mrs. Aſton is, I am afraid, in great danger. Mr. Green, Mr. Garrick, and Mr. Newton are all well. I have been very faint and breathleſs ſince I came hither, but fancy myſelf

ſelf better this day. I hope Maſter's walk will be finiſhed when I come back, and I ſhall perambulate it very often.

There ſeems to be in this country ſcarcely any fruit, there never indeed was much; but great things have been ſaid of the harveſt, and the only fear is of the weather. It rains here almoſt every day.

I dined yeſterday with the corporation, and talked againſt a workhouſe which they have in *contemplation*—there's the word now. I do not know that they minded me, for they ſaid nothing to me.

I have had ſo little inclination to motion that I have always gone the ſhorteſt way to Stowhill, and hardly any where elſe, ſo that I can tell you nothing new of Green's muſeum, but I deſign to viſit him, and all friends.

I hope for a letter to-morrow, for you muſt not forget that I am, Madam,

Your moſt humble ſervant.

P. S. Why cannot Queeney write?

LETTER CLXVIII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Lichfield, Auguſt 23, 1777.

AT Lichfield? Yes; but not well. I have been trying a great experiment with ipecacuanha, which Akenſyde had inclined me to conſider as a remedy for all conſtrictions of the breaſt. Lawrence indeed told me that he did not credit him, and no credit can I find him to deſerve. One night I thought myſelf the better for it, but there is no certainty. On Wedneſday night I took ten grains; the night was reſtleſs. On Thurſday morning I took ten grains; the night again was reſtleſs. On Friday night I took twenty grains, which Akenſyde mentions as the utmoſt that on theſe occaſions he has *ventured* to give; the night was perhaps rather worſe. I ſhall therefore take truce with ipecacuanha. Tell me, if you can, what I ſhall do next.

Mr. Thrale's heart may be at reſt. It is not fine Mrs. Anne that has been caught by the

tænia, but Mrs. Anne tumbled down ſtairs laſt night, and bruiſed her face. Both maid and miſtreſs are very grateful to you for the kindneſs with which you procured the powders, and directed their uſe. They have not yet been tried. It has been waſhing week; and I ſuppoſe every body ſhrinks a little from ſuch rough remedies, of which at laſt the ſucceſs is doubtful. However it will, I think, be tried in all its formalities.

My maſter may plant and dig till his pond is an ocean, if he can find water, and his parterre a down. I have no doubt of a moſt abundant harveſt; and it is ſaid that the produce of barley is particularly great. We are not far from the great year of a hundred thouſand barrels, which, if three ſhillings be gained upon each barrel, will bring us fifteen thouſand pounds a-year. * * * * * never pretended to more than thirty pounds a-day, which is not eleven thouſand a-year. But ſuppoſe we ſhall get but two ſhillings a barrel, that is ten thouſand a-year. I hope we ſtill have the advantage. Would you for the other thouſand have my maſter ſuch a man as * * * * * ?

I ſhowed dear Queeney's letter to Mrs. Aſton and Mrs. Porter, they both took her remembrance of them very kindly.

It was well done by Mr. Brooke to ſend for you. His houſe is one of my favourite places. His water is very commodious, and the whole place has the true old appearance of a little country town. I hope Miſs goes, for ſhe takes notice.

The races are next week. People ſeem to be weary of them, for many go out of town I ſuppoſe to eſcape the coſt of entertaining company. Dr. Taylor will probably come, and probably take me away; and I ſhall leave Mrs. Aſton.

Do not you loſe, nor let Maſter loſe, the kindneſs that you have for me. Nobody will ever love you both better than, dear Madam,

Your, *&c.*

LETTER CLXIX.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Lichfield, Auguſt 27, 1777.

OUR correſpondence is not ſo vigorous as it uſed to be; but now you know the people at Lichfield, it is vain to deſcribe them, and as no revolutions have happened, there is nothing to be ſaid about them. We have a new Dean, whoſe name is Proby; he has the manners of a gentleman, and ſome ſpirit of diſcipline, which brings the cathedral into better method. He has a lady that talks about Mrs. Montague and Mrs. Carter.

On next Saturday I go to Aſhbourne, and thither muſt my letters be ſent, if you are pleaſed ever to write to me.

When I came hither I could hardly walk, but I have got better breath, and more agility. I intend to perambulate Maſter's dominions every day at leaſt once. But I have miſerable,

diſtreſsful, tedious nights; do you think they will mend at Brighthelmſtone?

When I come to Aſhbourne I will ſend my dear Queeney an account how I find things, for I hope ſhe takes an intereſt in Dr. Taylor's proſperity.

This is race week; but Mrs. Aſton, Mrs. Porter, and myſelf have no part in the courſe, or at the ball. We all ſit at home, and perhaps pretend to wonder that others go, though I cannot charge any of us with much of that folly. Mrs. Gaſtrel, who wraps her head in a towel, is very angry at the preſent mode of dreſs and feathers.

He ought to have ſaid *à merveille*.

But amidſt all theſe little things, there is one great thing. The harveſt is abundant, and the weather *a la merveille*. No ſeaſon ever was finer. Barley, malt, beer, and money. There is the ſeries of ideas. The deep logicians call it a *ſorites*. I hope my maſter will no longer endure the reproach of not keeping me a horſe.

The puppies played us a vile trick when they tore my letter, but I hope my loſs will be repaired to-morrow. You are in the way of buſineſs and intelligence, and have ſomething

thing to write. I am here in unactive obſcurity, and have little other pleaſure than to perceive that the poor languiſhing lady is glad to ſee me. I hope, deareſt Lady, you will be glad to ſee me too; and that it will be long before diſeaſe lays hold upon you.

I am, dear Madam,

Your, *&c.*

LETTER CLXX.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAREST LADY, Sept. 6, 1777.

IT is true that I have loitered, and what is worſe, loitered with very little pleaſure. The time has run away, as moſt time runs, without account, without uſe, and without memorial. But to ſay this of a few weeks, though not pleaſing, might be borne, but what ought to be the regret of him who, in a few days, will have ſo nearly the ſame to ſay of ſixty-eight years? But complaint is vain.

If

If you have nothing to ſay from the neighbourhood of the metropolis, what can occur to me in little cities and petty towns; in places which we have both ſeen, and of which no deſcription is wanted? I have left part of the company with which you dined here, to come and write this letter; in which I have nothing to tell, but that my nights are very tedious. I cannot perſuade myſelf to forbear trying ſomething.

As you have now little to do, I ſuppoſe you are pretty diligent at the Thraliana, and a very curious collection poſterity will find it. Do not remit the practice of writing down occurrences as they ariſe, of whatever kind, and be very punctual in annexing the dates. Chronology you know is the eye of hiſtory; and every man's life is of importance to himſelf. Do not omit painful caſualties, or unpleaſing paſſages, they make the variegation of exiſtence; and there are many tranſactions, of which I will not promiſe with Æneas, *et hæc olim meminiſſe juvabit.* Yet that remembrance which is not pleaſant may be uſeful. There is however an intemperate attention to ſlight circumſtances which is to be avoided, leſt a great part of life be

be ſpent in writing the hiſtory of the reſt. Every day perhaps has ſomething to be noted, but in a ſettled and uniform courſe few days can have much.

Why do I write all this, which I had no thought of when I begun? The Thraliana drove it all into my head. It deſerves however an hour's reflection, to conſider how, with the leaſt loſs of time, the loſs of what we wiſh to retain may be prevented.

Do not neglect to write to me, for when a poſt comes empty, I am really diſappointed.

Boſwell, I believe, will meet me here.

I am, deareſt Lady,

Your, *&c.*

LETTER CLXXI.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Aſhbourne, Sept. 8, 1777.

SURELY the ſame vexatious interruption of our correſpondence happens now that happened once when I was at Oxford. I write often, yet you ſeem not to have my letters. I charged Frank with truſting ſome other hand to the poſt-office, this he denies; and indeed I have anſwers to other letters.

I came hither on Saturday, Auguſt 30th. The books were not then come; but I ſuppoſe, according to Davies's letter, they came that evening. Of the receipt of the powders I wrote word, and told that the girl delayed a little while to take them. From this place I wrote to Miſs laſt Thurſday, and to you laſt Saturday. Nothing has been mentioned by you of which I have not taken proper notice, except that I have ſaid nothing of * * * * * *. Many inſtances there are of the vanity of human ſolicitude, and it is not ſtrange to find another.

We were all planning out for him ſome mode of life, and diſeaſe was hovering over him. If he dies, his mother will loſe what has engaged her care, and incited her vanity. The ſon and the eſtate go away together. But life occupies us all too much to leave us room for any care of others beyond what duty enjoins; and no duty enjoins ſorrow or anxiety that is at once troubleſome and uſeleſs. I would readily help the poor lady, but if I cannot do her good by aſſiſting her, I ſhall not diſturb myſelf by lamenting her: yet I ſuppoſe his death will be as hard a blow as is commonly felt. Let me know if you hear how he goes on. I go on but uneaſily.

I am in hopes of ſeeing Mr. Boſwell, and then he may perhaps tell me ſomething to write, for this is but a barren place. Not a mouſe ſtirring.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER CLXXII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Aſhbourne, Sept. 13, 1777.

NOW I write again, having juſt received your letter dated the 10th.

You muſt not let fooliſh fancies take hold on your imagination. If Queeney grows tall, ſhe is ſufficiently bulky, and as much out of danger of a conſumption as nature allows a young maiden to be. Of real evils the number is great, of poſſible evils there is no end. * * * * * * is really to be pitied. Her ſon in danger; the eſtate likely to paſs not only from her, but to thoſe on whom, I ſuppoſe, ſhe would leaſt wiſh it beſtowed, and her ſyſtem of life broken, are very heavy blows. But ſhe will at laſt be rich, and will have much gratification in her power, both rational and ſenſual.

Lady Lade, ſiſter to Mr. Thrale.

The word ſenſual alludes to her love of fornication.

Boſwell, I believe, is coming. He talks of being here to-day. I ſhall be glad to ſee him.

But he ſhrinks from the Baltick expedition, which I think is the beſt ſcheme in our power. What we ſhall ſubſtitute, I know not. He wants to ſee Wales, but except the woods of Bachycraigh what is there in Wales? What that can fill the hunger of ignorance, or quench the thirſt of curioſity? We may perhaps form ſome ſcheme or other, but, in the phraſe of Hockley in the Hole, it is pity he has not a better bottom.

Tell my young miſtreſs that this day's letter is too ſhort, and it brings me no news either foreign or domeſtick.

I am going to dine with Mr. Dyot, and Frank tells ſternly, that it is paſt two o'clock.

I am, deareſt Madam,

Your, *&c.*

LETTER CLXXIII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Sept. 15, 1777.

DO you call this punctual correſpondence? There was poor I writing, and writing, and writing, on the 8th, on the 11th, on the 13th; and on the 15th I looked for a letter, but I may look and look. Inſtead of writing to me you are writing the Thraliana. But—he *muſt be humble who would pleaſe.*

Laſt night came Boſwell. I am glad that he is come. He ſeems to be very briſk and lively, and laughs a little at * * * * *. I told him ſomething of the ſcene at Richmond. You find, now you have ſeen the *progenies Langtoniana*, that I did not praiſe them without reaſon; yet the ſecond girl is my favourite.

You talk of pine-apples and veniſon. Pine-apples it is ſure we have none; but veniſon, no foreſter that lived under the green-wood-tree ever

ever had more frequently upon his table. We fry, and roaſt, and bake, and devour in every form.

We have at laſt fair weather in Derbyſhire, and every where the crops are ſpoken of as uncommonly exuberant. Let us now get money and ſave it. All that is paid is ſaved, and all that is laid out in land or malt. But I long to ſee twenty thouſand pounds in the bank, and to ſee my maſter viſiting this eſtate and that, as purchaſes are advertiſed. But perhaps all this may be when Colin's forgotten and gone. Do not let me be forgotten before I am gone, for you will never have ſuch another, as,

Even Johnson could not help dreaming felicities for himself, and, what is more ridiculous, for others. The two last years of Thrale's life his Brewery brought him thirty thousand a year neat profit. Was it happy on that account? He died.

Deareſt dear Madam,

Your moſt humble ſervant.

LETTER CLXXIV.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Aſhbourne, Sept. 18, 1777.

HERE is another birth-day. They come very faſt. I am now ſixty-eight. To lament the paſt is vain; what remains is to look for hope in futurity. Queeney has now paſſed another year. I hope every year will bring her happineſs.

Boſwell is with us in good-humour; and plays his part with his uſual vivacity. We are to go in the Doctor's vehicle and dine at Derby to-morrow.

* That is, He makes more noiſe, than any body in company, talking and laughing loud.

Do you know any thing of Bolt-court? Invite Mr. Levet to dinner, and make enquiry what family he has, and how they proceed. I had a letter lately from Mrs. Williams. Dr. Lewis viſits her, and has added ipecacuanha to her bark: but I do not hear much of her amendment. Age is a very ſtubborn diſeaſe.

Yet

Yet Levet ſleeps ſound every night. I am ſorry for poor Seward's pain; but he may live to be better.

Mr. * * * * *'s erection of an urn looks like an intention to bury me alive; I would as willingly ſee my friend, however benevolent and hoſpitable, quietly inurned. Let him think for the preſent of ſome more acceptable memorial.

Does nobody tell * * * * that a warmer climate and a clearer air is likely to help her ſon, and that it may be convenient to run away from an Engliſh winter, before he becomes too weak for travel? It appears to me not improbable that change of air, and the amuſement and exerciſe of eaſy journeys, might enable one ſo young to overcome his diſeaſe.

Dr. Taylor has another buck. You muſt not talk to us of veniſon. Fruit indeed we have little, and that little not very good; but what there is has been very liberally beſtowed.

Mr. L—— and the Doctor ſtill live on different ſides of the ſtreet.

We have had, for ſome time paſt, ſuch harveſt weather as a Derbyſhire farmer dares ſcarcely hope. The harveſt has this year been every where a month backward, but ſo far as I can hear, has recompenſed the delay by uncommon plenty. Next year will, I hope, complete Mr. Thrale's wiſh of an hundred thouſand barrels. Ambition is then to have an end, and he muſt remember, that *non minor eſt virtus quam quærere, parta tuere.* When he has climbed ſo high, his care muſt be to keep himſelf from falling.

Every body has wiſhes that, when ſatisfied, prove but vain. Mr. Thrale went greatly beyond his hundred thouſand barrels, and a good deal of their produce is now enjoyed by a paltry Singing-Maſter.

I am, dear Madam,

Your, &c.

LETTER CLXXV.

Mrs. THRALE to DR. JOHNSON.

DEAR SIR, Sept. 18.

I HAVE got ſome news that will pleaſe you now. Here is an agreeable friend come from Paris, whom you were very fond of when we were there—the Prior of our Engliſh Benedictine Convent, Mr. Cowley. I did not know him again; ſo much was he altered by the change of dreſs. How capricious and abſurd one is always! I feel longing to call him *Father* Prior now; and upon the continent my ſcruple hindered me from uſing an appellation clearly and abſolutely prohibited by our Saviour's own words in the goſpel. The ſame objection however would again return if I was out of England again; but here, where one knows ſuch words carry no meaning of more ſerious import, I long to call him *Father* Prior for fondneſs. He enquires much for you; and ſays, Wilkes is very well, N° 45. as they call him in the Convent. A cell is always kept

See what pretty philoſophical notions my poor friend had! Long was he woman made mad with the Bible: but that has now long been over. Nor do they in France or any where elſe. Did Chriſt forbid to call Friars by that name, before Friars were invented?

ready for your uſe, he tells me; ſo when your cruel miſtreſs turns you out, no harm will come of it; and when Mr. Thrale diſmiſſes me, I am to take refuge among the Auſtin Nuns, and ſtudy Virgil with dear Miſs Canning.

Mr. Cowley is as pleaſant company as ever. We aſked Lord Mulgrave to meet him, and *he* ſaid a thing ſo like a thing of your ſaying, that I will repeat it directly. We talked of England and France—The beds are ſofter there than here, quoth my maſter. Softer, if you will, but not ſo clean, Sir, replied the Prior.——No, no, dirty enough to be ſure, confeſſed Mr. Thrale, but exceeding ſoft. Why then, interrupts Lord Mulgrave, one may infer, that a hog in England lives juſt like a gentleman in France I find——ſo there let the parallel reſt. Now was not that ſpeech quite in the ſpirit of our dear Mr. Johnſon?—I think it will be carried about the town for yours ſometime.

This is ſuch English ſport as Engliſhmen delight to talk for hours and hours. But the fact is, that Mr. Thrale had clean and ſoft beds in France, as well as all other rich folks, and the poor have them hard and unclean in England as every where elſe.

Johnſon often ſaid ſilly things in ſo terrible, and ſilly Madame never failed to echo the beaſtly kind of wit.

My huſband bids me tell you that he examined the regiſter, and that Levet is only ſeventy-two years old.

I hope your illneſs was but ſlight; I heard of it by mere accident, and believed but little; you

you have much of my incredulity to answer for, by perpetually detecting every body in falsehood so. Let this report, however, though not true, introduce a lecture on general caution; and a request that you will not strive to torture that iron constitution of yours quite to ruin, because you have nothing else to do. It were better bind books again, as you did one year in our thatched summer-house, than weigh out doses of mercury and opium which are not wanted, and then complain that you are *hermetically sealed*. Very comical you are sure enough; but 'tis better play droll tricks with any thing else than with one's health. Were we not all justly enraged at that wretched fellow for trying experiments on our business? and now you will have a stroke at the next valuable possession we have.

Detecting her in particular every day, and bidding her every day to leave off telling of lies, but bidding her in vain.

the man, that would teach Mr. Thrale to make bear without malt and hops. Had the fellow succeeded, he would not have been called wretched as both Thrale and Johnson would see the experiment tried.

Something always happens when you go to Lichfield; and our sitting down thirteen to table yesterday made my fool's nerves flutter for Queeney. Her father and I were of no consequence one would think, or I might have thought of ourselves, but Mr. Murphy said, she had a hectic colour, and her first cousin * * * * * * is now absolutely dying of a consumption, and I can't quiet my fears somehow, though I know them to be groundless.

a good dose of vulgar superstition had she. She ought however had sense enough not to print this stuff, and suppress this paragraph as she did many others.

leſs.——*Can you tell how to controul thick-coming fancies?* Ah! dear Sir, do pray try to govern your own, and do not take phyſick for *fun*.

Well! we will have no more ſuperſtition *juſt now* if you pleaſe, becauſe if one eſcapes this birth-day time, the reſt of the year is leſs dangerous; we are on the watch always about this week of September—you for yourſelf, and I for Heſter. Superſtition is that which *ſuperſtet*, is not it? and then I do think we have all due claim to the honour of being very ſuperſtitious, for we make much more ado than is neceſſary ſure.

Such a Latinist ought to have written *superstat*.

Come, here is news of Town-malling—the quiet old-faſhioned place in Kent, that you liked ſo becauſe it was agreeable to your own notions of a rural life; I believe we were the firſt people, except the maſter of it, who had for many years taken delight in the old coach without ſprings, the two roaſted ducks in one diſh, the fortified flower garden, and fir trees cut in figures.—A ſpirit of innovation has however reached even theſe at laſt.——The roads are mended; no more narrow ſhaded lanes, but clear open turnpike trotting. A yew hedge, or an eugh hedge if you will, newly

newly cut down too by his nephew's deſire. Ah thoſe nephews! And a wall pulled away, which bore incomparable fruit——*to call in the country*——is the phraſe. Mr. Thrale is wicked enough to urge on theſe rough reformers; how it will end I know not. For your comfort, the ſquare canals ſtill drop into one another; and the chocolate is ſtill made in the room by a maid, who curtſies as ſhe preſents every cup. Dear old Daddy Brooke looks well and even handſome at eighty-one years old; while I ſaw his ſiſter, who is ninety-four years old, and calls him *Frankey*, eat more veniſon at a ſitting than Mr. Thrale. Theſe are the proper contemplations of this ſeaſon. May my daughter and my friend but enjoy life as long, and uſe it as innocently as theſe ſweet people have done. The ſight of ſuch a family conſoles one's heart.

I am glad the Richmond ſcene diverted you; my maſter laughed when I read it over to him; but here is now nothing to tell but what has been often repeated. Our Paris friends are melancholy I hear, and Madame de Bocages laments her ſtate of low ſpirits; is there any foundation for the idea prevalent among us, that we are the only nation where hypocondriac diſeaſes are frequent, and that the

This alludes to ſome of his Letters that ſhe has ſuppreſſed.

I dare ſay he had nothing to ſay on ſuch a topick, as what he had ſeen of France was next to nothing.

the French are almoſt wholly free? You are not willing to believe with the herd in that particular I dare ſay; yet when a man is ſick, you are always ſending him to the continent, —I never can think for what;—he had better die at home; and the foreigners only get a notion of England's being unwholeſome by ſeeing ſuch conſumptive looking creatures come out of it as flock to Nice, Montpelier, &c. I dare ſay they think we are all ſo; and you may remember the French ladies wondering at my healthy looks——which I ſhall never get again.

So adieu, dear Sir, and be content with this long volume of a letter from

Your truly faithful ſervant,

H. L. THRALE.

How could I write ſo much? and from Streatham? I admire at my own ſkill in ſpinning out ſo. Mr. Thrale is cured of his paſſion for Lady R—— already.

LETTER CLXXVI.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Aſhbourne, Sept. 20, 1777.

I DO not remember what has happened that you write on mourning paper, and uſe black wax.

B——— liked S——— better as he knew him more, and ſeems well pleaſed to be remembered by him and my maſter.

Pretty dear Queeney! I wiſh her many and many happy birth-days. I hope you will never loſe her, though I ſhould go to Lichfield, and though ſhe ſhould ſit the thirteenth in many a company.

You have nothing to ſay becauſe you live at Streatham, and expect me to ſay much when I return from Lichfield and Aſhbourne, places to be conſidered as abounding in novelty, and ſupplying every hour materials for hiſtory. It is as much as I can do to furniſh every poſt with a letter; I keep nothing behind for oral communication.

I took

I took Boſwell yeſterday to ſee Keddleſtone, and the ſilk mills, and the china work at Derby; he was pleaſed with all. The Derby china is very pretty, but I think the gilding is all ſuperficial; and the finer pieces are ſo dear, that perhaps ſilver veſſels of the ſame capacity may be ſometimes bought at the ſame price; and I am not yet ſo infected with the contagion of china-fancy, as to like any thing at that rate which can ſo eaſily be broken.

Maſter is very inconſtant to Lady R——. Did he not hold out againſt forty ſuch repellents from Mrs. P———? He grows nice I find; let him try whether nicety will make him happy.

Boſwell has ſpent more money than he expected, and I muſt ſupply him with part of his expences home. I have not much with me, and beg Maſter to ſend me by the next poſt a note of ten pounds, which I will punctually return, not in opportunities of beneficence, though the nobleſt payment in the world, but in money, or bank-paper. Do not let him forget me.

Do not ſuppoſe that I wrote this letter on purpoſe to borrow. *My ſoul diſdains it.* I did not think on it when I began to write.

When I miſs a poſt, I conſider myſelf as deviating from the true rule of action. Seeing things in *this light*, I conſider every letter as ſomething in *the line* of duty; upon *this foot* I make my arrangement, and *under whatever circumſtances* of difficulty, endeavour to carry them into execution; for having in ſome degree *pledged myſelf* for the performance, I think the reſolution both of my head and my heart engaged, and *reprobate* every thought of deſiſting from the undertaking.

Howel tells of a few words in Spaniſh, the true utterance of which will denominate the ſpeaker *bueno Romanciador*, the laſt ſentence will *un bueno politico*. He that can rattle thoſe words well together may ſay all that political controverſy generally produces.

I am, *&c.*

P. S. Nay, but do enquire after Bolt-court.

LETTER CLXXVII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Aſhbourne, Sept. 22, 1777.

NOw to ſit down to tell me a long news-paper ſtory about Lord Harcourt and his dog.—I hoped when you had ſeen Levet you would have learned ſomething that concerned me.

I hope Maſter has been ſo kind as to ſend me the ten pounds, elſe I ſhall be forced to borrow at Aſhbourne or Lichfield.

Boſwell has been this morning with me to ſee Ham Garden. He talks of going away this week, and I ſhall not think of ſtaying here much longer, though the wind whiſtles very prettily. My nights are ſtill ſuch as I do not like; but complaint will not mend them.

Sir John Lade, ſon to Lady Lade, a moſt hopeful Gentleman that has married a whore.

If * * * * holds life to one-and-twenty, he will probably live on; for his conſtitution, if it does not grow weaker, will become firmer.

The

The harveſt in Staffordſhire has been ſuch for plenty, and ſo well gathered, as to be mentioned with admiration. Make your moſt of theſe golden years, and buy liberally what will now be liberally allowed. I hope to partake a little of the general abundance—But I am now ſixty-eight. Make good uſe, my dear Lady, of your days of health and ſprightlineſs. Sixty-eight is coming faſt upon you;—let it not find you wondering what has become of all the paſt.

She has by marrying a Singing Maſter.

If Aunt comes now, ſhe can do but little harm, for ſhe will hardly go with you to Brighthelmſtone, and ſhe cannot long trouble you at Streatham.

I hope ſoon to come to Lichfield, and from Lichfield to London.

Taylor and Boſ. ſend their compliments with thoſe of, Madam,

Your moſt humble ſervant.

LETTER CLXXVIII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Aſhbourne, Sept. 25, 1777.

BOSWELL is gone; and is, I hope, pleaſed that he has been here; though to look on any thing with pleaſure is not very common. He has been gay and good-humoured in his uſual way, but we have not agreed upon any other expedition. He had ſpent more money than he intended, and I ſupplied him; my deficiencies are again made up by Mr. Thrale's bill, for which I thank him.

That is, in his noiſy and filly way.

Boſwell had never much money; and the hundred pounds he got by the ſale of his Travels in the Hebrides with the Doctor, were very welcome. How much ſhall he make of Johnſon's Life?

I will ſend directions to the taylor to make me ſome cloaths according to Mr. Thrale's direction, though I cannot go with you to Brighthelmſtone, having loitered away the time I know not how; but if you would have me, I will endeavour to follow you, which upon the whole may perhaps be as well. I am here now on the 25th, and am obliged by promiſe to take Lichfield in my way, ſo that the 30th will come upon me too ſoon.

The

The Levet that has been found in the regiſter muſt be ſome other Levet; I dare ſay our friend does not in his heart believe that it is he.

I am glad that the Benedictines found you at laſt. Father Wilkes, when he was amongſt us, took Oxford in his way. I recommended him to Dr. Adams, on whom he impreſſed a high opinion of his learning. I am glad that my cell is reſerved. I may perhaps ſome time or other viſit it, though I cannot eaſily tell why one ſhould go to Paris twice. Our own beds are ſoft enough. Yet my maſter will tell you, that one wants to be doing ſomething. I have ſomething like a longing to ſee my maſter's performances; a pleaſure which I ſhall hardly have till he returns from Brighthelmſtone. I beg that before you go, you will ſend the *Bibliographia Britannica* to my habitation.

It ſeems, that Johnſon was not much ſtruck by the pretended bon mot of Lord Mulgrave. But, if as he ſays, 'tis not worth while going twice to Paris, why did he go ſeveral times to Aſhburne?

I am, *&c.*

P. S. Let your next be ſent to Lichfield.

LETTER CLXXIX.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Aſhbourne, Sept. 27, 1777.

I THINK I have already told you that Boſ. is gone. The day before he went, we met the Duke and Ducheſs of Argyle in the ſtreet, and went to ſpeak to them while they changed horſes; and in the afternoon Mrs. Langton and Juliet ſtopped in their way to London, and ſent for me; I went to them, and ſent for Boſwell, whom Mrs. Langton had never ſeen.

What a loſs!

And ſo, here is this poſt without a letter. I am old, I am old, ſays Sir John Falſtaff. "Take heed, my dear, youth flies apace." You will be wanting a letter ſometime. I wiſh I were with you, but I cannot come yet.

——Nives et frigora Rheni
Me ſine ſola vides: Ah, ne te frigora lædant!
Ah, tibi ne teneras glacies ſecet aſpera plantas!
ECL. X.

yet the time came when ſhe deſired to have no further correſpondence with him, becauſe he called her marriage with the Singing-Maſter ignominious.

I wiſh

I wiſh you well; B——— and all; and ſhall be glad to know your adventures. Do not however think wholly to eſcape me; you will, I hope, ſee me at Brighthelmſtone. Dare you anſwer me, as Brutus anſwered his evil genius?

I know not when I ſhall write again, now you are going to the world's end. *Extra anni ſoliſque vias*, where the poſt will be a long time in reaching you. I ſhall, notwithſtanding all diſtance, continue to think on you, and to pleaſe myſelf with the hope of being once again,

MADAM,

Your moſt humble ſervant.

LETTER CLXXX.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Aſhbourne, Michaelmaſs day, 1777.

AND ſo becauſe you hear that Mrs. Deſmoulines has written, you hold it not neceſſary to write; as if ſhe could write like you, or I were equally content with hearing from her.—Call you this, backing your friends? She did write, and I remember nothing in her letter, but that ſhe was diſcontented that I wrote only Madam to her, and Dear Madam to Mrs. Williams. Without any great dearneſs in the compariſon, Williams is, I think, the dearer of the two. I am glad that ſhe mends, but I am afraid ſhe cannot get the ſtart of the ſeaſon, and Winter will come before ſhe is prepared for it.

But at Streatham there are dears and dears, who before this letter reaches them will be at Brighthelmſtone. Wherever they be, may they have no uneaſineſs but for want of me.

Now

Now you are gone, I wonder how long you deſign to ſtay; pray let me know when you write to Lichfield, for I have not loſt hope of coming to you, yet that purpoſe may chance to fail. But my comfort is, that you cannot charge me with forgetting you when I am away. You perhaps do not think how eagerly I expect the poſt.

Mrs. * * * * * grows old, and has loſt much of her undulation and mobility. Her voice likewiſe is ſpoiled; ſhe can come upon the ſtage now only for her own benefit. But Juliet is airy and cheerful, and has I hope done lamenting the inconſtancy of man. My miſtreſs is repreſented as unable to bear them company. There was not time for many queſtions, and no opportunity of winding and winding them, as Mr. Richardſon has it, ſo as to get truth out without queſtions. I do not indeed know that I am any great winder. I ſuſpect a winder to be always a man vacant, and commonly little-minded. I think my dear little miſtreſs no great proficient at winding, though ſhe could wind if ſhe would, *contemnit potius quam neſcit.*

Dr. Taylor deſires always to have his compliments ſent. He is, in his uſual way, very

Mark the contempt with which the Doctor speaks of dear Taylor, who was in reality a man of little or no worth.

busy; getting a bull to his cows, and a dog to his bitches. His waterfall runs very well. Old Shakeſpeare is dead, and he wants to buy another horſe for his mares. He is one of thoſe who finds every hour *ſomething new to wiſh or to enjoy*.

I am told, that Bozzi's wife is a coarſe kind of woman.

Boſwell while he was here ſaw Keddleſtone and the ſilk mills, and took Chatſworth in his way home. He ſays, his wife does not love me quite well yet, though we have made a formal peace. He kept his journal very diligently; but then what was there to journalize? I ſhould be glad to ſee what he ſays of * * * * * * * * *. I think I told you that I took him to ~~Ham.~~ *Ilam*.

She danced in a moſt ridiculous manner.

Why ſhould you ſuſpect me of forgetting lilly lolly? Now you will ſee the Shellys, and perhaps hear ſomething about the Cottons; and you will bathe, and walk, and dreſs, and dance, and who knows how little you will think on, Madam,

Your, &c.

LETTER CLXXXI.

Mrs. THRALE to Dr. JOHNSON.

DEAR SIR, October 1, 1777.

IT was becauſe you teized me ſo about Bolt-court intelligence, that I fancied Mrs. Deſmoulines' letter would be as good, or better than mine; ſhe was certainly more qualified than I could be, to write upon the ſubject. Her diſcontent is no new thing; if it proceeds from no new cauſe, ſhe muſt bear without complaining, that which probably does not mend while ſhe ſays nothing of the matter; but people will not endure to be teized for ever with fruitleſs lamentations for evils they cannot remove.

In ſome letter lately you wonder at my uſing black wax——for the paper was only not gilt——as if you had forgotten my numberleſs reaſons for *mourning*, becauſe you are not perpetually hearing me recall them to your memory. Affliction however is very good

for us all I doubt not, or it would hardly be beſtowed ſo liberally. The flower of an aloe tree is, I am told, ſo peculiarly ſweet, that bees, beſt judges in ſuch a caſe, ſeek it from an immenſe diſtance; we know how bitter the ſtem is, and how rarely we are indulged with the bloſſom. If a good parallel may be drawn from this reflection to human life, let us add another: a turnip is ſweet to the taſte, but gives a rancid and unpleaſant flavour to every animal that feeds upon it. A life of peace and pleaſure would probably have as bad an effect upon the mind of man. And now I think you will run to Mrs. Deſmoulines, or any other Miſtreſs, as a refuge from your *true* Miſtreſs's pedantry. Does that word remind me of Lord * * * *? I hope not: he has ſeen much, read much, and travelled much; he talks a great deal, and from a very faſhionably furniſhed mind.—When we ſaw him laſt, he bid me aſk you whether there are three volumes, or only two, of Parker's Hiſtory, or Parker's Memoirs, or ſome ſuch thing. It was in Latin, and very fine Latin too he ſaid. I knew not from beginning to end what he meant; and my ignorance reminded me of the maid ſervant Mr.

Pepys tells of, who let her maſter know one morning that a gentleman had called when he was out the evening before, and begged he would lend him *three oxen and a hogſhead*. You won't underſtand me, child, added he, but your maſter will; it was *Theocritus and Horace*'s works that were wanted; and I am much in the girl's caſe, for I comprehend not a ſyllable of * * * *'s requeſt—and perhaps have tranſmitted it as wildly.

We have ſeen nothing but Mrs. * * * * here. She ſays all * * * * *'s faults ſhould be charged upon his mother, but then ſhe is nobody's mother herſelf. How dreadful, inſtead of delightful, would it be, to contemplate one's houſe full of children, if all the future errors of each were to go to the mother's account! Yet would not my lot be heavy even *then*, for better babies breathe not—could I *but* keep them! than mine. Queeney ſhall ſend you a *proof-ſheet* of her excellence to-morrow.

Poor S——y B——w is dying, they tell me; you liked her vaſtly that ſummer we were ſo much together with her at this place; —how happy Mr. Beauclerc is got better!—he is a prodigious favourite I know; but when you

you were ſorry for poor old Dr. F—zp——k it was mere virtue, as I think I never ſaw a ſtronger antipathy. Shall we write an epitaph upon him, and ſay, *He ſat well at a table?*—for that was the higheſt praiſe we could ever get you to allow him, even with Murphy's help. Saint Pavin's inſcription would not be amiſs for Fitzpatrick; and there is a ſtroke in their lives too not very diſſimilar.

Fitzpatrick's dead—wert thou his friend;
With tears lament thy lot:
Did fortune no ſuch favour lend?
Lament that thou wert not.

Sous ce tombeau gît Saint Pavin,
Donne des larmes à ſa fin;
Tu fus de ſes amis peut être?
Pleure ton ſort, pleure le ſien;
Tu n'en fus pas? pleure le tien,
Paſſant, d'avoir-manqué d'en être.

I cannot gueſs how long we are to ſtay here; Mr. Thrale does not tell me, and I am, as you ſay, no good *winder*. Cardinal Alberoni was ſaid to be ſo ingenious, that no concealed

concealed intentions of another could eſcape him; but Jean Rouſſet, who writes his life, deſcribes him as a rattling man too, that talked at all rates. Flaſhy, light, and loud converſation is often a cloke for cunning, I believe; as ſhowy life, and a gay outſide ſpreads now and then a thin covering over avarice or poverty. The companion who rattles reſembles a juggler, who, while your attention is fixed upon his talk, changes your gold into counters. This, however, I have no higher authority for, than Alberoni's character—Richardſon's way of winding was more cold and ſly.

I have picked up ſome agreeable young folks, juſt come from ſchool ſomewhere on the continent, who are going to London for the firſt time—with clear complexions, and hearts apparently as clear. We were ſaying how ſoon they would be altered. A capital city will, by even a ſhort reſidence in it, change the whole maſs. How florid, bright, and tranſparent is the arterial blood, before it has paſſed through the heart—metropolis of our human frame—for example; and how muddy, groſs and heavy in compariſon is that which we draw from the veins in its return.

But

But I muſt ſay no more—you would rather be ſick in London, I remember, than well in the country.

When are we likely to meet?—If the Doctor's waterfall roars happily, I think there is little chance, for a month, of your quitting Aſhbourne, except to ſhew its environs to Mr. Boſwell. Derbyſhire is a glorious county, and affords much matter for ſpeculation; beſides that, he will write down all you ſay, and all he ſays to you about every thing. Luckily for us his adorers, our dear Dr. Johnſon wants very little *winding*; we may all know your opinions by aſking them the ſtraighteſt way; and mines are always beſt in a mountain where adits can moſt commodiouſly be made for bringing out the ore, you know.

Farewel, dear Sir, and love my huſband, and like my letters; and pray be jealous of the S——'s and C——'s, they are ſo very likely to ſupply your loſs to

Your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

H. L. THRALE.

P. S. I

P. S. I am afraid you will be ſhocked at this ſtory of Foote; and what will Mr. Murphy ſay?—I think he will feel very ſorry. You muſt go to work hard about the Lives, and not let your fancy dwell upon it. Theſe are juſt the things which buſineſs prevents from impreſſing one; it has no power at all, though ſo gravely recommended, over ſerious grief or real loſs.

LETTER CLXXXII.

To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM, Lichfield, October 3, 1777.

THIS is the laſt time that I ſhall write, in this excurſion, from this place. To-morrow I ſhall be, I hope, at Birmingham; from which place I ſhall do my beſt to find the neareſt way home. I come home, I think, worſe than I went; and do not like the ſtate of my health. But, *vive hodie*, make the moſt of life. I hope to get better, and——ſweep the cobwebs. But I have ſad nights. Mrs. Aſton has ſent me to Mr. Green to be cured.

Did you ſee Foote at Brighthelmſtone?—Did you think he would ſo ſoon be gone?—Life, ſays Falſtaff, is a ſhuttle. He was a fine fellow in his way; and the world is really impoveriſhed by his ſinking glories. Murphy ought to write his life, at leaſt to give the world a Footeana. Now, will any of his con-

One half of it had been a ſtring of obſcenities.

temporaries bewail him? Will Genius change *his ſex* to weep? I would really have his life written with diligence.

It will be proper for me to work pretty diligently now for ſome time. I hope to get through, though ſo many weeks have paſſed. Little lives and little criticiſms may ſerve.

Having been in the country ſo long, with very little to detain me, I am rather glad to look homewards.

I am, *&c.*

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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ERRATA.

VOL. I.

Page 190, line 6, *dele the* ſemicolon *after* me, *and inſert it after* then.
192, —— 14, *for* bachelor, *read* widower.
197, —— 4, *dele* may.
390, —— 15, *for* Ham, *read* Ilam.

VOL. II.

Page 148, line 16, *for* Procraſtes, *rend* Procruſtes.
215, —— 12, *for* corrupt life, *read* coarſer life.
216, —— 12, *dele* as.